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THE
LADIES' PEARL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

Engravings & Original Music.



VOL. 2.

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1842.

INDEX

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

Original Tales, Sketches, &c. [PAGE.	Original Poetry.	PAGE.
The Gipsy's Revenge. By D. Wise. 1-25	The day of God. 29	
The Broken Fragment, or the Factory Girl. 10	Human Happiness. 34	
Ellen, or a Daughter's Love. 16	Reform. 39	
Tuchuma, A Legend. By Miss C. L. North. 30	Hope. 42	
Charlotte Mowbray. By Mrs. C. Orne. 33	Remembrances. 76	
A Home in the Wilderness. By Mrs. C. Orne. 48	The mourning Orphan. 80	
Fortune's Smile and Frown. 64	Woman. 87	
The Untruth. By D. Wise. 73	Moonlight Hour. 126	
The Deluge. 81	Prayer. 128	
Matilda Morgan. 87	Stanza. 129	
Old Alice's Story. 107	The Dying Year. 135	
Elsie Trellis. By D. Wise. 110	The Ocean. By Horace Phelps. 152	
Charlotte Corday. 116	Friendship. 158	
Theresa. By Mrs. C. Orne. 121	Tear of Penitence. 164	
The Sacrifice. 126	Weep not for Me. 165	
The Stricken Family. 130	On Parting. 165	
The Valley—the Hills. 137-153	Widow's Gem. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 247	
The Widow's Daughter. 145	My Mother's Grave. 252	
Piety and Sensibility. 165	The Death Bell. By C. F. Orne. 262	
Village Gossips. By D. Wise. 193	The Bride. 260	
Sketches of Indian Women. 199	A Melody. Song. 263	
Lowell and its Inhabitants. 217	Miriam. 257	
Temptation Overcome. By Mrs Orne. 220	Young Cottager, &c. 170	
The Sailor's Widow. By D. Wise. 249	The Gem of Price. 273	
The Exhumation. By J. D. Bridge. 253	The Mariner's Soliloquy. 276	
Zenobia. 255	Burial at Sea. 279	
The Exchange. By L. H. Sigourney. 266	The Dew Drop. 285	
Midsummer Night scene. 269		
The Three Orphans. 274		
Semaramis. 286		
	Editorial.	
	Our Second Volume. 23	
	A Mother's Recollections of her departed children. 23	
	Living for Immortality. 46	
	Early Impressions of Children. 47	
	Peace. 47	
	Remarkable Decision of Character. 70	
	A Mother's Desolation. 70	
	Man may not be happy from merely Terrestrial sources. 94	
	Woman's Wit outwitted by a King. 94	
	A Night of the French Revolution. 95	
	The Daughter. 95	
	Temperance Sermons. 95	
	Strength of Female Attachment. 119	
	Female Occupation. 120	
	Letter of Napoleon to his Wife. 120	
	The Mother's Hope Destroyed. 120	
	Ingratitude of Children. 142	
	Dress of the Ladies of Japan. 142	
	Important Question Decided. 142	
Original Essays.		
Study of Human Nature. 9		
Youthful Home. 56		
Importance of cultivating the Mind. By Rev. L. Lee. 76		
The objects of Reading. 80		
Contemplations of Nature. 128		
Hope. 129		
A Mother's Influence. 136		
Brevity of Human Life. 159		
Time. 161		
A Leaf from my Portfolio. 164		
Home-sickness. 233		
Ancient Philadelphia. 249		
Bliss of Heaven. Rev. W. H. Brewster. 261		
Youthful Piety. 277		

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Pedant.	143	Thy will be Done.	20
The New Year.	156	Mrs. M. A. Hooker.	21
Corsets.	166	Anecdote.	33
Important to Ladies—A Question.	166	A Hint.	33
Ladies' Pearl.	114	Romance and Reality.	43
Wonderful Physician.	215	No judge—origin of Fashion.	45
Good Advice—A Secret.	215	Confide in Your Mother—origin of	
Female Labor.	237	Word Lady.	40
Ancient Cookery—Wright's Fontaine.	238	Emma, the Broken-hearted.	58
Book Notices.	288	The test of Friendship.	
Selected Essays.		The Assault.	68
Vanity Rebuked.	63	Oriental Apothegms.	83
Brother and Sister.	91	The broken Miniature.	83
To fix Drawings in chalk and crayon.	92	Hard to Understand.	93
Choerfulness.	166	Franklin's Printing Press.	94
Devotion.	166	The Shiek's Revenge.	97
Starting Children in the World.	199	Romance of Real life.	110
Match Making.	229	A Fragment.	118
Education.	252	Funny Incident.	119
The Fairest Christian—Politeness.	263	Discovery for Housekeepers.	129
Wesley on Dress—Warts.	264	Christmas Evergreens.	141
Selected Poetry.		Lawyers and Painters in Heaven.	141
Song of the Western Emigrant.	7	Anecdote.	165
The Infant Welcome.	18	The Mother's last Prayer.	196
Song over a Child.	20	The Pilgrims.	204
A Mother's Love.	21	Young Bride's Death.	205
The Wreck of Love.	45	Three Sabbath Mornings.	206
Portrait of two Sisters.	45	Description of the Bastile.	209
The Pilgrim.	45	Lawyer Outwitted.	212
The Poetry.	56	The Charity of Wages.	212
O say do I na' lo'e ye, Lassie.	58	Cottage Piety.	225
My Mother's Bible.	63	Fool's Pence.	225
Picture of Real Life.	81	The Artist Surprised.	230
The World.	83	Contention and Stratagem.	233
Bliss.	87	Iceland custom—Death of Miramacha.	236
The Highlanders.	90	Poisoned Valley of Java—Anecdote.	236
On visiting the Grave of Sir W. Scott.	91	Effects of Matrimony on Life.	237
We were Boys together.	93	A Baptism in the Isles.	241
The Sun—Home Scene at Sunset.	93	Flowers and the Leaves.	247
Stanzas.	93	Good Retort.	247
Soul's Aspiration after Knowledge.	106	The Lily's Love.	259
Invitation Hymn.	109	Trip from Jerusalem to Jaffa.	270
Israfel.	115	The Kind Providence.	279
Mercy's Free.	115	A Daughter's Love.	279
Verses.	118	Music.	
Stanzas.	119	O Daughter of Zion.	24
Christmas Day.	137	My beloved, wilt thou own me.	48
The New Year.	141	O, the step of my Love.	71
The Yankee Girl.	160	There's not a tint that paints,	96
The Dying Boy.	196	Resurrection.	144
The Fortieth Wedding-day.	198	The Bride's Farewell.	166
Beauty and Time.	206	I love thee, Brother.	216
To a Bride.	224	God that made the Earth & Heaven.	239
Tower of London.	228	In the Morning of Life.	289
Voice of the Spring-time.	235	Embellishments.	
The Forlorn.	251	A Gipsy Camp.	1
The Butterfly.	273	The Shiek's Revenge.	97
Selected Tales, Sketches, &c.		View of Lowell.	217
An endearing Affection.	15	View of Philadelphia.	249
The last Relic.	19	The Golden Apple.	265
		Little Jane's Cottage.	270

THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1841.

NO. 1.



For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE GIPSY'S REVENGE.

BY DANIEL WISE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

*Seest thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth*

*Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth
Soft and low."—HEMANS.*

Not far from the rural village of B—, in the south of England there once stood an old manse, beautifully situated in the midst of a rich expanse of teeming fields, over which it proudly looked like the presiding genius of the place. There was nothing in the architectural peculiarities of this old mansion to distinguish it from thousands of country mansions that

open their ancient doors to receive the lords of the old manors of merry England. But the reader will pardon, if mistaking the fondness of my own personal and early associations for an interest in the reader, I introduce him more particularly to the scene of my tale

Come, then, kind reader, let me conduct thee into a long lane, which, saving a narrow cart-path, is covered with as bright a greensward as ever bore the tread of bold Robin Hood and his merry hunters in their jerkins green. High on either side the green hawthorn, blended and interlaced, forms an invulnerable fence, while on the banks beneath, the pure primrose and the modest violet spread their blushing beauty to the sun. Continue we then in this lane for half a mile

or more, where the road widens, a painted picket fence supplies the place of the hawthorn, and some half dozen spacious barns show their thatched roofs between the openings of the venerable elms and oaks that rise in sylvan pride around them.

Within the fence is an orchard of the choicest fruit trees, which lavish their balmy breath upon the vagrant breeze. Let us enter this wicket gate. Now the old manor house reveals its time honored front from between those majestic oaks and ancient elms. See its massive chimneys rearing their smoky heads above the moss-covered thatch! Mark the numerous windows with huge frames and small squares that extend along the ample length of its three stories! How frowningly protrude those gable ends overhanging each end of the manse, as if intending to leap to the ground! But here is an old bell handle dangling from its rusty wire; let us try if age and rust have destroyed its witchery over the footman. Ah! its harsh ding, ding, ding, has roused him, and here he comes to introduce us to the interior of the hall and to its respected owner.

As we enter you observe an ample entry opening into a large dining hall; on either ~~side~~ the wings contain apartments for the members of the family, while beyond the hall lies the kitchen and other appurtenances for the accommodation of the servants.

Such is a brief view of the old manse where we have in our boyish days gambled away many an hour with playful cousins at merry Christmas tide, and which still rises to our vision as in days departed. Here then our tale begins.

The inhabitants of the manse at the date of our story, consisted of Squire Talbot, his lady, and two daughters; to save time I will briefly introduce my readers to their most respectable society. The Squire was a man who might be

somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five years of age, of a pleasant, ruddy countenance, lighted by the soft light of his mild grey eye; medium height, well compacted form, rather stout than otherwise; he was a fine specimen of the English country gentleman. His lady was an active business-like woman about his own age, well educated and benevolent, but withal a little inclined to faith in popular superstitions. Their eldest daughter, Henrietta, was a pleasing fair-haired girl, slender as a maypole and some sixteen years of age. Her sister, Emilia, was a pretty brunette, with a black lightning eye, stouter in her person, and some two years her junior. Add to these a beautiful child of eleven, then at a neighboring boarding school, and you have a fair introduction to the whole family.

The cloth had just been removed and the dessert stood on the table. The Squire was absorbed in reading the county newspaper, the young ladies were giggling about some village gossip, and Mrs. Talbot had taken a place in the deep window seat of the parlor that overlooked the orchard. Suddenly turning round, she exclaimed in a tone of evident uneasiness—

‘Here comes that fierce looking gipsy man! What *can* he want here?’

The girls started up and with an arm around each other's waist, stood peeping through the half-closed window blinds.

The Squire dropped his paper and replied—‘No good, I promise you! Those gipsies are a sly and vicious race, and I would that they were legally banished from the land;’ and as he spoke, a frown gathered on his brow, and the tone of his voice betokened a degree of mental asperity unwonted to him.

But the lady placed her finger on her lip in token of silence, for the gipsy had reached the door. Upon being ushered into the room by the porter, he thus addressed the Squire:—

'Squire, will ye give our people a little dry straw for the camp? Last night's rain gave us a thorough drenching, and what we had is spoiled.'

With a severe eye and tone the Squire replied—'I never give your people any encouragement. They are a set of useless drones, and you, sirrah, had better bend those stout limbs to honest labor than to lead such a vagabond life.'

The large black eye of the gipsy shot forth a ray of fire, a slight quivering was observable on his lips and a heavy frown lowered on his sun-browed brow; as with an evident effort to suppress his feelings, he responded:—

'Squire Talbot, my people live after the manner of their fathers. You do the same. We live by the toil of our hands and the use of our good wits, you by the toil of others; but I came not here to defend my tribe but to get help. Will you afford it?'

'Pa! Pa! do give the man the straw!' exclaimed the two young ladies, alarmed at the stern manner of the gipsy.

'Silence, ladies,' said the offended father to his daughters, and then turning haughtily to the gipsy, he continued—'Begone, sirrah, and if you and your lazy crew are not off the manor lands to-morrow morning, you shall be favored with a seat in the stocks and a lodging in the cage, the most befitting places for such vagabonds.'

The tall and manly form of the gipsy rose into something like majesty, while the workings of his countenance plainly told the feelings of his chafed soul, at bearing this galling threat; then slowly raising his right arm, he pointed to the Squire, solemnly uttering this malediction:

'Squire Talbot, the curse of the whole gipsy tribe light upon you; injury and insult you have needlessly heaped upon them; henceforth they are your foes.—Hereafter you may fear whom you now despise. May the blight of ruin rest on

your possessions, and the blackness of hell rest on your heart!' and without allowing them time for a reply, he strode rapidly from the house.

'Husband,' said Mrs Talbot, 'I regret your severity to this proud beggar, and I fear this awful curse will not prove an empty threat. The gipsies are a revengeful and wicked people, and being numerous and artful, they seldom fail of means to accomplish their dark purposes.'

'I know them; alas! too well I know them! I know too, I have spoken too rashly to yonder fellow, but so strong is the remembrance of a cruel wrong inflicted by the tribe on our family, that I cannot restrain my feelings when I see one of their hated number.'

'A cruel wrong, Mr. Talbot!' exclaimed the surprised lady, 'do tell us when it happened and what it was?'

'I had hoped to suffer it to slumber undisturbed in my own bosom, but since the occasion calls forth the associations, and I have aroused your curiosity, I will endeavor to gratify it.

'I had a brother,' and the Squire brushed away a tear, 'some two years younger than myself, and even at this distant hour I see him as when in boyish glee we gambled together on yonder greensward, his plump and rounded form with his dark eye, & his raven like locks pass before me, and the shrill voice of his boyhood floats sweetly on my ear. We were all that survived in the family, and were always together by day and night. It is needless to say how strongly I loved him. He was the idol of the whole family; my fond mother worshipped him, and my father was equally fond of his darling Henry.

'One summer's eve we played until after twilight. I felt very tired and leaving Henry in the orchard, ran in doors, desiring to go to bed. My wish was gratified, and Mary the nurse returned to find my brother. She called him, but he gave

no answer; she made the orchard and garden re-echo with her calls, but his well-known laugh did not return the call. She searched the house, with no better success. Henry was not to be found!

'This fact she communicated to my parents, but they, thinking he had only hid himself to torment the girl, paid but little attention to her information, until after another useless search she returned and with tears said to my father—

"Really, sir, master Henry is lost! He is indeed, sir! I have searched every where and cannot find him."

'This effectually roused my father.—He began the search in good earnest. Servants and neighbors were all put in requisition; the fields, the woods, the lanes were all ransacked, but the morning dawned and he was still missing.—Still they continued their labors. The pond was dragged, the tank examined, and every thing done that human prudence could suggest; but the boy could not be discovered. It was too evident that *he was lost*.

'Nothing could exceed the distress that now reigned in our before happy family. My parents were inconsolable. So cruel, so unexpected a blow was more than their fortitude could sustain. My mother lived but to mourn. By day, she filled the house with her sighs, and by night, she streamed her pillow with tears; the arrow had pierced her heart, and in less than one year she reposed in the village grave-yard. My father never recovered this double visitation; life had lost its charms, and in a few years he too departed to the home of the weary.'

'But,' interrupted the listeners, as the tears ran down their cheeks, 'was Henry never heard from?'

'Never.'

'But what connection has this tale of sorrow with the gipsy?'

'Your interruption only prevented me from stating that one of his shoes was

found about two miles distant; and as a company of gipsies were known to have passed through the neighborhood on that unfortunate night, we surmised that he was stolen by them. Such is my conviction to the present hour, and I cannot but indulge the hope that he yet lives and will again gladden my eyes with his presence; and now,' continued he, 'I will show you the most valuable article in my possession.'

From the drawer of an old fashioned bureau, Mr. Talbot took a small parcel.—Carefully removing the folds of the envelope, he at length produced *a boy's shoe!*

'Henry's shoe!' exclaimed his wife and daughters, as they eagerly examined this precious relic of a lost brother. After a few desultory remarks about the shoe, Mrs. Talbot turning to her husband, said:

'I know not, my husband, how you will receive the suggestion, but while that terrible gipsy man stood in the parlor, I fancied I saw beneath those dusky brows, the features of a Talbot. Your narrative forces that fancy on my mind, and who knows but that bold man may be *your* long lost brother!'

'Pshaw! madam. This is only a wayward fancy. Yon churlish fellow is no Talbot.'

But Mrs. Talbot was not to be silenced by a 'pshaw!' She had conceived a new idea and she determined it should be tested; so boldly returning to the charge, she replied—

'Husband, hear me—Whether my fancied discovery of resemblance be correct or otherwise, we have certainly excited the indignation of the gipsies. Let us conciliate them by taking a walk down the lane and I will indulge the women of the camp by allowing them to tell my fortune; and then you can closely observe the man and judge for yourself of the correctness of my suspicions.'

Here the girls uniting in their mother's

request and probably influenced by a secret curiosity to test his lady's suspicions, the Squire consented and a few minutes' saw the whole party on their way to the camp.

The gipsies' camp lay about half way down the lane leading from the manse and consisted of four small tents, composed of a few poles and covered with an old sheet or blanket, and erected under the shadow of the tall fence and the young hazel and birch trees that skirted the road. In front was their cooking apparatus—

'A kettle slung

Between two poles upon a stick transverse.'

A light wagon or two stood on the road side, and some three or four donkeys with fettered legs grazed at their leisure on the fresh greensward in the lane.

A woman brown as the walnut sat on the turf in front of the tents, while in the rear stood the man who a few hours before had returned from his bootless errand to the Squire. When the party approached, the woman addressed the lady, for the girls hung back as if afraid to get too near this professor of palmistry.

'Lady,' said she, 'shall I tell your fortune? I can tell what will become of your children, whether you will have good or bad fortune in the future, and I can answer any question you please about yourself.'

Mrs. Talbot silently gave her hand.—The gipsy pretended to examine its lines, and after a momentary pause said with a solemn tone and arch expression—

'This line denotes a good temper in its possessor,'—the lady smiled—'and this, good fortune and a happy marriage; but this speaks of sorrow. Lady! there is sadness in your future fortune. You will have sleepless nights. I can reveal no more!'

Here the Squire, who felt the profoundest contempt for such mumbo-jumbo, growing impatient, the lady deposited a guerdon

in the gipsy's hand, and they returned towards their home. Scarcely had they turned however, before the rattle of wheels and the tramp of approaching horses arrested their attention. It was a post chaise. As it reached them a little flaxen headed girl with a merry laugh peeped out of the window, and the whole party exclaimed in glad surprise—

'Here is little Ellen!' and it was the youngest daughter just returned from school to spend the vacation.

'What do you think of the gipsy's likeness to the Talbots?' asked Mrs. T. that evening.

'I am exceedingly struck with your opinion. To-morrow I will see him and examine him on the facts of his history. Heaven grant it may be my long lost Henry!'

CHAPTER SECOND.

'Ha! there he goes! A bitter curse go with him; A scathing curse.'—COLERIDGE.

The gipsies are an unknown race in America. In England large numbers of them continually traverse the country.—Of the origin of this strange people various conjectures are maintained. Sir Walter Scott traces them to Hindoostan, and argues that the '*cant language*' they use is decidedly of Hindoo origin. Others contend that they originated in Egypt in the sixteenth century, when Selim settled the government of that country, and others again assign them a German paternity. Amid such conflicting opinions who shall decide? The reader must do it for himself.

But their manners and habits being matters of fact may be described. This has been done by the amiable Cowper, who undoubtedly drew his picture from personal observation, and for the proper elucidation of my tale, I shall transcribe his inspiring numbers:—

I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-
quenched

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows
wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clear away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg; dumb only when they
steal.

* * * * *

Yet even these, though feigning sickness, oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping
limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes and make the woods re-
sound.'

Such are the gipsies, except that to these
traits they add a disposition occasionally
to decoy children from their homes, to
adopt as members of their tribe, and to
initiate into their habits and modes of
life.

When the gipsy left Squire Talbot, it
was with a galled and angry spirit. The
iron had entered his soul and he returned
to the camp, planning modes of revenge.
Upon reaching his tent, his nut-brown
wife received him with her wonted smiles
but he repulsed her with a look of fury,
and gruffly remarked—'We shall break
up camp to night at dark!'

Well knowing his temper she made no
reply, but after dispatching two or three
half-naked boys to the neighboring villa-
ges to call in the members of the tribe,
proceeded to pack up their few utensils
and prepare for the evening's march. The
gipsy meanwhile threw himself against
the outside of his tent, and half stand-
ing half leaning, appeared to be engag-
ed in deep thought. Thus he remained
for hours, and thus he stood when the
Squire and his lady visited their camp.

'Ye did well,' said he to his smiling
wife as she tendered him the half-crown
given her by the lady of the manse, 'to
tell her there was sorrow in her path.—
For, if there is wit in this brain and
strength in this arm, that haughty Squire
shall rue the day he offered insult to our
tribe. This night he feels the weight of a
gipsy's vengeance!' and his closed teeth
and clenched fist told the violence of his
emotions.

'Hush, George! the wind has a tongue,
and these trees have ears to betray us,'
responded his trembling wife. 'I hope
you will not take his life.'

'Peace, woman! What is it to thee?'
Enough to know that he suffers the full
weight of this burning indignation that
scorches me like an inward fire.'

Soon the children returned. Three
men followed from different directions,
and shortly after as many women. The
men were soon in close consultation and
the workings of their features told how
strong were the emotions that fired their
excited spirits.

No outward change, no stir was visible
without their camp that afternoon; a
stranger might have supposed no inten-
tion existed to change their residence
for months. But shortly after nightfall
the tents were suddenly and silently
struck, the donkeys harnessed into the
wagons and the whole troop in motion.
To the question, 'Where do we camp
next?' the response was simply, 'In the
coppice beyond the running walks on
Portsdown Hill,' and the gipsy tribe soon
passed the bounds of Talbot manor.

But there were two tall figures seen
silently stealing from the gang towards
the manse. It was the gipsy George and
one of his comrades in iniquity.

As they reached the orchard they pau-
sed to consult, and in a few moments
George's companion leaped the fence and
glided across the orchard towards the

back of the manse. Left to himself, the gipsy paced up and down the lane, while a war of emotions was progressing in his bosom. So strong did his feelings grow, that forgetful of his danger, he broke out into a soliloquy:—

‘How strange is this feeling of kindness for that haughty Squire that steals over me in spite of myself! Why do I hesitate to do the deed? Has he not cruelly insulted me and my tribe! Vagabonds! eh? Advise me to work like a dastardly peasant, too! Insufferable insolence! What, I leave the freedom of a gipsy’s life for the bondage of servitude! Never! Sooner would I yield this poor life to the hangman than lose this genial freedom. But the Squire must suffer for his insult to our tribe; let me strike the blow? Ah what is it restrains me? Something tells I have seen this orchard before. How like the place where my memory tells me I gamboled in my boyhood! Who knows but it was here! And there was one who was my companion; mayhap a brother. What! can it be this Squire Talbot? It may be! Yet no! it is only a dream of the fancy; a delusion to lull the purpose of my coward soul to rest. It shall not be. Squire I hate thee! I have cursed thee! I will curse thee! Our tribe has cursed thee, and we must be revenged. I must away and make him feel the gipsy’s vengeance,’ and the violent man sprang over the fence and rapidly approached the manor house where all was quiet and peaceful as the stillly hour of midnight.

How terrible a feeling is revenge. It is more painful in its endurance than in its inflictions. Its workings previous to its gratification are diabolically severe, while the victim is entirely free from suffering. When gratified, the wrong of the sufferer is a dagger in the heart of the avenger, and no powers short of the Divine Beneficence, can pluck it out. View it as we may, revenge inflicts more on its

unhappy perpetrator than on its unfortunate victim.—[To be concluded.]

SONG OF THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

Proud river of the West—the beauteous bride

Of a still mightier stream—sounds sweet and low,

As day fades in the gloom of eventide,
Steal from thy waves: yet sweeter those that flow

From the clear streamlet winding near my home,

My own New-England home.

Yes, thou art fair; but give me back the brook,

That num’ring softly o’er its pebbly bed,

Hushes its voice to linger in some nook,
O’er which the blushing wild-flower bends its head:

The cool, clear, sparkling brook close by my home,

My own New-England home.

Ye sunset clouds, now melting into air,
Silent as summer dew the flower-cup fills;

To wayward Fancy, ye’re not half as fair
As those that ling’ring o’er my native hills,

I used, at eve, so oft to watch from home,
My own New-England home.

And ye bright flowers, though decked with every hue,

Ye proudly saunt upon the prairie’s breast,

Give me a tuft of v’lets, such as threw
Their fragrance round me, as I stop to rest

Beneath the old oak tree in sight of home,
My own New-England home.

Though birds as brilliant glance from tree to tree,

As richest gems of oriental land;

Though sweet and varied is their melody,
Wafted abroad on Morning’s breezes bland,

My heart is with the song-bird of my home,
My own New-England home.

Yes, gentle robin, when I hear thy song,
My bosom thrills to ev’ry mellow strain;

For then the loved, the absent round me throng—

I’m in my own beloved home again:
My distant, and though humble, best loved home,

My own New-England home.

The Essayist.

'For the Ladies' Pearl.

STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

'The proper study of mankind is man.'—POPE.

After the Creator had called the world from original chaos, and assigned to each element its respective species, he created man in his own moral image. He endowed him with the powers of volition, and imposed but one command, the violation of which was punishable with death. Man as a free agent chose to violate this command, and thereby excluded himself from the favor of God, and entailed upon his posterity all the evils incident to human nature.

We, as descendants of Adam, are naturally depraved, and are destined to hold our sphere of action among beings fallen like ourselves. How important then, a knowledge of ourselves and the beings who surround us; how needful an acquaintance with the human heart, its motives, its springs of action, its designs, its ends; the *modus operandi* of the internal man; in a word how important a knowledge of human nature.

In what does this knowledge consist?—Inasmuch as the same general traits of character are developed to some extent in all, it consists in *knowing ourselves*. 'Know thyself' was a precept as wise as ancient, and he who defined it the consummation of all knowledge, was esteemed in point of wisdom little inferior to the gods. This sentiment pervades the best writers, and was acted upon by the best men. The ancient prophets enforced this precept, and their instructions in after years were repeated by divinely inspired apostles. The wisdom of Solomon seems to have consisted, not so much in an intuitive knowledge of the laws of matter and the constitution of the material world, as in a knowledge of mankind, an insight of the human heart—the climax of human knowledge, the essence of true wisdom. The mind of man is a world in miniature, and from attentive observation of its various princi-

ples, prejudices and passions from youth to age, we may gain a tolerable idea of the world at large.

Beside the fruitful sources of knowledge in the private possession of every individual, the world opens a broader field for analyzation and comparison, a more fruitful source of observation and experiment. The allotments of Providence, the reverses of fortune, the extremes of human happiness and misery, as well as the ordinary ebb and flow of the tide of human affairs, afford rich food to the contemplative mind, abundant reward to the student of human nature; so that scarce a day passes but in the usual walks of life, the customary routine of daily duties, we may witness new developments of nature, and by carefully considering their causes and effects, and *comparing with our own experience*, constantly increase our stock of this important knowledge.

Though the study of human nature may sometimes present scenes too dark for the philanthropist to contemplate with satisfaction, yet his attention will occasionally be arrested by some bright object, which demonstrates what man *once was*, contrasted with what he *now is*. Though a faithful delineation of the violence and wickedness of the world shocks the moral sensibilities of our nature, and our generous spirit recoils with horror at the enormity of human guilt and degradation, yet this same delineation will in after years be of the greatest service. If we would safely navigate the sea of life, we must study the chart which our predecessors have left us, though that chart disclose reefs and quicksands on which thousands have foundered and wrecked their all.

There is no situation in life where a knowledge of human nature is not of incalculable benefit; there is no avocation which promises success without it; there is no science in which men are actors that does not imperiously demand it. By its aid the orator holds the chained minds of his listening admirers; and rising to the grand and majestic, and again descending

with his subject to the simple and pathetic, sways them like the ocean tide, with the ebb and flow of his excited passions.—Seizing the fit moment, it enables him to wind up their imaginations to the greatest height, and observing his opportunity, to let them down again to their ordinary level at pleasure. By its aid the statesman matures his plans and brings them to bear upon the nation; it enables him to guide the ship of state safely over the sea of excited political canvass, with an arm that never wearies and adroitness which never fails of success. He steers directly over the shoals where common men prophesy nothing but shipwreck, and casts anchor and rides in safety, where common intellects can never fathom, and finally bears through his measures and anchors securely in his destined port. By its aid the general watches and thwarts the designs of his enemy, ensnares and defeats him—suppresses mutiny and rebellion in his forces, animates them in the hour of battle, encourages them in privation and danger, and maintains over them an absolute and undisputed command. By its aid kings preserve their crowns, and rulers enforce obedience; through its instrumentality men associate and form society.

But to no class of persons is a knowledge of human nature more indispensable than to authors; their reputation depends upon it; it is the only assurance of their success. Let not the young 'knight of the gray goosequill' venture to 'break a feeble lance' in the field of literature, until he has carefully studied the human soul, and learned at what points, and at what times it is pervious to rhetoric or reason. The sale and popularity of works now issuing from the press, depend upon the ability of the writer to paint nature, to dress her in acceptable language, to transfer life to paper. The days have long since passed by, when public taste, (vitiating as it was) was gratified by fairy tales, saint's legends, and wonderful deeds of knight errants; but now it is purified, and demands smoother numbers; lines that flow in unison with nature, that

run parallel with real life and harmonious, with the soul. Romance and fiction, which were once so dull and insipid, and only fostered unhallowed passions and unsanctified desires, now subserve a better end. Fictitious characters and allegorical illustrations, have now become the most pleasing and effectual medium of communicating, and instilling truth. What has shed such a halo of glory around the brow of Walter Scott, and raised him to his unequalled eminence in the reading world? What has given his poetry the stamp of imperishability? It was his knowledge of human nature, which shines out on every page, begetting sentiment, language and feeling, which 'can but by annihilating die.' Why do such works as Pilgrim's Progress, Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe, Rokeby, and Lady of the Lake, so interest the reading community? It is because they imitate nature; they lead the reader along a path he has before trodden and extend his view of objects already familiar. Because he sees the hero of the tale pursuing the same course he would have pursued under similar circumstances, and he feels a common sympathy with him in all his labors; he weeps with him when he weeps, and rejoices when he rejoices.

In no branch of knowledge does the modesty of true science appear more conspicuous than in this; and no stronger evidence is needed of the total ignorance of an individual, than to hear him boasting of his ready acquisitions.

By recurring to past history these positions may be fortified by facts of the strongest bearing. In all the convulsions that have agitated nations, those men are seen proudly careering on fallen dignity, and rising on the ruins of empire to eminence and distinction, who are best acquainted with man, whose minds are most thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of human nature. But has not enough been said to convince the reflecting mind, that as 'knowledge is power' so is the knowledge of human nature the most effective power?

D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT,
OR THE FACTORY GIRL.

The Sabbath had been damp and cold, but during the night one of those sudden changes occurred, so common in New England, and Monday morning presented one of Winter's loveliest days. The clear, pure air seemed to bear health upon its pinions, the blue stream that carried the wheels of the 'white mill' appeared to leap with new life, and even the many-windowed factory itself, looked, in the light of the bright sun, an object to be admired.

The rich, the gay, the fashionable, as they chance, on excursions of pleasure, to pass through the factory villages which are scattered over the vales of New England, may feel no other sensations arise than self-gratulation, or cold pity; but in the breast of the benevolent, far other emotions will be awakened. His imagination will portray the homeless and penniless orphan, here finding the means of honorable support, and even provision for the future; the desolate widow maintained by the exertions of her daughter; the laborer relieved from the burden of supporting the older members of the family, that the little ones may be clothed and educated. Despise not my tale of truth because its scene is laid in a manufacturing village, and its heroine a 'factory girl.'

The breakfast bell had not yet tolled, but many of the occupants of the weaving room had returned from their morning meal, and were scattered about the room or collected in small groups, by the sunny windows. The whole apartment wore an aspect of neatness, cheerfulness, and even taste. The floor had been scoured, and every loom nicely cleaned the Saturday preceding, and no 'waste' was there allowed to collect. The windows were shaded with white curtains, nice-

ly fringed, confined in festoons at the sides, and filled with pots containing a variety of fresh plants and flowers. Here might be seen a rosy-cheeked lover of nature, whose passion for flowers was not controlled by water-wheels or flying shuttles, watering and arranging her plants; there, a delicate girl seizing a few moments to gratify her taste for reading; and not far from her, one whose earnest eye and swift needle bespoke the future care-taking matron. Near one pleasant window were several young ladies engaged in earnest conversation.—They were evidently much interested, and some countenances wore not only an animation, but a beauty which might have been envied by the city bella.

'I never went to so solemn a meeting as we had last night,' said a sober girl, whose eye told that the solemnity had reached her own heart.

'Nor I,' said another; 'and do you know that Clara Morey indulged a hope last night?'

'Clara Morey!' exclaimed a third—'I thought she was good enough without a change.'

'Oh, how can you say so?' said a fourth, who was one of the hopeful converts; 'none are so good by nature that they do not need grace.'

At this moment, another joined the group. She had sandy hair, bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, a genteel figure, and a face that might have been beautiful, but that an expression of vanity and spirit led an observer to suspect an unamiable temper. She had once been a professor of religion, but having found herself deceived, she supposed all others so who thought themselves renewed, and treated all serious subjects with an air of ridicule. 'Ah,' said she, with a toss of the head, 'Clara has turned religious, has she? I wonder what James Hart will say to that?'

'Why, he will probably be pleased if

she is happy,' answered the fourth speaker; 'why should he not, Elvira?'

'I hardly think he will like her any better for her religion,' answered Elvira, in rather a sharp tone.

At this moment, Clara entered, and the conversation closed. She was rather a slender girl, with large, mild black eyes, and a countenance which, at all times lovely, now shone with a calm radiance that evinced the tranquillity of a heart at peace with God. There could hardly be imagined a greater contrast in natural character than that exhibited by Clara Morey and Elvira Pratt. Clara was amiable, retiring, sedate and sincere, and won not only the affection, but the respect of her acquaintances. Elvira was gay and fascinating, but envious and deceitful.—She had good abilities, and a better education than many of her associates; almost all sought her society, none dared to offend her, yet many believed her an unprincipled young woman, and none regarded her with high esteem. James Hart, the young man whose name was mentioned by Elvira, had long been known to be engaged to Clara, and the ensuing Spring had been fixed upon as the period of their marriage. James was decidedly the most genteel young man in the village. His character, too, stood fair; he was enterprising and industrious, and attentive to the social duties of life; and if there were some who thought him too fond of dress and display, and too passionate for the mild Clara, none had whispered it in her ear, and if they had, their caution would have been unheeded, for she loved with all the ardor of a first affection.

Elvira was more than suspected of being a coquette. She had even boasted that she had gained the affections of those who were attached to others, that she might triumph over the forsaken, and, when her object was accomplished, dismissed them, as she would have thrown

aside the trifle which had amused for a moment. She had never attempted to attract the attention of James, for his attachment to Clara was so well known that she would have considered it useless. She had now, however, a new ground for action, and she determined to make the attempt.

Not long after the conversation related above, Hart called at her boarding-house, and she commenced her attack, by ridiculing Clara.

'So,' said she, 'Clara Morey is one of the converts, is she?'

'So she thinks,' returned James, drily.

'Well, I suppose she cares for nothing but meetings now; does she condescend to speak to you, who are not a saint?'

James was disturbed. He had before felt the natural enmity of his heart against vital religion, rising into opposition, and scorned to think that even a Savior's love should occupy the first place in that heart where he had so long been idol. He answered gaily, but his countenance told the feelings of his heart.

Elvira saw it, and followed up the advantage gained. 'There is to be a baptizing soon,' said she, 'and some of the Jones' [a family who had been but little respected in the village] are to be baptized, and I dare say Clara will go forward with them, for they are her sisters now, you know.'

'Never,' exclaimed James, his temper no longer governable; 'she shall not be baptized with them, if I can prevent it.'

'It is hardly probable your opinion will make any difference, now that she is so much influenced by the minister,' answered Elvira, calmly.

'It will make difference,' returned James, and hastily left the house.

He sought Clara, and found that she was indeed intending to own her love to the Savior at the same time with the Joneses. He used all his powers of persuasion to induce her to postpone her baptism till another time. Clara felt that she could not be contaminated by asso-

ciating with any disciple of Jesus, however humble; but she could not bear to oppose the wishes of James, and, with the gentleness natural to her, she promised to defer her baptism till the next opportunity, and he gave his full consent that she should then perform what she considered her duty.

A month passed away, and during that time the artful Elvira sought every opportunity to prejudice the mind of James, and point her shafts of ridicule at Clara, till he regretted that he had given his consent to her making a profession of religion, and looked forward with anxiety to the day of her baptism. The day arrived, and, instead of the old and respected man who usually administered that ordinance, appeared a young and unpopular preacher. Here was at least a shadow of a reason for further delay, and James eagerly availed himself of it, to persuade Clara again to defer duty. But the yielding Clara met his proposal with an unusual decision. 'No, James,' said she, 'no, I have deferred what I thought duty once, I cannot do it again, not even for you, for whom I would do anything that did not oppose conscience.'

James had no reason to be offended, yet he felt angry. He could not help seeing that Clara was governed by a new and holy principle, one to which he was a stranger, and in which he could not sympathize. That evening, as he started as usual to accompany Clara to meeting, he seemed impelled by an influence almost irresistible, to call on Elvira. Elvira again exerted her powers of ridicule, and when at last, in the madness of the moment, he owned that he was offended, that Clara had acted contrary to his expressed wishes, she said to him playfully, 'Come, spend the evening with me, just to tease her a little for once, she may need time for meditation, and if not the society of her 'brethren and sisters' will be sufficient'

The last insinuation sufficed. 'Yes,' said James, 'I will stay here, and show her that I do not like her obstinacy.'

The next morning, Clara entered the weaving room with a sad, though calm, countenance. She had done what she believed her duty, and she did not repent her course, but she had found that trials are strewed in the Christian's pathway.

Not so Elvira; she could not conceal the air of triumph which lurked beneath her smile of careless gaiety. She sought the first opportunity to speak with Lucy Rodney, the room-mate and intimate friend of Clara. 'Was James Hart at your house last night?' said she.

'No,' said Lucy, gravely, for she sympathized with Clara, and was shocked at the heartlessness of Elvira.

'Well, do you know where he was?'

'No,' said Lucy; 'I only heard that he was not sick.'

'Well, I know where he was—he spent the evening with me, and a long evening, too.'

'Elvira,' said Lucy, 'if you are trying to influence James, and prejudice him against Clara, you must feel that you are doing wrong. You know she is one of the best girls in the world, and they have long loved one another, and are solemnly pledged to become united. I do not think you will succeed in separating them, but you may make both unhappy, and gain nothing.'

'We shall see,' said Elvira; and her eyes flashed with passion.

That evening, James visited Clara, and, with the ingenuousness that often accompanies quick passions, confessed his fault without extenuation. He explained his motives, and said, 'You know I care nothing about Elvira; she knew my weakness, and purposely ruffled my temper; forgive me, and I will never grieve you in this way again.'

Clara felt that she could not, as she hoped to be forgiven, harbor ill-will against

any human being—how could she refuse to forgive him when he appeared so sorrowful? All was forgotten, and as James voluntarily accompanied her to meetings after this period, hope sprung up in her heart that grace might yet triumph over his sins, as it had done over hers.

Elvira felt piqued. She had determined to rival Clara, and she felt that her pride would be wounded if she did not succeed. She sent for James to visit her. He did so, and the next evening, the one on which Clara was expecting him, was passed with her.

Again he confessed his fault, and Clara forgave him, though with a saddened heart. Soon after, he saw Elvira, and, with a strange infatuation, spent evening after evening in her society. Clara felt that she could not be thus trifled with, and, with a mighty effort, she determined upon her future course. Ere long, James requested her to pass an evening with him. Her answer was, 'No: I have done nothing which ought to offend you, and my reputation must not suffer from your fickleness. Already your conduct has become the theme of conversation in the village; if you love Elvira, marry her, and think no more of me—let God judge between us; if not, visit neither her nor me for three months, and at the end of that time we will be united, if that be your wish. I have loved you, James,' her voice faltered, 'you know how truly, but I cannot be trifled with any longer.'

She left him, and retired to her room; but though she had gone through her painful duty with a firmness contrary to her nature, yet it was not in the power of woman to tear from her heart the image so long enshrined there, without a deep struggle. All night Lucy was disturbed by her deep sobs, or stifled groans.—'Ah,' said she, in answer to Lucy's attempts to console her, 'I have gone through a painful struggle. You know I have known James almost from childhood,

and never loved any other, and now that he should treat me as he has done, because I did what I thought duty—oh, what a conflict I have had; I hardly knew whether to obey God or man—but I am glad I have done as I have.'

In a small village, few 'love matters' are kept secret; and Clara's decision was soon the subject of village gossip. Elvira knew the conditions on which James was again to be received into Clara's favor, and she declared that he should never marry her, if she could prevent. In vain her acquaintances remonstrated with her, and warned her that she could expect no happiness if connected with James Hart; she assured them she would be, if in her power, even if sure he would heap abuse upon abuse. Poor infatuated girl, how bitter the draught she was preparing for herself!

It was now midsummer, and a group was again collected by the window of the weaving room.

'Only to think,' said Lydia Ames, 'that James Hart should be published, and not to Clara Morey; why, when I first came here, I should almost as soon have thought that my father and mother would have separated, as that James and Clara would not have married.'

'Yes,' said another, 'and did you know that after he broke his first promise not to visit Elvira for three months, he made the same promise in the presence of Mr and Mrs Judson, where she boards, for she preferred they should be present; and when the agent talked to him, only a little while since, and told him, that he was doing wrong, he said he did not love Elvira, but Clara had always done right, and he loved her yet?'

'And think, too,' said a young girl, who had just begun to earn money, 'how much she spent for silver spoons, and other things for house-keeping.'

'Well,' said a fourth, 'I do not think James or Elvira will ever be happy. I

should rather take Clara's place than either of theirs.'

James and Elvira were married. The nuptials were gay, and they *seemed* happy. Clara was calm, though sad, at first; but by degrees she became cheerful, though her countenance wore a chastened expression which added to its placid loveliness. When the gay and the young assembled for amusement, she was no longer one of the number, but wherever the pious met for worship, or the songs of gratitude to God were sung, there the meek eye of Clara shone conspicuous in beauty. Did she regret that she had chosen the service of God, rather than the love of man? Those who knew her best, said she was happy, though not gay.

It was not so with Elvira. Not a year had elapsed before frequent and violent bickerings between her husband and herself became common. She knew she had been obliged to use every art in her power to win him from Clara, and she believed he still loved her in his heart.— He knew her conduct had been that of an unprincipled and heartless woman, and he could not believe her protestations of affection. Both possessed violent tempers, and their mutual jealousies and reproaches soon became a common topic of conversation. James grew misanthropic and morose, and seemed to take delight in tormenting the miserable Elvira. From priding himself on always being handsomely dressed, he became exceedingly slovenly, and soon lost all attention to the decencies of life. He who used always to be in his seat at church on the Sabbath, and constant at his business during the week, now spent the Sabbath strolling the woods and fields with a dog and gun, and paid little attention to business; and those who knew him in former days exclaimed, 'Can that be James Hart?'

At length, he resorted to the frequent solace of the self-condemned, the cup of

strong drink, and Elvira was often obliged to flee from his abuse to the protection of the neighbors, and sad indeed were the hours of hard toil which she spent to provide for herself and little one, without one smile of affection from her husband. At last, she left him, and sought an asylum in her father's house. James promised amendment, and she returned to his dwelling; but he who had broken his promises to the true-hearted Clara, did not learn to keep them to the intriguing Elvira, and her return was followed by new abuses.

Who can doubt that Mrs Hart often thought of Clara, still young and handsome, respected and beloved, singing by the clean loom, and receiving monthly not only enough to support herself, and give to the cause of God she loved so well, but a surplus to place in the savings bank. We will hope she did not envy her the condition in which she had been the means of obliging her to remain.— And Clara certainly did not envy her.— 'Oh,' she would sometimes remark to her particular friends, 'how thankful, how very thankful I ought to be to a kind Providence, who saved me from becoming connected with such a man. Elvira tried to injure me without provocation; how severely has she been punished; from the bottom of my heart I pity her.'

'Who was that fine looking young man who sat in Mr Judson's pew, yesterday?' said Lydia Ames to Lucy Rodney, one Monday morning, about four years from the commencement of our story.

'It was the young man who brought our Clara home,' answered Lucy.

'Was it? He is better looking than James Hart ever was, and he has the appearance of a gentleman, though he is not so foppish as James was; I am glad for her,' said Lydia.

'And I,' said one near her, 'And I,' 'And I,' 'And I,' responded a

third, fourth and fifth, for there was no envious Elvira there.

'He has more education than James had,' said Lucy, 'and he thinks himself a christian, which is very pleasant to Clara.'

'And do you think he will marry her?' asked one.

'I do, though Clara says she shall never dare to anticipate as she did before.'

David Lyon was indeed a man of a character more exalted than James Hart ever possessed; he valued Clara, not only for her beauty and loveliness, but for that piety which had rendered her less interesting to her former lover.

'Ah!' said James Hart, when he heard Clara was published, 'her name should never have been Clara Lyon; it should have been —— you know what; she was too good for me; but if Clara Morey had been my wife I should have been James Hart, not what I now am.'

Clara has been married several years; her husband is a merchant in comfortable circumstances. They have the means of giving their children a good education, and every thing necessary to earthly happiness, sweetened by the hope of being united in a better world.

Reader, the above is no fiction; it is not even founded on fact. The facts, and much of the conversation, are such as were related to me by one who knew them as they transpired. This is only one of the cases frequently occurring, proving the common truth that those who 'break the promise of marriage are seldom prospered in a future connection,' and also that 'the path of duty is the path of safety.'

L. E. M.

From the German.

AN ENDEARING AFFECTION.

It is not long since the following extraordinary adventure is said to have taken place in one of the districts of Hungary.

A number of workmen being engaged in opening a communication between two mines, discovered the body of a miner, apparently about twenty years of age, whose position showed that he had fallen a victim to one of those accidents of frequent occurrence in these subterranean excavations.

The men remarked that the body seemed to have lost nothing of its flexibility and suppleness; and the state of perfect preservation, likewise, in which it was found, was attributed by scientific men, to the effect of vitriolic water in the mine.

On being exposed to the air, the body became stiff; but the features and expression of the face were not changed. — Still it could not be recognized, although there was a confused recollection in the neighborhood, respecting the time when the accident occurred, reported in the village to have been above half a century ago.

No farther inquiries, however, were made, and they quietly proceeded to inter the corpse according to the usual forms, when all at once, there appeared an old woman, hastening as fast as her crutches would carry her, towards the spot. On hearing the circumstance, she had quitted her bed, where she had been confined during many years—and insisted upon seeing the features of the deceased. — Spite the wrinkles and fixed expression of her countenance, it betrayed uncommon agitation and anxiety, mingled with a singular air of satisfaction, which had in it something almost supernatural and inspired.

She approached and fixed her eyes upon the features of the corpse, threw aside the long hair that concealed part of the forehead, then bursting into tears and piercing cries, she exclaimed that she had found the body of her lover, to whom she was on the eve of being united sixty years before, when he so suddenly disappeared. When her tears had ceased to flow, she returned thanks to heaven for having permitted her to see again, the object of her first attachment, adding, 'Now, indeed, I shall die content.'

The violence of her feelings was more than her feeble frame could support. — The peasants wished to carry her home; but her mind seemed to have broken the last links that bound it to earth, and she was laid in the same grave with him from whom she had been so long and strangely separated.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

E L L E N :

OR, A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's drops refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a dutious daughter's head."

SCOTT.

Near my father's house lived an aged soldier, whose neat cottage I loved to visit in my school-boy days, to hear the venerable man relate the tales of adventure with which his life abounded. Many a time have I spent the evening under his roof, seated by his blazing fire, and drank in with an eager ear, his stories of the revolution. But it is not my purpose to give a history of these narrations, or to gratify your love of the marvellous, gentle reader, in this sketch, by delineating the so often repeated course of 'gentle love.' Be mine the task to portray a picture of filial virtue. I was not more pleased with the conversation of Mr Gillet, (for that was his name,) than with his rural simplicity, and open frankness of manners. Every thing both within and without the cottage appeared neat and in order. He had married late in life a most amiable woman, possessed of natural goodness of heart, which was developed, strengthened and refined by the principles and spirit of the gospel. After living with her some years, enjoying all the happiness which life affords, the ills of which were lightened by their mutual love, he was left a widower, with an only daughter of four years of age, who promised to be the very picture of her now sainted mother, both in person and in disposition; having already even at that tender age received on her susceptible mind an impress from her mother's plastic hand, destined to shape her future character. So true is it that mothers make the characters of their children to a degree beyond what they themselves are aware. Nor were the example and precept of her venerable father

such as to counteract in any degree the impulse thus early given to virtue. Ellen, under the eye of her affectionate father, (for he loved her even more than only children are wont to be loved,) away from the bad influence of the vices of more populous places, soon grew up, so as to be able to take charge of his home. Perhaps this circumstance, together with her being compelled, from having lost her mother, early to exercise her own judgment, and to depend upon her own resources, gave her more than common sound sense and discretion in regard to the every day things of life, and developed the traits of the woman far above her years. The fastidious, who seek for beauty only in gracefulness of form, a fair complexion and regular features, perhaps would not have called her *very* beautiful, yet to more than a mediocrity of beauty in these respects, was added an expression of countenance so frank and open, that it needed but one glance to convince you, that there shone forth a soul generous, noble, confiding; free from suspicion, and ignorant of evil; without which beauty is vain, and like the lonely flower blooming over the loathsome dead.

Ellen was from her infancy tenderly attached to her father, and after having lost her mother, he was her only confidant and protector. I have heard her father say—'Heaven bless you, Ellen! you have ever been good, never having by disobedience or self-will, given me cause for a moment of uneasiness.' If heaven ever rewards virtue in this world, it will reward you after death has separated me from you, which I think will be soon.'

'Yes,' said Ellen, 'I doubt not heaven will protect me, and give me every necessary blessing, if I walk in wisdom's ways. But why do you talk of dying? That event I hope is far distant. I could almost wish it beyond the period of my own departure; for to be deprived of you, I feel, would be worse than death. At least let us enjoy gratefully the bounties of heaven, and each other's society and affection, without seeking to embitter the present by contemplating

ing the possibility or probability that we may be so soon separated.'

Revolving years passed on, and as I visited the rural cottage, I remarked the change which age was rapidly making on the noble visage of my revered friend. His step became more tottering; a staff was necessary when he left the house, to enable him to walk without the danger of falling, and Ellen frequently accompanied him on his morning or evening walk, on whose arm at such times he gently leaned. Or, if he rode out, Ellen accompanied him to drive. What sight more noble or affecting than to behold the young thus supporting and guiding in turn the old on whom previously they have leaned? If there be a sight on earth pleasing to angels, this must be one; and it can but be viewed with complacency by Him who has said—'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Often have I thus seen the old gentleman and his daughter walking forth to catch the morning breeze, or hear the matins of the feathered race. Often have I seen them, as the sun was declining behind the western hills, stop to gaze on the golden tinged landscape, the one as if almost taking his farewell look of familiar scenes, the other with all the enthusiasm of youth, and the joy of an admirer of nature. Often have I seen them at the ancient church, after my friend could walk only as described above. And as they passed up the aisle, all remarked the kindness of Ellen, in thus supporting the feeble steps of her aged father. One might see that such virtue commanded respect and admiration, (as virtue ever must,) from all present, how much soever they might have scorned the practice of it. But the time was drawing on when that noble man must be laid in the dust, and those lips, to whose sound I with others had so often listened with delight, were to be hushed in death.

It was on a September evening, the oppressive heat of summer had passed away, and that pensive gloom had spread over the land so congenial to a mind inclined to melancholy; my friend walked into his

fields alone, Ellen being necessarily detained in the house. The sun had gone down, leaving the entire west burnished with gold; the stars were just beginning to emit their dim light amid the shades of evening which were gathering around, and the full moon was beginning to show one edge of her broad disc in the east, when Ellen becoming alarmed at her father's absence, protracted beyond his usual time, set out in search of him. She had not proceeded far in the direction in which she supposed he had gone, before she saw him in the orchard seated apparently upon a mound of earth. Proceeding towards him with nimble steps, and thinking he had merely sat down to rest a few moments, she accosted him, but to her surprise, received no answer; nor did he move. She then first noticed that his head was sunk low upon his bosom. Alarmed, she sprang to his side, and found him in a state of insensibility. Overwhelmed with grief, she stood over him a moment, nearly in a state of insensibility herself, while

— "Loose to the evening breeze,
Flowed her brown hair; and on her rubi'd cheek
Hung pity's chrystal gem."

But soon arousing, she darted to a cottage which stood at a short distance, calling for assistance, which was immediately obtained; and the old gentleman partly revived, was carried to his house, and a physician called. Soon he was so far restored as to be able to converse. He remembered the circumstances of his walk, until he came to the place where he was found, and there feeling faint and dizzy, he sat down, after which he knew no more until he arrived at the house. Feeling this to be a summons for his departure, he called Ellen to his side and said—'I shall soon leave you, child, but do not be excessively grieved on my account. I fear not to die, for I have endeavored to serve my God faithfully in health, and I know he will not forsake me in the hour of sickness and death. Follow the principles I have recommended, exercise the same benevolence and sweetness of disposition you have ever manifested; and above all, put and

continue your trust in the Saviour of men; then I trust you will again meet me, with your sainted mother, who has gone before, on the plains of immortality, by the river of life.' Ellen, touched with the keenest sorrow, could only reply with a flood of tears; and laid her head by the side of her father's and wept. She felt a dark cloud of gloom and despair gathering around her soul, but knowing it to be her duty both for her own sake, and that of her loved father, whose care depended mostly on her whom he thought could do any thing better for him than another, to shake it off; for this purpose she engaged in waiting upon him. Death appeared now gradually approaching, and my friend was calmly verging towards the tomb. Ellen, leaning over his couch with the fondest anxiety, and anticipating his every wish with the most anxious care, scarcely allowed herself sufficient time for necessary rest.

The deep devotion of that affectionate daughter, and her filial piety manifested on this trying occasion, especially, and all through her life, made a lasting impression on my young mind.

The room in which the sick man lay, opened by a window to the west, from which might be viewed an extensive and romantic landscape, consisting of hills crowned with waving woods, divided by vales covered with orchards, pasture lands, and rich meadows; whilst far as the eye was permitted to extend, the heavens seemed to rest on a ridge of hills higher than the others; behind which on clear evenings the luminary of day sunk, gilding them with his departing glory. It was on the sixth evening after Mr G. was carried to his room as above described; the sun was fast approaching the blue ridge which bounded the western prospect, his last rays were mildly pouring into the chamber of sickness, as if the emblem of that light which through Jesus Christ illumines the otherwise dark and gloomy tomb: when he manifested a desire to be raised up a little, so that he might once more behold the sun and the landscape on which he had so frequently gazed with transport and

delight. Thus being raised, he faintly ejaculated—'God bless you, Ellen;' and while she held him by the hand, feebly smiling, he gazed at the sun until it had almost disappeared; then gently pressing her hand, he whispered—'Farewell daughter, and thou sun.' At that moment his head sunk upon his breast, and he breathed no more. Ellen stood for a while with grief swelling in her heart like the pent up fires of the mountain, but without a tear; at length they burst, and flowed in torrents, 'as tempests melt in rain.' But it was not until after the funeral; after the cold clod of the valley covered the last of all that was dear to her on earth, that she felt the full extent of her loss. Then an indescribable feeling of loneliness crept over her heart, and she truly felt that

'A barren waste and desert wide,
Was all the earth, as ocean's tide.'

The sequel of Ellen's history it is unnecessary to pursue. Suffice it to say that heaven did bless her even in this life, raised her up many friends when she thought herself friendless; and bestowed upon her all other needful blessings. Reader, if you have a parent, exhibit the filial love of Ellen Gillet.

N.

The Mother.

From the National Ægis.

THE INFANT'S WELCOME.

Welcome! little weeping stranger
To this varied world of ours;
Here are sorrow, pain and danger,
Sunny spots and fragrant flowers.

Welcome to our warm embraces;
Happy parents, hail thy birth,—
Thine, be thy mother's virtues, graces,
Thine, thy father's spotless worth.

To his arms, Heaven gives thee, treasure,
To her bosom, there's thy rest;
Love the purest, without measure,
Ever fills a mother's breast.

Live, return their fond caressing,
Soothe their sorrows, dry their tears,
Be their richest, choicest blessing,
Cheer them down the vale of years.

Live, that when thy friends assemble,
Weeping at thy bed of death,
No past deeds shall make thee tremble,
But with smiles resign thy breath.

THE LAST RELIC.

"And must this dear token be parted with to satisfy the insatiate avarice of an unfeeling landlord?" sorrowfully murmured the unfortunate and reduced Mrs. Walton, as she gazed mournfully upon a diamond ring which had been presented to her by her deceased husband a few days previous to her marriage.

James Walton was a sea captain, and was in affluent circumstances when he took the amiable and accomplished Miss Warden to his bosom.—Prosperity crowned his exertions, and fortune smiled on all his commercial speculations, for a series of years, during which time, his adored wife had given to his arms two lovely daughters, Jane and Eliza.

At length, loss after loss came upon him, and his property dwindled down to a few thousands. He yet, however, had enough to support his family; but in an unlucky moment, he vested his all in one venture, and sailed himself on this last voyage, in the hopes of disposing of his cargo better than another one could do for him. On arriving at his destined port, sickness seized him, and the fell destroyer, Death, shortly numbered him as a victim for the grave. His property was sacrificed, and the proceeds squandered by those in whose hands it unfortunately was consigned.

The blow came like a thunderbolt on the wretched Mrs. Walton, yet she survived the heart-rending intelligence of her widowhood, and the inevitable poverty to which now she was reduced.—She curtailed all her expenses, and hired but one solitary room for herself and daughters—disposed of all her superfluous furniture, and deprived herself of the luxuries—nay, even many of the necessities of life.

A year or two rolled on, and Jane and Eliza, who had just entered their teens, began to see the daily distress that agitated their beloved parent; and every quarter day added fresh distress to the wretched mother. She had parted with every thing valuable in her possession, except this ring. It was the last relic that remained as a token of remembrance of her departed husband.

'Alas, it must go,' at length said she, putting it back into a small box, where it had lain since her circumstances had become too reduced to wear an ornament of such value.

'Oh, give it to me, ma,' said Jane, as a thundering rap was heard at the door, and in a moment Mr Hardheart entered unceremoniously, and took a seat.

'This is quarter day, ma'am,' said he. 'I called to see if you had made out my rent.'

'I have not as yet, sir,' replied Mrs Walton, 'but I will endeavor to get it for you by to-morrow.'

'I can't wait until to-morrow. I must have to-day, or you budge, bag and baggage,' retorted the unfeeling landlord, rising and moving towards the door, out of which he started as unceremoniously as he entered.

'Unfeeling man,' said Mrs Walton, as he disappeared, and the tears started to her eyes, as she cast them upon her two daughters, who sat looking sorrowfully at her.

'How much do we owe Mr Hardheart, ma?' innocently asked Jane.

'More than I am able to pay, my dear children,' answered Mr Walton, rising and putting on her things, and telling Eliza to accompany her.

She took the box containing the valuable relic with a heavy heart, and followed by Eliza, reached a pawnbroker's establishment, which, with down cast eyes, she immediately entered; and so intent was she absorbed in the distresses of her situation, that she scarcely noticed the crowd that was in the room.

'I wish to dispose of this ring, sir,' said she, laying the box upon the counter.

There was something in the tones of her voice that was thrilling and mournful, and in an instant all eyes were directed towards her.

'How much do you expect on this, ma'am,' said the clerk, examining the sparkling stone that glistened in the ring.

'I wish for its value only, sir,' replied Mrs W. in a confused and still sorrowful voice.

'I can only let you have half its value, ma'am,' said the clerk.

'Pay her its whole value, Mr Screw-hard,' said a voice from an old weather-beaten gentleman. 'I will purchase it of you to the utmost extent of the price you give.'

The clerk counted out thirty dollars, and Mrs Walton took it with a heavy heart, casting her eyes first mournfully upon the ring, and then turning them gratefully upon the compassionate stran-

ger, left the shop and returned to her habitation.

'Ah, this will satisfy him for this time,' said she, entering once more the dwelling, 'but the ring is gone, and now not a token remains.'

Soon after she returned from disposing of her last relic, a rap was heard at the door, and a man inquired for Mrs. Walton, handing a package directed to her, neatly made up—on delivering which he immediately departed.

She broke the seal of the envelope, and among a roll of bank notes, she beheld her ring with a slip of paper attached to it, on which were these words—"PART WITH IT NO MORE."

Surprised at the singular, unexpected return of the invaluable trinket, she instantly rose in hopes of again seeing the bearer, to make some inquiries, but he had got out of sight.

'Who could have done this act but the stranger who spoke so compassionately in the shop?' thought she to herself; and again putting on her things, hurried to the pawnbroker's.

Here she inquired for the purchaser of her ring, and learnt that it was the gentleman who was present when she disposed of it, who had bought the same soon after leaving the shop, and had also departed immediately. His name or place of residence, the man of the shop could not tell.

Mrs. W. returned home. The roll of bank bills contained five hundred dollars. She knew not what to do for some time—at length, making up her mind, she resolved to keep it until necessity compelled her to dispose of any part of the munificent present. She put the ring in its accustomed place, resolved to fulfil the words of her unknown benefactor, and 'part with it no more.'

She never heard of her benefactor after this; but never ceased to remember that unbounded generosity in a stranger which had preserved her last token, and made her comparatively rich and happy.

SONG OVER A CHILD.

BY BARRY CORNWALD.

Dream, baby, dream!

The stars are glowing;

Hear'st thou the stream?

'Tis softly flowing;

All gently glide the hours;

Above no tempest lowers:

Below are fragrant flowers
In silence glowing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow.
Why should thou weep
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pain and fears—
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years,
No sadness borrow.

Dream, baby, dream—
Thine eye-lids quiver,
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure;
So shall thy life endure
Like mine—forever!"

'THY WILL BE DONE'

A mother was kneeling in the soft light of the dying day, by the side of her suffering babe; the deep, lowbreathed accents of the father went up in supplication, as if to the very ear of the Eternal. 'O! Thou, who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation of the human heart, look down in thy compassion on our helpless child. O! save him for thy mercy's sake! Whatever else thou witholdest, give us the life of our sweet babe.'

'Amen,' responded the trembling voice of the heartstricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. 'O! William, I cannot give him up yet,' she added, 'he is so lovely, and then he is our only one; surely your petition will be granted.'

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life; its tiny fingers were half hid beneath its golden hair, while the sweet smile that played around its fevered lips, seemed to respond to the whispering of angels, as if they were already welcoming the freed spirit to the land of light. The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but a parent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxed—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep fell upon it, clothing it as with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opened, and the lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradiated with

unearthly intelligence and purity. Day after day, and night after night, the father and mother watched their boy, as he was slowly restored to health and activity.—God spared him, and he grew up in loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestilence stalked abroad. Death laid low the young and the beautiful. Still their child, as if by some talismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart, that he yet lived to comfort her.

Time passed on. Again the mother bent over him; a blighted, blasted being. The cherub smile of infantine innocence had given place to the intensity of remorse, and the sternness of despair. The fair boy had grown to manhood. He had gone forth into the world. He had mingled with the giddy throng that pursue the syren Pleasure, till they find too late that with her, joy is but a name, and hope a phantom; that she leads to sorrow and to death. Her contaminating, withering influence overmastered him, and he went onward till the poisonous mildew of guilt settled on his soul, and wasted his existence.

'Let me curse God and die,' said the wretched sufferer.

'O! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood,' murmured the self-accusing mother.

Again, the father knelt by the bedside of his son, and his voice once more went up in prayer. 'Whatsoever thou givest or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely, *Thy will be done.*'

'Amen,' clearly articulated the mother, and the Angel of Death took the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

—He stood alone—a shunned and hated thing,

For he had been an outcast on the world,
And every villager had heard the tale
That stamped his brow with stain of infamy,

And knew the guilt that now, with keen remorse,
Gnawed at his heart with ceaseless tooth of anguish:

Disease was preying on him, and he came
To lay his wearied and his worn-out frame
Beside his buried father.

His glassy eye,
And pale and withered cheek, and hollow voice

Told that his days were numbered. And the pain

Of parting life—the torture of the mind,
Came in the sleepless night and feverish day,

Till wasted life just glimmered ere it died.
And yet none heeded these his racking pains.

The world passed by upon the other side,
And left him to his fate. All save one—
And she, in her old age, watched by his couch,

And wiped the clammy sweat from his cold brow.

She alone had welcomed his return, and now

She sat by her poor boy, to cheer the hours
When chilling darkness came upon his soul,

Nor thought of her own weakness while she held

His aching brow upon her throbbing breast.

The lamp of life went out. And then she bore

The wasted form of him she once had loved,
And laid him by his father.

There would she wander, when the dewy eve

Had spread her sober mantle o'er the world,
And sit and weep aloud. 'Twas her only son

That lay beneath that mouldering pile of earth,

And she forgot the error of his life,

And thought alone of what was lovely.

She thought of him, the infant of her lap.

And heard his artless prattle—and she saw

The sunny ringlets, as they sportive played

O'er his bright brow, in childhood's summer hours.

She thought how proudly she had loved to dwell

Upon the opening manhood of her child,

And of the hopes a mother only knows.

She thought on these and wept, and laid her head

On the cold earth that pressed upon her boy,

And wished her aged, widowed heart was hushed

Within the quiet grave wherein he slept.

Oh! if there be within the human heart

A feeling holier than all else beside,

It is the love that warms the mother's breast

E'en for a sinning child—the only tie

That death alone can sever, and is felt

Till the last throb of feeling is at rest.

Records of Woman.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Mary Ann Hooker, whose original name was Brown, was the daughter of pi-

ous and highly respectable parents, and born at Guildford, Conn., Feb. 12th, 1796. She possessed a quick perception, knew the alphabet before the age of two years, and read well at three. She early manifested a great love of reading. To read, and think, were her great pleasures, while other children were engaged in noisy sports. But if she loved to meditate by herself she was not selfish—and she regarded her companions with tender love. She was a warm admirer of the works of nature. The simplest wild flower was dear to her. The plants, as they sprung up in her little garden, the grassy path, where she took her rural walk, the green, shady trees, and the crystal tuneful brooks, were her friends. Her moral sensibilities were equally strong. To do right, to avoid wounding the feelings of others, and always to speak truth, were her rules of action. Her conscience was tender, and if she had committed any fault, she acknowledged it with frankness. Her warm affections and integrity of purpose, were associated with a mind of a high order, anxious to acquire knowledge. She received the advantages of an excellent education, and applied herself to her various studies, with assiduity and success. She was a favorite with her teachers. They were gratified by her proficiency, and pleased with her amiable disposition.— Their written testimonials of her good scholarship, and exemplary deportment, she affectionately prized, and preserved among her most valuable papers. After her removal to Hartford, Conn., and the completion of her own term of school-study, she engaged in the instruction of young ladies. She was a favorite in the refined society where she moved, and particularly excelled in the graces of conversation. Yet no one could be more free from vanity. “In all lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself;” for she had taken the Inspired Volume of Christ. In friendship she was warm, affectionate, and confiding; though she regarded all with whom she associated, with Christian kindness, she reserved her intimacy for a few kindred spirits—to them her sympathy was overflowing, both in sorrow and in joy, and she forgot herself, when they might be served, applauded, or comforted.

In 1822, she married the Rev. Horace Hooker, and removed to a retired parish in her native state. The responsibilities of a pastor's wife she deeply realized, and endeavored to discharge. While exciting those of her own sex to works of benevolence and piety, she strove also, to advance their intellectual improvement. She established stated meetings for the reading of historical and religious works, and especially for the interchange of written

thought. In the latter department, she emphatically led the way, and bore the burden; and some of the most pleasing effusions of her pen, were thus called forth in the form of essays, on various important subjects. A solicitation that her husband would superintend a religious periodical publication, induced their return to Hartford, and her more decided entrance on literary occupation. Their congeniality of intellectual taste, and pursuit, was a source of great happiness, and added a new and rare element to their mutual affection.

His kind encouragement gradually overcame her self-distrust, so that she at length resolved to devote her pen to the religious instruction of children. Her first work was entitled “Bible Sketches,” and is written with simplicity and beauty. She wrote also, the lives of David and Daniel, of Elijah and Elisha. For this series of scripture biographies, she read extensively such books of history and travels as bore upon her subjects, or illustrated the geography, natural history, and customs of the countries where her scenes were laid. Her books became favorites not only with the young, to whom they were addressed, but to parents, who peruse them with their children. Her last work was entitled the “Seasons,” and its object is to bring the unfolding mind into such familiarity with the objects of nature, with birds, plants, animals, trees, rocks, and waters, as to lead it to recognize and love the Creator of so much beauty, and the Author of every blessing. These literary occupations beguiled the hours of ill health and seclusion, to which she was frequently subject, and the consciousness that they had been in many cases, the means of good to others, imparted cheerfulness and gratitude. But her health which had from childhood been feeble began visibly to decline; symptoms of pulmonary consumption were plainly revealed. Her physicians prescribed that she should take shelter from the winter beneath a milder sky, and her husband and sister bore her to the sunny climes of Georgia, in the autumn of 1837. She returned the following spring no more to go forth amid the soft grassy paths she had loved, or to mark the fresh swelling buds on her favorite trees, but to die. The frame wasted to a skeleton, and the hollow, racking cough told that she had come back to die.

But there was peace in her heart. The Saviour whom she had trusted from her youth up, was sufficient for her. The Bible which she had loved and obeyed, was her stay, as she passed through the dark valley. As a child, yielding to its parents, she laid herself in the Everlasting Arms. Even when in extreme weakness, her

mind wandered, sweet words were upon her lips, and bright images gleamed around her; she smiled on those who stood by her bed, and forgetting that she herself suffered, begged them to take refreshment and repose. She murmured in a low tone, of jessamine bowers, and orange-groves, and hovering forms, brighter and more lovely than she had ever seen before. The beautiful things of nature, which, from earliest memory she had loved, tarried with her, till the angels came; it was on the morning of May third, eighteen hundred thirty-eight, that death came upon her like a friend, soothing her into gentle slumber: without gasp or struggle, she slept in Jesus; "patience having had its perfect work."

Green trees shall wave above thee,
That dread no wintry snow,
Meek flowers that learned to love thee,
Around thy grave shall blow,
And faithful hearts, and tender,
Full oft shall linger nigh,
Their tribute-tear to render,
And learn of thee, to die.

Editorial.

OUR SECOND VOLUME. This number commences the second volume of the Pearl. We are happy to be able to state, that our enterprise is no longer an experiment.—One year since, it was. We commenced without a single subscriber, but we closed the volume with four thousand. This is liberal encouragement. We are encouraged to proceed with increased energy in our work. The Pearl will be made increasingly interesting. As heretofore, its object will be to please, as well as to profit. With articles of the lighter order of literature, we shall mingle those of the grave and serious. Upon all questions of virtue, morality and religion, we shall occupy high ground; and while we hope not to be so dry as to frighten the young and the light-hearted from our columns, we shall not be so light as to forbid the patronage of the more serious and thoughtful.

New correspondents will be secured, beautiful engravings and interesting music obtained, at an increased expense, to adorn and fill the pages of our work; and the publishers are determined to make it the cheapest and best ladies' periodical in New England. Will the patrons of the first volume aid us in obtaining an increased circulation for the second?

A MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HER DEPARTED CHILDREN. How exquisitely touching is a mother's sensibility in every thing that respects the dead! How slight an allusion calls up her bruised affections in all their force, and on what minute objects will that affection dwell when its precious object is gone. Like the branches of a vine, when its trellis work is taken away it clings to every briar and stone that may support it in its windings, so a mother's feelings fasten on every memento of her little one. We know a mother who carefully treasures up the cap, the shoes, the band, and other articles belonging to her little departed boy, with all the care of a nurse, and often when alone does she go to weep over those last earthly tokens of her child's existence.

Miss Gould, with her usual felicity of manner, has shown the strength of these feelings, in her little poem, called 'The Playthings.' Knowing our readers, especially mothers, will be pleased with it, we insert it.

'Oh, mother, here's the very top "
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in;
The line that held his pretty kite;
The line that held his cup and ball;
The slate on which he learned to write;
His feather, cap, and all!

'My dear, I'd put the things away
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent—he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that's lost, how deep it sinks,
Within a mother's breast.'

CHANGE OF EDITORS. It is due to ourselves and to our readers to state, that owing to a multiplicity of other engagements, we shall from this number discontinue our editorial supervision of the Pearl. We can assure our patrons, however, that our lack of service will be more than supplied by the gentleman who may succeed us.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. 'D' is under consideration. Shall we hear from our Wolfboro' correspondent shortly? Will Anna favor us? Our Fall River correspondent will be welcome to our columns as often as convenient to herself.

O, DAUGHTER OF ZION.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

O, daughter of Zi-on, why sor-row-est thou, With thy
 beauti-ful harp on the green willow bough? O, cease from thy weeping; thy
 Savior is calling Thy spir-it to joy!

2.

Why, drooping and sad, dost thou languish forlorn,
 Forgetting the day-star that gladdens thy morn?
 That star is thy Savior:—O, hear him inviting
 Thy spirit to love!

3.

Come, tune thy sweet harp, sing an anthem of praise,
 And join its full chords to melodious lays;
 Thy Savior from heaven is gently enticing
 Thy spirit to bliss.

THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1841.

NO. 2.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE GIPSY'S REVENGE.

BY DANIEL WISE.

(Concluded from page 7.)

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Gloom is upon thy silent hearth
O silent house! once filled with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thy early flowers,
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude."

HEMANS.

The evening after their visit to the gipsy camp was spent by the Talbots in a most gloomy manner. The Squire was dull and thoughtful, occupied with reflections concerning the probability of discovering his long lost brother among the gipsies: his lady felt timid and fearful for she remembered the gipsy's curse and the woman's prediction, and the mirth of the girls was restrained by the sadness of their parents. At a very early hour they all retired to their respective apartments.

Excited to an unnatural degree by the new train of thought respecting his lost brother, Mr Talbot could not sleep. His uneasy slumbers were incessantly broken by a vision of the brown visage and flashing eyes of the gipsy George floating mistily in the air; and anon the laughing face of his brother, as he appeared before his sudden departure, appeared in its stead. Sinking at last into a heavy slumber, he forgot the past in blissful dreams of the future; when he was awakened by

a fearful sense of suffocation. Starting up, he found the room filled with a dense smoke, and before he sufficiently recovered his senses to reflect, he heard the heavy voice of his servant man bawling, 'Measter! Measter! The house be on fire! the house be on fire!'

Other voices responded to the cry, and soon every passage rung with the cry of 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

To arouse his wife and rush below was but the work of a moment. There he found all his servants trembling with terror. His quick eye soon discovered the absence of his daughters, and hurrying up stairs through the thick columns of smoke that rolled along the broad passages, he reached their chamber. There he found his two eldest daughters senseless; the youngest, little Ellen, was not there. A moment sufficed him to be sure she was not in the room, and lifting his unconscious daughters in his arms he bore them into the orchard below, where the cool air soon restored them to consciousness.

To return in search of Ellen was now impossible, for the flames which had first broken out in the rear of the hall, were pouring through the hall and rushing down the stairs with an impetuosity nothing could check. The dry old oak beams of the manse were fairly on fire and no power on earth could stop their destruction. Wrapping themselves therefore, in the few articles of clothing and bedding brought out in the hurry of escape, they looked on, in helpless despair. Mean-

while an engine had arrived from the neighboring village, neighbors flocked around, and a carriage was brought to convey the family to a place of safety.

So utterly confounded was Mrs. Talbot by the sudden and terrible alarm that she had been completely stupified up to the time of entering the carriage. Here she came to herself, and her first thought was for her children. Glancing around her, she distinguished her eldest daughters; but missing the youngest, a dire foreboding seemed to steal over her mind, as with a convulsive effort she asked, 'Where is little Ellen?'

Mr T. was silent; when with a terrible scream, his lady cried 'Give me my child!' and falling backwards she fainted!

It was truly pitiable to see the distress of that mother when consciousness returned. Her first cry was 'O my child! my child! My darling Ellen! Give me my Ellen!'

In vain did her daughters and the amiable lady in whose hospitable home they were lodged, attempt to soothe her. The frenzy of madness filled her brain; a succession of faintings ensued until utterly prostrated by exhaustion, she sank into a profound stupor.

Meanwhile Mr Talbot had returned to the scene of destruction. By dint of much effort the fire had been got under, for fortunately the air was as calm as nature's stillest hour, and the flames had not communicated themselves to his barns and granaries. He now began to make inquiries respecting the origin of the fire. From the fact that it broke out in three or four places at once, it was clearly the work of an incendiary. Suspicion at once fastened on the gipsy, especially as the report now reached him of the departure of the camp on the previous evening. This suspicion led him to hope for the life of his child. The open door of her chamber confirmed his hope, and he resolved to lose no time in pursu-

ing the gipsy. Making known his suspicions to his friends, they immediately volunteered their services; an order for the arrest of gipsy George and his companions was procured, and by daylight some twelve or more of the neighboring farmers were well mounted for the chase.

'Which way shall we go Mister Talbot?' inquired a jolly old fellow whose round, red face told how well he loved the ale barrel, 'looking after a gipsy party is like hunting for your wife's needle in a wheat rick!' 'Ay,' said another, 'or searching for a buck shot in a barrel of hay seed.'

'I think,' said a young bumpkin, 'as how we had better scatter off in every direction, like the four pints of the vane 'on mother's barn.'

'Let us first ride to the village,' said Mr Talbot, 'and then consult on our best method of pursuit.'

They arrived at the village inn just as the morning coach stopped. Mr T. inquired of the coachman if he had met any persons on the road, stating at the same time, his misfortune and his object.

'Squire Talbot,' said the coachman, who was a large pompous man, and a cockney withal, 'I can give you that ere gipsy's cue I know. I was driving over Portsdown hill this morning like the racers on Ascott heath, and just as I reached the top where the road turns off to the hill, I spied two fellows a foot a little way down the lane skulking along under the fence. I thought first they were poachers, but after I had drove a little way, I heard a scream like the cry of a child.—Had I not been tied to time, as you see coachmen are, I should have stopped and given pursuit.'

'Here my good fellow, take this,' said the Squire, throwing him a half-guinea; and now friends, let us all away to Portsdown hill'

In a few minutes the whole party was in motion, urging their horses to the top

of their speed. Here we will leave them for a while and take a peep at the state of affairs in the gipsy camp.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

'Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?
O that the vain remorse which must chastise
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge.'

SHELLEY.

The grey morning, dim with the slow retreating shadows of night, was just peeping over the eastern horizon when the gipsy George and his companion, a brown suspicious looking fellow, who bore in his arms a young girl, were hurrying over the summit of a high hill.

They were now in its most wild and gloomy part. No house was near, scarcely a tree relieved the wildness of the scene, while the chalky soil produced only a scanty covering of grass under their feet. On one side deep chalk pits opened their wide mouths upon them, and on the other, in the distance, an interminable wood spread its dull foliage to the eye. It was a barren and desolate place.

'Tell me,' said George, breaking a long silence, 'how you found the girl's chamber?'

'Leave me alone for knowing how to do such things,' replied the other; 'I watched at the windows for the lights.—I saw the Squire in his chamber and then knew that the other one with a light must be where the girls slept.'

'Well how did you reach the room without arousing the servants?'

'I got in at the kitchen window and unbarred the door, then I stole softly up stairs; listened at the Squire's door and heard him breathing very hard, so that I was sure he slept. Next, I slid into the young misses room and found them all fast asleep. By the starlight I saw this little lady in a bed by herself, and taking her clothes on my arms I lifted her gently

up in the bed clothes and quietly bore her off.'

'Well done! you shall not lose your reward—but did you ever see a fire take better than the old manse. It did my heart good to see how the flames shot up into the air. It was pretty dry. I think I've taught the Squire how to treat the gipsies. Hah! hah! hah!'

They had now reached a more fertile and lovely spot, and striking down a long avenue of fine old elms, they soon reached a foot-path leading into a wood. This they entered, and after a short winding walk reached their camp, which was already up, though the inmates, weary with the night's march, were all fast asleep.

The Gipsy George proceeded to his own tent with little Ellen, whom he gave in charge to his obsequious wife. She speedily arrayed her in a coarse dress of dirty brown holland, and staining her face and hands with a decoction of walnut juice, and trimming her beautiful hair close to her head, the little girl might have easily passed for a genuine member of the gipsy tribe.

This done, the women and children bestirred themselves to prepare their breakfast, while the two wanderers sought a few minutes repose, and the other males went out with their snares to entrap a partridge or a rabbit for their morning repast.

In this manner some two hours were passed, when the horsemen, with Squire Talbot at their head, reached the camp; having been directed to it partly by their knowledge of the usual place of encampment for these wanderers, and partly by the curling smoke that rose above the foliage of the copse. The party surrounded the tents, and demanded the surrender of the person of George. Hearing the confusion, he crept from his tent, and was seized before he had time to think of resistance. His companion, discovering the proceedings without, and igno-

rant of the number of the assailants, rushed to the rescue, but was instantly beaten down by the oaken clubs of the farmers. But for this interference he might have escaped arrest; now, however, the Squire thought it best to secure his person also.

In a few minutes, the work of arrest was over, and the Gipsy George and his companions, with their hands tied behind them, were led forth on their way to prison.

Having given the prisoners in charge to his attendants, Mr Talbot instituted a search for his daughter. Entering a tent, he saw a girl about the size of his own, weeping in a corner, but so different was she in appearance from his own dear Ellen, that he was about to leave it to search elsewhere; when the little girl looking up, exclaimed,

'Papa! Papa! Do take me away from this horrid place!' and with a hysterical sob she rushed into the arms of the astonished and bewildered father. The voice and the manner were those of his Ellen, but the dress, the color of her face, were so unlike her's, shorn as she was of her beautiful hair, he could scarcely distinguish her. A moment's examination of her features, however, convinced him, and with the fulness of a parent's joy he strained the defaced beauty to his bosom. By dint of threats, he obtained her clothes from the gipsy woman, and rejoining his party they set out on their return.

A judicial investigation resulted in the committal of the gipsy and his companion for trial, on the two-fold charge of arson and the abduction of the child.

Heavily ironed, George sat in his narrow cell, musing gloomily on the dismal future before him, when the creaking and banging of doors intimated the approach of visitors to his cell. He started as Squire Talbot entered, and requested the turnkey to leave him alone with the prisoner.

Relieved of the presence of the turnkey, Mr Talbot began the conversation by remarking:

'Your situation is gloomy, shut up in these old stone walls!'

'Good enough for a gipsy though,' muttered the prisoner angrily.

'Be not angry, my good fellow, I am your friend, and have come here to see if I can benefit you.'

'My friend! eh! Very friendly is Squire Talbot to the gipsies when he refuses a beggarly wisp of straw, and drives them from his hall doors with insult! eh!'

'True, I did refuse you straw, and order you off my manor, but nevertheless I mean you well.'

'So does the hawk mean well towards the chicken.'

'I am sorry you are so surly, as it may prevent a disclosure of facts of the first importance to your safety and to your future elevation in society.'

The gipsy here glanced suspiciously at the Squire, but seeing nothing but beneficence and kindness in his looks, he remained silent, though obviously softened in his feelings. Mr Talbot proceeded to inquire:

'George, were you born among the gipsies?'

'No.'

'Did you join them voluntarily?'

'No.'

'Do you remember when you joined them?'

'Very indistinctly!'

'How old were you?'

'I don't know: I was quite a boy!'

'Have you any recollections of what and where you were before you were carried to the camp of the gipsies?'

'Not much; only I remember something of a large house with a great many servants; and also a playmate that fancy always paints as my brother; I remember too, a lady who used to fondle and caress me, and I have thought it might be my

mother;—and a tear stood in the stern eye of the prisoner as he spoke.

‘Have you any article of clothing that belonged to you when brought among the gipsies?’

‘Nothing but a shoe. After I was introduced among them, I, like all the rest of the children, went barefoot. It hurt my feet at first; and finding this shoe I used to wear it sometimes when my feet were sore, and afterwards I kept it as something that belonged to me.’

Squire Talbot was almost choked with emotion as he asked,

‘Have you that shoe now?’

‘I have. I preserved it sacredly, hoping it one day might prove a means of identifying myself, and of discovering my early home; for though a gipsy in feeling and professions, there have come over me, at times, strong and mighty desires to discover my true lineage and family. Here,’ continued he, drawing a boy’s shoe from his bosom, ‘is the only relic of my former condition.’

Trembling in every joint, the Squire seized the shoe. Fortunately, its partner had been saved in the bureau from the ravages of the fire, and producing it he placed them together. They were a pair! Dropping them on the floor, the kind-hearted Squire fell on the neck of the gipsy, crying,

‘My brother! My Henry! My long lost brother!’

The stern feelings of the gipsy relented under the strong emotion of his brother, and they wept like children as they leaned on each other’s neck. That was a delicious moment, sacred to the out-breakings of an affection long pent up in despairing hearts.

The first expressions of feeling on the Squire sought for other evidence of his brother’s identity. This consisted of a large scar on the shoulder, occasioned by a fall from a window young Henry had met with when a boy. Baring

his arm, the scar appeared obvious and plain on the spot designated by the Squire. Here, then, was an end of doubt. The Gipsy George and Squire Talbot were brothers.

It need only be stated, that through the influence of the Squire, which was very extensive, legal proceedings were stopped against his brother, who was restored to his proper standing in society. That he lived to regret his rash revenge, it is also needless to remark. He did regret it with deep and vain regret.

As he was without fortune, the Squire generously divided his vast wealth with his newly found brother. Thus raised from the vagabond habits of a gipsy camp, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his mind, and was soon able to appear in society in a manner creditable to his station, and, for aught we know to the contrary, he yet lives to adorn it.

For the Ladies’ Pearl.

THE DAY OF GOD.

Why blushes yonder sky

So beautifully bright?

What scene sublimely grand is nigh,

Borne on the wings of light?

It is the day of God—the day so long foretold;

Seraph and saint shall soon its bright’ning blaze unfold!

From yonder azure height

What sounds are those I hear?

’Tis music following the flight

Of glory’s pioneer.

The Angel flying through the blue-arch’d sky, to tell

How man has risen to bliss more high than that from which he fell!

All hail auspicious day!

The gospel of our God

Now spreads its universal sway

Through all the earth abroad.

The songs of harps above are echoed to the earth,

And not a note discordant mars the holy mirth!

Christ's kingdom is set up
 In every contrite heart;
 Not holier was the mountain top,
 Heaven's splendid counterpart,
 When Jesus with the holy three in mystic
 musing trod,
 And from the burning mount came forth
 the voice of God!
 The reign of sin is o'er;
 Behold his sceptre fall;
 Nations shall own his sway no more,
 Since 'Christ is all in all.'
 The deep response of earth to heaven like
 incense to the skies,
 Rises on every murmuring gale, one cease-
 less sacrifice.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

TUCHOMA—A LEGEND OF WAMESIT.

Thirty years ago and Lowell, the "city of spindles," the far famed "Manchester of America," was not, and save a few humble dwellings, the place where it now stands was desolate. The Concord hastened in solitary beauty to pour itself into the broad bosom of the Merrimack, and the two rivers rolled on as now, together, yet fearing to mingle the current of their waters. Their banks scarce echoed to the tread of human feet, save when a straying angler came with hook and line to seek the life of their finny inhabitants. Two hundred years before, and on this same spot, in the glory of their power, dwelt a noble tribe of the noble race of red men. Marked, it is true, by characteristic blemishes, they possessed the highest order of Indian virtues. Valor had spread their name broad, and few were the tribes that dared incur their enmity. Where are they now, the brave Pawtuckets? Gone to the happy hunting grounds of their Ely and Ay, as they were they exist not. The cemetery so lately consecrated was their last abiding place at Wamesit, and factories, churches and dwelling-houses, stand where their graves have

been. A remnant of the tribe small and weak, degraded by the vices of the white man, whose virtues they will not copy and whose arts they will not learn, still wander over the hills and vales of New England, and occasionally come just as summer is waning, to sojourn a few weeks on the banks of the river where their ancestors dwelt in the pride of their prosperity. At the time of our tale the Pawtuckets were numerous and powerful, the sun of their glory seemed to pause on the meridian; it gleamed a moment longer, and sank in the shades of sorrow.

A band of chosen warriors were returning victorious from a dangerous enterprise, their wild shouts were re-echoed from the camp they were approaching, and the whole tribe went out to meet them rejoicing. But, why is Medemseh, the bravest of the brave, silent? His arrow was swiftest in battle and it never sped its flight in vain.—See! he bears suspended from his war pole the trophies of his valor. Those scalps shaven to the crown, are the scalps of warriors, they never graced the heads of women or children.—Medemseh is the pride of the Pawtuckets, why does he not join the shouts of his people? No arrow has pierced him, and when was Medemseh weary? Alas! the Plague Spirit is on him, the pestilence is in his veins. He will be gathered to his fathers and go no more on his war paths forever. Tuchoma, his betrothed, the loveliest of Indian maidens follows him to his wigwam, she fans him with the green leaves of the forest, she bathes his burning brow with fresh water from the fountain, but she cannot relieve. Old Wodok looks in vain on the son of his adoption; all the Powow's magic is in vain, no spell can turn the warrior's breath. The dying man hears the voice of his lamentation. Medemseh lives not life, but is he a coward that he should die like a woman? For this did I return from battle? Would

that I had fallen! Would that the Great Spirit had called me from victory to the grave, then would I die content."

There was grief in the camp when Medemseh was borne to the grave. Silently they gathered about him while Wodok approached, and raising his tall figure with the dignity of grief repressed in all the richness of Indian eloquence told his virtues—He had been the terror of their enemies, the young lion of the tribe, the right arm of their power—his heart was true as his arrow was sure; his brothers had loved him as his foes had feared.—Wodok was old, he had known many warriors, but none like the fallen; he had many friends, but none like him—But the Great Spirit had called him, he had gone in the freshness of his youth.

All were sad, but the heart of Tuchoma was desolate; with less than Indian firmness the maiden wept for her betrothed, the chosen of her heart. Arrayed in the choicest of his ornaments, with his hand upon his bow and his quiver beside him, and his face turned to the heaven of his faith they buried him. They returned to their lodge, and consternation seized them. Was the Great Spirit angry with his children? Another and another of their strong ones fell before the pestilence.

Time rolled on; two months had passed since the last fatal conquest of the Pawtuckets and alas, what a change had passed over the people! The bow was unstrung, the scalping knife was at rest, and war was forgotten. Every thought was absorbed in the blighting sickness that raged fiercer and more fierce. It was the hour of midnight, the pale moon looked as if in pity on the scene, ever and anon a stealthy step was heard and again all was still as death, for the dead and dying were there. But hark! A shrill shout broke upon the silent air. It was the war cry of the enemy! The Maquas were upon them! They had ta-

ken the village of Nashoba, and come down silent as night on the enfeebled Pawtuckets. The work of death begun, a few disheartened fighting men of the Pawtuckets opposed them for a time, but they soon yielded and the enemy were carrying all before them. Their leader, Ahatawana, swift to carry death to every wigwam, entered the lodge of Wodok.—Tuchoma was handing a cup to quench his dying thirst, he was slain before her eyes, and the tomahawk was raised above her own head, when Ahatawana struck with her youthful beauty resolved to secure her alive. Again the Pawtuckets rallied; Chincas, the friend of Medemseh was chosen their leader, they rushed in fury upon the enemy and victory turned in their favor. The Maquas fled, but Tuchoma was borne with them. The Pawtuckets pursued in vain, they knew not that the daughter of their sage Wodok, "the star-eye," of their tribe was with them, and, fearing to encounter the whole force of the Maquas, they returned.

The Maquas, no longer fearing pursuit, halted, then slowly proceeded and arrived at Nashoba before sunset. The lodge of the chief was assigned to Tuchoma but she noted it not; the young girls came to attend her, but she saw them not. She sat with her eyes, lustrous but expressionless, fixed on vacuity and her thoughts too little collected to realize or hardly know her situation.

Morning came and Ahatawana sought the lodge of the lovely stranger, bearing presents of beads and furs. He gazed a moment on her statue-like beauty and then approached. "The bright-eyed daughter of the Pawtuckets has pleased the chief of the Maquas said he, presenting the gifts he had brought.—Tuchoma turned in horror from the offering while he continued—"Will she spurn the gift? She shall be the favorite wife of Ahata-

wana, the daughters of the Maquas shall be her slaves."

Tuchoma kindled with indignation, her flashing eyes met those of Ahatawana.

"Dost thou despise me! Then feel my vengeance." And his tomahawk was flourished a second time over her head.

"Tuchoma loves not life as she hates the murderer of her father," said the unflinching maiden.

"Ha! is it so? Then live and be mine thou haughtiest child of a boasting race. Thou shalt be gentle as thou art beautiful. I will tame the proud spirit of thy fire-flashing eye. To-day I go to the chase, tomorrow I return, and the raven-haired Pawtucket maid shall be my bride."

Ahatawana departed and Tuchoma, awakened for a moment to the horrors of her situation, again sunk into a sort of stupid insensibility, and night was dark around her ere she awoke from it. Then all her misery burst upon her. The hour was approaching, Ahatawana would soon be there, and oh, the dreadful fate that awaited her! The most horrid thoughts were passing through her mind, when she heard a slight rustling within the lodge, and her own name spoken in a low voice. She started and drew back in terror.—Was it the call of Ahatawana? The name was repeated and the voice was not the one she feared, it was softer and more familiar to her ear; she bounded forward and Chincas stood before her.

"Fly, fly with me Tuchoma," said the brave Pawtucket, "I come to lead thee to thy home and people."

Tuchoma needed no second appeal, she was glad to escape her expected fate, but her heart thrilled sadly at the names of home and people; her home was solitary and the best beloved of her people had gone to the spirit land. Softly they left the lodge by the entrance Chincas had made, and silently pursued their way

till weariness compelled Tuchoma to take rest before they reached the rendezvous of their friends. Her deliverer sat beside her, he gazed long and earnestly upon his lovely companion and then spoke. "Chincas has long loved the daughter of Wodok, but she was the betrothed of Medemseh. We have mourned the fallen brave. He was my friend, I knew his virtues and was true to him. Still Tuchoma was the light of my eye, will she be the star of my home, the cherished of my heart, the wife of my bosom?"

"Chincas, my deliverer, thy virtues are known, they should win the love of fairer maid, but I am still the betrothed of Medemseh, my heart is in his grave, and weary of life I only wish to die, to share his grave, and to follow in the same path to a happier land.—O, my feet will never weary till I overtake him."

A darker shade passed over the dark but noble face of the Indian, and vanished as he answered: "Then I will hope no more, but the friend of Medemseh will be the friend of Tuchoma."

Again they pursued their way, joined their friends at the appointed place, and Tuchoma was conveyed in safety to the home of her people, Wamesit. They passed the grave of Medemseh, another was beside it; it was that of Wodok. They tore her from the spot and led her to the wigwam.

Twilight approached and the sorrowing girl went out alone to weep over the grave of her heart's treasures. Night came, the moon looked upon her tears, but she was not alone. Chincas had followed and stood by her. But there was another eye upon them, an eye of fury and fiendish vengeance. Abalowana was there. A deadly arrow was aimed at the heart of Chincas. Tuchoma saw it, she darted before him and fell upon the graves of lover and fire.

C. L. K.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Alas! how little man can guess,
What likeliest speaks his happiness;
How oft we find a present care;
The way to future joy prepare;
How oftener still that bliss to-day;
Paves but to woe to-morrow's way.
So on the stone the trav'ler sheds
His curse, on which he stumbling treads;
That stone, which breaking, he decries
A diamond of unusual size;
Or hails with joy the rapt'rous light,
That leads him only to eternal night.

Anecdote of Lady Raffles.—One day while this lady was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favorite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch, with a feeling of misery—she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed native woman, of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. 'I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of every body? Did any one ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him?—And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty?—What would you have more? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window.'—*Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*, p 500.

A Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she would receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

A man who paints ladies' portraits should never be remarkably handsome.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CHARLOTTE MOWBRAY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

'Let integrity and uprightness preserve me.'

Charlotte Mowbray having ordered a fire to be kindled in the parlor, withdrew to select a book from one of the best furnished private libraries in the city of New York. It was the first day for the season that the wailing voice of autumn had been heard round the corners of her dwelling, and, to her, there was something more grateful in the sound than in the summer breeze, for with the latter was associated the remembrance of disease and death.—Having procured the book, she seated herself by the cheerful fire with feelings more serene and approaching nearer to enjoyment than she had experienced for many weeks. Her melancholy and perfectly pale countenance indicated more fully than her mourning dress, that she was the daughter of sorrow, and there could not have been a more striking contrast, than between the appearance of herself and a little girl who sat beside her on a cricket amusing herself with a large wax doll.

Whoever has seen a child with a smooth, round forehead delicately streaked with azure veins—laughing eyes of a celestial blue, their lids fringed with long golden lashes—a profusion of soft ringlets, bright as if steeped in sunbeams—cheeks fresh as the morning rose, and lips, if possible, still fresher, on which was dawning one of those innocent smiles, the overflow of the heart's content, may, in imagination behold the little Effie Mowbray.

It was now about two months since, Charlotte's parents and her only brother, the father of Effie, had fallen victims to a fatal epidemic. The child's mother had died two years previously, soon after which her father having become insolvent returned to his paternal home, taking his daughter with him.

The same morning Mr Farrell, a man

somewhat past the prime of life, entered his office in a hurried manner, and without noticing Edwin Maitland, his nephew, who sat by the fire reading a newspaper, unlocked a trunk from which he took several bundles of papers and placed them upon a table. Taking his seat in an arm chair, he spent an hour or more in minutely examining them. He then started up exclaiming, 'a bad piece of business this—my ward seems likely to become a beggar.'

'What! Charlotte Mowbray?' inquired Maitland, slightly coloring.

'Yes, my little Cræsus, as I have been in the habit of calling her.'

'Pray, what has happened?'

'The brig *Mercutio* has just arrived bringing news of the loss of the ship *Catharine*, which, as you know, belonged to the late Mr Mowbray.'

'A great loss, certainly, but one that will be felt by the insurance company more than by your ward, I apprehend.'

'No, there is not the amount of a cent insured on either vessel or cargo. Mr Mowbray's sudden and severe illness probably prevented him from attending to it, for I find the vessel sailed about the time he died, and I never thought of looking into the matter till I heard it was lost.'

'But this loss, great as it is, cannot reduce Miss Mowbray to the extremity you mentioned.'

'No, were there not other losses nearly as great—but Beeknor & Co. have failed—one of the banks thought to be firm as the hills, in which Mr Mowbray was a large stockholder, is down, besides which there are so many bad debts, that were all who have claims on the estate honestly paid, there could be nothing left. There is one way, and only one, for Charlotte to save herself from absolute beggary.'

'And what is that?'

'I must obtain Charlotte's consent to put one-half of the available property under cover, and with the other half pay fifty cents on the dollar.'

'Do you think, uncle, that Charlotte Mowbray will consent to such an arrangement as that?'

'I cannot say—she will be a fool if she don't. It will give her, according to the hurried estimate which I have made, fifteen thousand dollars, and with that, although she will be obliged to give up her splendid establishment, she can live very comfortably.'

'If she should consent to it, she is not the person I take her to be,' said Edwin.

'At any rate, I am glad you did not follow my advice and offer her your hand. She is no longer a proper match for you.'

'Pardon me, uncle, but if she have the fortitude to refuse the golden bait which you are about to hold out to her, I shall no longer hesitate to follow my inclination. Her reputed wealth has hitherto alone prevented.'

'I think you are perfectly safe, nephew, or I would use what little eloquence I have to dissuade you from the idea of doing so very silly a thing. No, no—Charlotte is a person of sense and discretion—she will consent to keep the fifteen thousand dollars.'

'Yes, Charlotte is, as you say a person of sense and discretion, and I believe of strict integrity. Her father was an unpretending but practical christian, who strove to live up to the golden rule of doing to others as he would that they should do unto him, and I believe his daughter to be capable of imitating his example.'

'We shall see,' was Mr Farrell's reply, as he left the office.

It was not without feelings of deep apprehension, that Edwin saw his uncle direct his steps towards the dwelling of Charlotte Mowbray. He knew that the influences of the domestic circle in her own home, had ever been salutary, but he was aware that she unavoidably mingled with many in society, whose sense of right and wrong was graduated by a much lower scale than comported with his own ideas on the subject, and knowing the power of example, he feared, that in the hour of trial she would forget the pure and high-toned principles which had been the guide of both her parents, and which they had sed-

ulously endeavored to implant in her own mind, and descend to a level with many of those with whom she associated. Some may imagine that he was too uncompromising and severe, especially for a young man and a lover. His consciousness of being the latter was the very reason why he watched the character of Charlotte with so jealous an eye. He wished to ascertain, before attempting to gain her consent to unite her destiny with his, whether her virtues were based on a sure foundation.

On being admitted to the presence of his ward, Mr Farrell, without any unnecessary delay informed her of her heavy losses, and advised her to adopt the course which he had suggested to his nephew.

‘O no,’ she replied quickly, ‘I cannot consent to that. Many to whom my father was indebted are obliged to earn their bread by their daily labor. Had he lived, they would have received what was due them long before now, for he made a point of being prompt in his payments to the tradesman and the laborer. No, Mr Farrell, I can see no reason why a portion of what is justly their own, should be withheld to enable me to live more at my ease, and in better style than themselves.’

‘You take a wrong view of the matter, my dear,’ he replied. ‘Labor is easy to those who are accustomed to it. When a parent gives his son a good trade, he in reality gives him a fortune. You have never been habituated to labor of any kind. Thrown upon the world, you would be helpless as an infant. Your little niece, too—what will become of her?’

Charlotte turned her eyes to the child, who unconscious of impending evil, was still intent upon her amusement, with a smile lurking in her bright blue eyes and just parting her rosy lips. Her resolution for a moment faltered. Her guardian perceived it, and repeated his proposal, not forgetting to set in a strong light the miseries and privations which would be her lot should she persist in rejecting it.

‘You will recollect,’ said he, ‘that if you foolishly persist in paying the whole, that

this splendid mansion can no longer be your home. The house—all the costly furniture, the valuable library which your father was so many years in collecting—even your harp and piano must all be sold, while, would you consent to the arrangement which I recommend, the house and furniture might remain untouched, and you might rent them to some genteel and quiet family in which you and your niece might board. You would thus be hardly conscious of the diminution of your fortune.’

The struggle in Charlotte’s mind was only momentary, and when he had ceased speaking, her countenance which had indicated her agitation, was serene and placid. The tone of her voice was firm and decided, when she again replied :

‘As I have already intimated,’ said she, ‘I have no right to luxuries procured by the property of others. I have youth and health, and a good education. If I can add to these energy and perseverance, I think I shall have nothing to fear.’

‘You have obstinacy enough already,’ he was almost tempted to say, but as his eyes rested on her countenance, pale, mild and beautiful, he could not avoid feeling for her a degree of reverence, for so resolutely adhering to those very principles he was striving to undermine.

When Mr Farrell returned, his nephew who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival, divined by the subdued cast of his countenance that he had been unsuccessful. Considerable nervous irritation was apparent in the manner in which he divested himself of his hat and gloves and threw them upon the table, and his first words were, ‘Edwin, if you have any regard for your own comfort, never marry. I bless my stars that I am a bachelor. Who would have thought that Charlotte Mowbray with that mild, beautiful face of hers, could be so perfectly obstinate and unmanageable. I really think that one week ago, could I have taken a score of years from my age, I should have proposed to her.’

‘Does she reject your advice, then?’ inquired Edwin with a pleasure he could not disguise.

'Yes - I did not think she was so devoid of discretion.'

'She has proved herself to be just what I thought her.'

'You appear as if you thought it to be a really fine affair for a young, delicately-bred girl, with the care of a child three years old, to be thrown upon the world.— Depend upon it, Edwin, that before many months, she will bitterly repent of the course she has taken.'

'I hope not, though I confess I had forgotten little Effie, her niece. That makes a dark shade in the prospect, but it is so delightful to witness the triumph of true integrity, and it must yield her such real, heart-felt satisfaction, that I feel much more inclined to congratulate than commiserate her.'

The day fixed for the sale of the house where Charlotte Mowbray had first entered upon a life, chequered like all other lives, with sunshine and gloom, had just arrived. The different articles of furniture, most of which were older than herself and seemed like household friends, were removed from their accustomed nooks and corners, and arranged so as to accommodate those who might wish to inspect them, thus imparting an air of discomfort and confusion to the late well ordered apartment. One small chamber was alone secured from the intrusion of the large number assembled; some with the intention of becoming purchasers; more through idle curiosity. In it was seated Charlotte with Effie at her feet, culling amusement from a few shreds of silk and muslin in her lap; for she had insisted on having her elegant wax doll sold, when she found that her aunt was going to part with her harp and piano. It was evident, however, that the sacrifice had not been made without a struggle—some reminiscence of Dolly being often interwoven with her childish prattle, and the bonnets and caps which she busied herself in making, were all of a size, which she thought would fit her favorite.

'Well, Miss Charlotte, the harp and pi-

ano are gone already,' said a girl who had been in the family long before the demise of Mr and Mrs Mowbray, who entered under the pretence of replenishing the fire, and who as she bent to perform her task, brushed away the tears with the corner of her apron.

'Who purchased them?' inquired Charlotte.

'Mr Edward Maitland.'

A slight color, for a moment, tinged Charlotte's pale cheeks, when she found who had become the owner of instruments which had so often yielded their melody to the touch of her fingers, cheering the gloom of many an otherwise weary hour.

'I wish Mr Maitland would buy my doll, too,' said Effie, 'for I like him better than almost any body, don't you, aunt?'

Charlotte turned away to hide her confusion, and the girl, in spite of her sorrow, could not wholly suppress a smile. Much to Charlotte's relief, some one now rapped at the door. It proved to be Mr Farrell, who according to a previous arrangement, had come to take his ward and Effie to his own residence to remain till the following Monday, when Charlotte was going to commence the task of instructing a few pupils in a private dwelling situated in a retired part of the city, which belonged to a widow lady, with whom she and her niece were going to board. Mr Farrell apologised for not coming sooner, it having been his intention to arrive before the sale commenced.

Mrs Palmer, Mr Farrell's sister and house-keeper, a very lady-like woman, welcomed them with much kindness, and made every effort to cause Charlotte to forget the change in her situation and prospects. Charlotte, on her part, exerted herself to appear cheerful, and could hardly forbear feeling surprised at her success.— Her moral powers had in truth received an impulse impelling them to healthful and vigorous action, which yielded a pleasure equally novel and delightful. She no longer possessed the glittering talisman which would bring her luxury and ease. Her own hands must henceforth minister to her

own necessities and those of the helpless child, who like herself, was an orphan, and she felt determined to nerve herself for the task.

Edwin Maitland, who has been introduced to notice several times, was a young lawyer of fine talents, and in good practice for a beginner. He was handsome in person, of a pleasing address, and of inflexible integrity. It was about three months after Charlotte had commenced her school, that he one evening sat alone in his office before the fire, with eyes fixed intently on the glowing coals, and with a look of such deep thoughtfulness, as would have led an observer to imagine that he was striving to trace the intricacies of some abstruse question of the law. But a few expressions of a broken soliloquy, which he unconsciously uttered, would have contradicted any such suspicion. All at once he started from his chair with an air of decision in his looks, put on his hat, and then approaching a harp which leaned against one corner of the room, swept his hand over the strings. There was some hidden magic in the sounds that seemed to strengthen his new-formed resolution, and leaving the office, he walked with a quick and determined step towards Mrs Grant's, where Charlotte Mowbray boarded. Mrs Grant having gone out, he found her alone.

'I will confess,' said she in reply to a speech not quite so eloquent or so fluent as those with which he sometimes addressed the court, the import of which it will not be difficult to conjecture, 'that were I to consult only my feelings, I should give you the answer you desire. But there is an objection—and it is insuperable—which probably does not occur to you.'

'It cannot be an obvious one, or it must have occurred to me. Will you name it?'

'Effie, my orphan niece—I cannot abandon her, neither can I consent to burthen you with her support, dependent as you are upon your own exertions for a livelihood. While I have health and strength it is a duty which I shall perform myself.'

Maitland used all his eloquence to overcome this objection, urging the pleasure it would give him to maintain and educate so beautiful and promising a child. Charlotte was inflexible. Had Maitland been wealthy, she would have decided differently. Effie had been committed to her care by a dying brother, and every feeling revolted from the idea of transferring so sacred a trust to another, to whom the child's poverty might hereafter, cause her to be considered as an incumbrance. Soon afterwards Edwin bade Charlotte a good evening, and as he was lifting the latch of the outer door, rather a startling knock was heard against it. He opened it, and Mr Farrell, Charlotte's guardian, entered.

'What! you here, Edwin?' said he. 'I plied the knocker instead of the bell in the hope it would bring Charlotte to the door. I am sorry you have got the start of me—I am childish enough to wish to be the first to tell her the news.'

'News! what news?'

'Is it possible you don't know? Well, your curiosity shall be gratified all in good time.'

Charlotte, who heard her guardian's voice, now opened the parlor door. Mr Farrell seized her hand, shook it heartily, saying, 'Well, my little ward, I hope you have not many scholars.'

Surprised at the uncommon gaiety of his manners, as well as what appeared to her the singularity of his wish, she made no reply until he again said, 'I hope you have not many scholars, my dear.' She then replied rather gravely, 'not a great many, sir.'

'There will be the less trouble in dismissing them, then'

'May I ask why you speak thus? I hope I have not given cause of dissatisfaction.'

'O, no—so don't be alarmed. I only thought it would not be quite equitable, according to your nice perceptions of right and wrong, to take employment away from others, who need it so much more than yourself'

'Surely, sir, you would not condescend to trifle with me, yet you will permit me

to remark that no one can need employment more than I do.'

'No, my dear Charlotte, I will not trifle with you. I have some rather comfortable news for you. The good ship Catharine reported some months since as lost, is safe in harbor—the crew all well and hearty—the cargo extremely valuable, and one that will find a ready sale. The wrecked vessel, supposed to be the Catharine, proved to be the Isabella belonging to one of the southern ports. Why you look as if you were sorry instead of glad, and tears are actually standing in your eyes. Why don't you laugh, and sing, and dance. Old as I am, I believe I cut several odd capers when I found, as the children say, it was 'certain true' that the ship was safe.'

'Believe me, my dear sir,' she replied, 'that my joy is not the less heartfelt for these tears, and I hope that I shall never more distrust the Power that

'From seeming evil, still educes good.'

Edwin,' added she, turning to young Maitland, 'since Fortune has shewn herself thus propitious, you may, if you please, consider the answer which I gave you half an hour since, as reversed.'

'Then I, even more than yourself, have reason to adopt the language of the poet which you have just repeated, for had you remained in apparent affluence, I should never have had the courage to offer you my hand.'

'It seems then, that what has occurred, has only been a *ruse* of Dame Fortune to make you sufficiently valorous to fulfil your destiny,' said Mr Farrell.

'Yes, for knowing as has been truly said, that discretion is the better part of valor, she was aware that your nephew, who had scarcely money enough in the world to buy a wedding suit, was far from being so rash as to seek the hand of the wealthiest and most accomplished heiress in the city.'

'For my own part, I shall for the future be willing to admit the truth of the old adage, that *HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY*. You, Charlotte, notwithstanding my advice, were enabled to hold fast your integ-

riety, and I trust that I am not the only one, who will profit by your example.'

Charlotte stood by the side of Edwin Maitland, to whom she was now wedded, in an apartment which overlooked a garden whence the breath of early flowers rose on the breeze of a soft spring morning. It was the room containing the library collected by her late father, and she felt gratified to find that the books were in the same order as when she last saw them.

'Are we going to live in our beautiful house again, as we used to, aunt?' said Effie, turning from a window, where she had for some time been observing a bird that was collecting materials for a nest.

'Yes, love, we expect to.'

'How glad I am, for I don't love to live away down in town where the houses are so thick that there is no room for flowers only in pots, and the birds have to be shut up in cages.'

'Mr Bradshaw,' said Maitland, 'was very generous to offer us the house for the same that he gave, for I am confident that he could have obtained more. For my own part I should not have hesitated to have given him a higher price, so desirous was I to restore you to the elegant and beloved home of your childhood. I suppose you think me very liberal with money that belongs to you, but I have, myself, had a windfall.'

'I was not aware that you had any relative from whom you expected anything.'

'Nor had I. Soon after I was admitted to the bar, I gave some professional advice to a rich West Indian planter who was in this country on business, which I considered so trifling that I refused any remuneration. It subsequently proved to be of great service to him. He remembered me in his will, and this morning I received a letter from his executor informing me that he had left me a bequest of twenty thousand dollars.'

By aspiring too high, we frequently miss the happiness which by a less ambitious aim we might have gained.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE REFORM.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

'What a change,' said Mrs. Morrison to her husband, on whose arm she was leaning during an evening walk; 'what a contrast our situation affords now, with what it was one short year since.' 'True,' answered he, 'then we were plunged in the deepest gloom, hope had almost fled, despair was fast winding its thick darkening folds around our hearts; wretchedness, misery and woe intruded their imp-like forms within our cottage, and haggard poverty stared us full and unflinchingly in the face. But now thank heaven the scene is changed; a brighter side of the picture is presented, hope again beams upon us with soul-cheering rays—wretchedness and misery scarce dare to look into our abode; and poverty, at least *abstract* poverty, is seeking another habitation.' 'Yes,' returned she, 'we should be truly thankful to heaven for this unlooked for and blessed change which could have been produced only by its favoring hand. Then, the world appeared but one dark scene of sorrow; the future prospects of life were the most gloomy and foreboding; no glimmering ray of light darted its splendor across the vista of coming years, nought but ruin, overwhelming, inevitable, awaited us. And yet this could have been borne with some degree of composure, although we were the cause of all our unhappiness, if there had been none but myself on whom the dark forebodings were to be realized, but when I thought of my poor helpless children, even then more than orphans, my heart did truly weep bitter tears.' Her husband could not reply to these words, for he felt in his conscience that he had been the efficient cause of this sorrow. Yet these words were not spoken in unkindness, nor with

the intention of harrowing up his feelings by bitter recollections of the past; but they were the overflowings of a grateful soul, loving to contemplate the past, and contrast it with the present in order that the goodness of God in the deliverance might be more vividly impressed upon the mind. Silently therefore he walked along, while tears of joy mingled with those of repentance rapidly fell from his eyes. His wife desiring to soothe the deep feelings she had thus unintentionally raised to so high a pitch, yet fearing that she should increase them; without speaking hung upon his arm, until they entered their house; where we will leave them, kind reader, until we have given you a brief history of them previous to their being thus abruptly introduced to you.

George Morrison was the eldest son of a moderately wealthy farmer, of the town of B—. Attending the same district school with myself, and being of a noble, generous, confiding disposition; possessing withal a fund of good humor and keen wit, he was an agreeable companion; and we soon became intimate friends. We coned our tasks together, and together we joined in the sportive plays of youth. Together in the winter season we made our skates ring over the glassy bosom of the lake, or read and enjoyed all the pleasures of social life.

Our youthful days thus joyous passed,
We foolish thought they'd always last.

But 'time rolls his ceaseless course; the blossoms of spring put forth to soon ripen into the fruits of autumn, and the gloom of autumn gives way to dreary winter. The trees send forth their foliage to be nipped by the blighting frost and scattered 'red and sere,' before the furious blast. Thus it is with man, blooming youth gives way to opening manhood, and that again is succeeded by decrepit old age, and finally blighted by the chill of death. George soon grew up to man

hood, and was looked upon as possessing a more than common share of intelligence and business talent; with a moral character unblemished, on which slander dared not breathe a corroding breath. Such was my early friend. And who would have thought, who that looked upon that countenance beaming with benevolence; and above all, who that knew him in private life; his upright deportment, his habitual kindness, his unruffled mildness of temper, could have thought that he would ever err from virtue's path? that that innate goodness of heart could be supplanted, and a demon made to take its place. Alas poor human nature! How prone to stray from the right path when acted upon by no uncommon influence; and above all,

"When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning."

The scene and circumstances which I describe are not the wild romantic images of a heated or enthusiastic imagination, but many a one with a breaking heart can trace the reality of the picture, in the career of some friend, in its most prominent points; or at least they may behold the same principles developed.—I have said George was virtuous; he was strictly so! no stain marred his character when he became eighteen. But who can tell the moral desolation which then swept over his soul, blasting all the blooming plants of virtue; as the rivers of fire from *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, pouring down upon the plains below, converting the fruitful verdant fields into the most arid barren waste? It was in the early season of the temperance reform, and but a few faint beams of that bright light which has since spread throughout the land, and almost over the world, had then reached the town of B—. Parties of young people were frequently held in the neighborhood; and George Morrison's presence was very requisite to complete the merry ring.—At these, often wine and other intoxicat-

ing drinks according to the fashion of the times were circulated, and every one was expected to partake of them, and was almost considered 'a fool in the play' if he refused. Thus George, though at first very careful to be as temperate as fashion would admit, was gradually beguiled into a love of drink. And how could he resist, public opinion all powerful was decidedly against him, and fashion exercised all her queenly, though tyrannical power, to lead him to destruction; and last though not least, woman, lovely woman, the theme of the poet, and admiration of angels, when engaged in virtue's cause; lent her influence, and bestowed her smiles frequently, though unintentionally to lead him astray; and not seldom with her own hand presented the cup to his lips whose contents would poison both soul and body. One there was, whose presence was as essential to complete the social circle as was Morrison's and even more requisite to complete his joy than any other one's. And well it might be thus, for she was lovely as the loveliest, amiable as the most amiable; not the belle of the place, which in common parlance means not much less than a heartless coquette; but one to whom mothers pointed when they wished to set before their daughters a pattern of filial obedience, sisterly affection; and one whom they as daughters, sisters and descendents of the pilgrim fathers, 'American ladies,' might imitate. And did one thus upright and good lead him towards ruin? Surely not intentionally, but submitting to fashion; and ignorant of the consequences, she passed the cup, sparkling as if with joy, while blushing modesty was enthroned upon her own dimpled cheeks, and smiles wreathed themselves around her ruby lips. Terrible, though done in ignorance, terrible was the retribution which overtook her as the sequel proved. Could that joyous girl have looked into the glittering cup which she presented, as the

fortune-teller pretends to look into the tea-cup to read the future destiny of the simple one who seeks to learn what is hidden from mortal eyes; I say could she thus in *reality* have beheld the ruin, the woe, the grief, the heart-breaking sorrow she was thus bringing upon herself and others, she, aghast and trembling with affright, would have dashed it to the ground, and never more dared to touch its soul-destroying contents. Such was the beginning of the downfall of my friend; led into the snare by the best friend on earth, one who loved him dearly and doated upon him. Young lady, beware that *you* do not by your intended kindness destroy your friend; and not only tempt no one to ruin in this way, but discountenance every one who thinks he may be safe in approaching, in the least degree, that precipice over which so many have plunged to rise no more. George Morrison was married to the girl above described before he had any more than formed a taste for alcoholic drinks, but that appetite continually increased and rapidly became uncontrollable; for the secret that it could be conquered only by total abstinence was not then known.—Soon it became apparent to his neighbors that he was in danger of becoming a drunkard; yet his wife, putting the utmost confidence in his integrity and strength of character, could not believe it, though many things tended to, in some degree, excite her fears, but she gave them all the most favorable interpretation, so prone is love to overlook the faults of the loved. But soon, too soon for her peace and happiness, was the fact demonstrated to her mind so as to be no longer discredited. George had parted from her in the morning, scarcely six months from the time he led her to the hymenial altar, to attend a militia muster, that bane of society, corrupter of morals, and school of drunkards. Fondly did she smile as she gazed upon him dressed in regimen-

tals, and thought he would not suffer in comparison with any who might that day stand in martial array. Little did she think how sad, dark and gloomy would be that cloud of sorrow which would gather around her heart ere the approaching shades of night would shut out the evening twilight. The sun had sunk below the western hills, but was then darting up towards the zenith long lines of glory, which no artist's pencil could effectually imitate; the moon was mingling her welcome light with the gathering shades of evening, a loveliness was spread over the face of nature known only to an autumnal eve. Mrs. Morrison was sitting by the window admiring the picture, thus softened by the mingling shades of light and darkness, and thinking it nearly time for her husband to return; and already anticipating the pleasure she should experience in having him recount the adventures of the day. Soon, perceiving a carriage drive up to the gate, and two men alight helping a third upon the ground, who appeared unable to support himself; she, fearing it might be George, ran out to meet them as they proceeded towards the door, while the only thought which occupied her mind was, that he had been wounded by some accident. She immediately met them approaching, rather bearing than leading between them the wreck of a human being; and to her rapid and anxious inquiries they remained mute, neither finding courage enough in his heart to be the communicator of such unwelcome, such disgraceful news to a so amiable and lovely wife. And though their manner, their silence and the appearances of him whom they bore, tended to arouse in some measure her suspicions of the truth, yet it was not until they arrived within the house, where lamps were burning, that the overwhelming truth, with all its tremendous realities flashed fully upon her mind. Then as she first gazed full upon her husband's

face, when a burning lamp shone full on it, and there beheld the ghastly, beastly, vacant expression of a drunkard's countenance; she uttered one wild, piercing, and almost despairing scream and sunk senseless upon the floor. How much more intense must be the feelings of a refined, noble soul in such a moment, than if she saw his features pale and ghastly in death! for the thought that his spirit might have left its clayey tenement in a state of purity, or breathing forth its desires to heaven, would doubtless have been a great consolation; but to think that a loved one has sunk himself below the brutes, degraded his name and nature, and gathered infamy and ruin around himself and family as a man collects the folds of his cloak as a defence to the wintry winds; Oh it is too much for even woman's heart to bear! But the wretched man being placed upon the bed, his wife was soon recovered by means of restoratives, and awakened once more to the consciousness of the impending sorrow. But the length to which this sketch is already extended, reminds me that it must be brought rapidly to a close, by giving a brief narrative of the prominent circumstances from this up to the time of its opening.

Promises of amendment were made by George on the following morning, after a most mild, calm, yet solemn and touching appeal from his wife. But what are the promises of one who has contracted a thirst for strong drink, unless the solemn resolution is made, or pledge given never to taste more. They are worth but little; they only mock the hopes of friends, and deceive the one who makes them. Not but that they may be made in sincerity, and with an intention of keeping them, as in the present instance. But being made only to refrain in a measure, and to be moderate in drinking, it is almost certain in the nature of things that they will be broken. George Mor-

risson kept his, such as they were, doubtless to the letter for sometime; but it was not long before transgressions were apparent; and from the deep and settled melancholy depicted upon his wife's countenance, it was evident to all that she had faint hopes of his radical reform. Yet she ceased not to endeavor by all kindness, and every art of persuasion of which woman is capable, to win him back to virtue's path. But the drunkard's course is ever downward. His affairs hastened, as the habit grew upon him, from 'better to worse;' his business being neglected, debts multiplied on every hand, and his increasing family, instead of being a stimulus to exertion, sobriety and industry, but hastened his ruin; as they demanded greater exertions for their support, but the affections of the husband and father being quenched by alcohol, they received them not from him. The consequence of all was, that soon his house and farm passed into the hands of another. But a brighter day was approaching, which should dissipate the gathered clouds of gloom that hung over the wretched family, and again restore them peace, happiness, and plenty; after having passed through the furnace of affliction, and being deprived of the comforts and many necessities of life. Yes, that day broke upon them, joyous, glorious and cheering, as the bow of promise, when it spans the heavens with its mingling mellowed hues, on the eve of some stormy day, to the tempest-tossed mariner. But it is time to close, let therefore each reader fancy the joy which that family felt and expressed, and their manner of exhibiting it on that memorable occasion. Suffice it to say, George Morrison signed the total abstinence temperance pledge, lived up to its letter and spirit, became from a wretched, degraded brute, a happy, intelligent being; laid aside the savageness of the wolf towards his wife and children; and resumed the affection

and kindness of a husband and father,
bargained again for his farm, and at the
time our history commenced, was in a
fair way of soon paying for it. N.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

HOPE.

When sailing o'er this life's tempestuous
sea,

On billows tossed of pain and misery ;
When thunders and tempests lowering
dark,

Spend their wild fury on our shattered
bark ;

On Hope's sure anchor firmly we confide,
And ride in safety on the angry tide.

When furious tempests in their chariots
roll,

And urge their war against the fainting
soul ;

When dark'ning clouds the sun of life ob-
scure,

Our bark swift drifting on the wreck-
strewn shore,

The Star of Hope doth on our darkness
rise,

A beacon light to guide us to the skies.

When earthly cares oppress the troubled
mind,

And we in earthly joys no comfort find ;
When disappointment breaks the magic
spell,

And real griefs our troubled bosoms swell ;

When friends all fall, and riches fly away,

The staff of Hope supports our trembling
way.

When earth's fond hopes and all its pleas-
ures fair,

Vanish like morning mists and melt in air ;

When envy gnaws with foul, corroding
teeth,

And virtue falls 'neath slander's with'ring
breath ;

A bright plumed bird, in soft, melodious
strains,

Her name is Hope, invites to fairer climes.

D.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

— ' And are we English born ?
' Art thou the England famed in song ?
S. C. HALL.

' Your father a rich and powerful noble,
dear Francesca ! your future station will
be worthy of you !' exclaimed Guido, as
they drew their seats closer to the hearth,
too much excited to retire to their usual
rest.

' I cannot rejoice,' replied she ; ' I feel
strangely oppressed, and am for once
tempted to indulge those mournful pre-
sentiments which I reprove in you. What
have I done that fate should deal more
gently with me than with my mother ?—
I seem to believe with Arden, that there
may be houses with whom ill fortune
abides as an heirloom. I tremble in think-
ing what humanity may be called upon to
endure. Amid this vast and common
misery, how dare we hope to escape !'

' There are exceptions, dearest, and
such I hope is for thee. You have known
early care, and soon-coming sorrow. As
a very child, you were the stay of our lit-
tle household ; and how, in our late world-
ly experience, your own kind and true
heart has led you aright ! You look meek-
ly forward—you indulge in no vain re-
pinings—you exert yourself for others—
your affections are hard to be chilled, and
your belief in good, paramount. Fate
forms its predestined wretches of other
materials.'

' I now understand,' continued Frances-
ca, ' the reason of our grandfather's dis-
like to Englishmen. How I ought to re-
joice that some, I will venture to say,
providence, enabled me to overrule the
weak tenderness which urged me to be
Robert Evelyn's companion ! His real
nature would soon have shown its base-
ness ; and holy Madonna ! to have made
such discovery as his wife !'

' Had your mother so refused to partic-
ipate in Lord Avonleigh's concealment,
how much misery would have been spared !
Do you remember that line in the Eng-
lish poet—whom we now keep for his own
sake, no longer for that of his donor—
where that loving and sweet Viola says,

' Deceit, I see thou art a wickedness !'

O ! how rash, thus to give fate an addi-
tional arm against us !'

' How little,' exclaimed Francesca, ' can

I comprehend such a love as Arden's—so cruel and so unrelenting! Methinks the happiness of the beloved one is dearer, a thousand times dearer than our own. How could he help confirming Lord Avonleigh's wavering faith!—how could he endure to purchase Beatrice's self with Beatrice's sorrow?

'I know not that,' replied Guido; 'there is something so bitter in a rival. I could sooner bear my mistress's hate than her indifference.'

'What fearful penalty,' continued Francesca, 'has his exaggerating spirit exacted!—his love and his remorse are alike terrible.'

'What a change will this disclosure make in our plans! O! the vain folly of deciding on the morrow! Who,' asked Guido, 'would have thought of our going to England!—for thither will I accompany you. What a weight from my most inmost heart will it take to see you loved and acknowledged in your father's house! Let what will happen there, I care not.'

'My beloved Guido, unless it be for you also, there is no home for me. What new tie of duty or of affection can be so near and dear as that which has been cherished from the first? Whatever be our future lots, they are cast together.'

The next morning—the excitement of the foregoing midnight being past—they talked the strange history more calmly over. 'I should like to know,' remarked Francesca, 'whether Mr Arden has aught of proof to support his story.'

'O! the truth is marked in every word. I would stake my life on Arden's veracity.'

'Lord Avonleigh will require something more than the assertion of one whose reason is obviously disordered.'

'I wish to heaven that my grandfather had been more communicative. Beyond a vague idea of the gone-by glories of the house of Carrara, we know nothing about ourselves.'

This conversation was interrupted by Arden's entrance, who, worn and dejected, seemed scarcely to know how to address his young companions, as if he feared some sudden change in their manner. Both greeted him kindly; for his suffering was more present to them than his faults. They hesitated to renew the subject, but his mind was too full to allow of his speaking on indifferent topics; and, after a few words alluding to the disclosure, he asked, 'Was there any ob-

stacle to their immediate departure for England.'

'None. But,' said Francesca, hesitatingly, 'will not Lord Avonleigh need some warrant for the truth of this history?'

'You have all necessary proofs in your possession, though you may not be aware of their existence,' replied Arden; 'will you allow me to open yonder box!'

'There is nothing in that,' said Guido, 'but a genealogy of the Carraras, drawn up by my grandfather. We have kept this little ebony coffer for the sake of its curious carving. The marriage of Cana is beautifully wrought on its lid.'

'I know the box well—it was once mine. I gave it Beatrice on the day of her fete. How little then did I dream to what purpose it would be applied! You are not aware that here are hidden drawers.'

He raised the cover, and, pressing one of the figures, a lid flew up and discovered a secret place, whose existence they had never suspected. There lay a picture, a small packet of letters, and a little roll of papers.

'These,' continued Arden, 'are the certificate of the marriage, and the register of your birth. Though deeming them useless, Beatrice, poor Beatrice, always carefully treasured them; and this is the likeness of your father.'

It was one of those faces which win their way through the eye, to the heart all the world over—so frank, so glad, and so full of youth. The rich auburn hair hung down in the long curls then worn, as if natural beauty were, indeed, a sign of gentle blood, and fully displayed the white and broad Saxon brow; the complexion was fair, with a high color; and the clear hazel eyes were full of eagerness, hope, and mirth. It was a style of face, with its light yet rich colors, to which the young Italians were not accustomed. Both were equally charmed, but the same feeling made them hesitate.—Neither wondered in their hearts that the gay and brilliant noble had obtained the preference over the wan and gloomy student; for they only pictured Arden as he stood before them—they forgot that he had ever been young.

He read their thoughts, and, taking the picture, gazed upon it mournfully; then added, 'He is almost as handsome still!'

Guido, by way of diverting the embarrassment which seemed to infect them all, began to unfasten the packet of let-

ters. A faint yet sweet perfume exhaled from the folds, and some withered rose and violet leaves fell upon the table; shape and color had long passed away, but a mournful fragrance remained—mournful as the memory of departed happiness.

He was about to open one of the scrolls, when Francesca took them from his hand. 'Nay, Guido, we will not read them: there are some letters never meant but for one eye, and such are these. This packet shall be given untouched into Lord Avonleigh's—she corrected her words—"into my father's own hands.'

From the Lady's Magazine.

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

Love trimmed his fairy shallop's sail,
And laughing wooed a prosperous gale,
While Faith, with eye serene and mild,
Sat at the helm and calmly smiled.

O'er the clear and sunlit sea
Love's shallop glided merrily;
And what had Love to do with Fear,
While Faith was there, the bark to steer?

Bright was each isle they glided by,
And bright the sea and bright the sky.
Love carolled, gay, his sweetest air,
Or slept secure, for Faith was there.

At length a storm lowered darkly, near.
'Fear not,' cried Faith, 'I still am here.'
Love fixed on Faith his steadfast eye,
Serene and bright—the storm passed by!

But Jealously, with aspect wild,
Approached and hailed the trusting child;
Love listened 'till o'ercome with dread,
Faith left the helm, and trembling fled.

Who now the fairy bark shall steer?
Wild winds the guideless rudder veer.
By whelming waves the bark is toss'd,
And Love is wrecked, for Faith is lost!

No Judge.—A learned judge who shall be nameless, while trying a case during the last circuit, saw, just in front of him, a person wearing a hat. His lordship desired one of the officers to make that man take off his hat or leave the court. 'My lord,' said the supposed offender, who proved to be a lady in a riding-habit, 'I am no man.' 'Then,' said his lordship, 'I am no judge.'

From the Ladies Companion.

THE PORTRAIT OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET sisters—blest the art that keeps
The form of grace, the brow of snow,
From Time's dark wing, that coldly sweeps
To blight these beauties while they glow;

But that which gives each charm its power,
The heart sincere—the thought refined—
The love that soothes afflictions hour—
The calm and holy light of mind—

These ask no limner's magic skill,
Nor shrink at adverse fortune's moan;
Through fading years they flourish still—
Sweet sisters guard them as your own.

The above lines were suggested on seeing the portrait of two beautiful sisters, the daughters of Robert Walsh, Esq. of Philadelphia, at the studio of Mr. Healy, in Paris, Dec. 1, 1840.

THE PILGRIM.

Where the wild woods and pathless forest
frown,
The darkling Pilgrim seeks his unknow'd
way,

Till on the grass he throws him weary
down,

To wait, in broken sleep, the dawn of day.
Through boughs just waving in the silent
air,

With pale capricious light the summer
moon

Chequers his humid couch, while fancy
there,

That loves to wanton in the night's deep
noon,

Calls from the mossy rocks and fountain's
edge

Fair visionary nymphs, that haunt the
shade,

Or Naiades rising from the whispering
sedge;

And 'mid the beauteous group his dear-
loved maid

Seems beckoning him with smiles to join
the train;

Then, starting from his sleep, he feels his
woes again? MRS. SMITH.

Origin of Fashion.—'Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?'—'From Boston.' 'Well, where do the Boston folks get them from?' 'From England.' 'Ah, and where do the English get them from?' 'From France.' 'And where do the French get them from?' 'Why—why right straight from the devil; there, now, stop your noise!'

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

I have seen young ladies who would choose almost any other in the circle of their acquaintance as a confidant to whom they might commit every thing of interest to themselves, than entrust their mother, their earliest and most devoted friend. They seem too often to suppose that their mother from being so much in advance of them in years, can possess no feelings in unison with their own, and is therefore not so suitable a person to sympathize with their views, as some one nearer their own age, consequently they regard it as quite an attainment, to be able to *keep all their secrets from their mother*. Mistaken girls; were they to look at the subject in its correct light, they would at once see that she is possessed of every advantage requisite to their entire confidence. She has once been young like themselves, and doubtless subject to similar sentiments and events to those they now experience. Nor can it generally be supposed that age has so blunted the sensibilities of nature, that she cannot readily enter into a just estimate of those circumstances and ideas of so much interest to her daughters. Advancement in the journey of life has afforded to her that experience which can render her capable of imparting such instruction and advice, as those of their own age are wholly unqualified to give. In addition to these considerations, who else, however sincere may be their friendship, can feel all that tender solicitude which glows within a mother's breast? She who has watched them with unceasing vigilance from their cradle days to riper years, has wept if they have been afflicted, and rejoiced in all their pleasure, must surely be of all persons on earth, the most suitable to sustain the rank of first friend and confidant.

Origin of the word Lady.—In an old work, of the date of 1762, is the following account of the origin of the term Lady. We much fear that if this rule regulated the appellation at this day, very many of our Ladies would be compelled, however reluctantly, to resign the title.—Ed.

"As I have studied more what appertains to the ladies than the gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called *ladies*, even before their husbands had any title,

to convey that mark of distinction to them. You must know, that heretofore it was the fashion for a lady of affluence, once a week or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors, *with her own hands*, and she was called by them the *Leff-day*, i. e. the *bread giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it."—*Ladies' Cab. Magazine.*

Providence was intended to be the handmaid to Grace, but Grace only can unfold the steps of Providence.

Editorial.

LIVING FOR IMMORTALITY.

'Born to drink and eat.'

Such might be the supposition of some stranger being should he be introduced to our species, ignorant of their origin or destiny, and deriving all his knowledge from what he saw. For what higher aim do thousands seem to have? Had they written a diary of their lives what would appear on its pages but a record of untimely follies? What but daily anxieties about eating, drinking and wearing?

And is this our being's end and aim?—Can we hope to die in peace, when our past actions afford us no other consolation than a review of a life spent in consummate uselessness? Never! We cannot hope to die either self-satisfied or with the applause of men or the approbation of God!

Augustus, it is said, a few minutes before his death asked his surrounding friends if they thought he had acted well his part.—Upon hearing them reply in the affirmative he exclaimed, 'Let me then go off the stage with your applause!'

This, for a heathen, was noble, and it could be wished that every woman and man in this nominally christian nation could as confidently ask the applause of his peers at his decease; could feel he had not lived for nothing.

Of how few can a memoir be written showing they lived worthy of themselves. It would be well for mankind if the fol-

lowing epitaph on a noble lady could be inscribed with truth on the tombstone of our modern ladies ; especially if its last thought were true of them.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

But the folly of wasting life on trifles is more apparent when immortality reflects its coming lights on this dim vestibule of being. Then we shudder to see spiritual existences of duration next to infinite, sacrificing their powers to the ephemeral fancies of day. O, 'tis pitiful, and will be more so anon. Let us persuade our readers to live so that they may benefit the world, die with an approving conscience, and secure the highest rewards in eternity.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS ON CHILDREN. Mothers frequently demur at the idea of giving moral instruction at a very early age. They think it useless to begin so soon. This is a mistake. We cannot begin to form the moral character of a child too early. Their minds are soft, like the rock in solution ; like it it will receive impressions, and as the rock hardened by the fires of flying ages opens at last under the stroke of the geologist's hammer and reveals the form of a fern, an insect or a footprint ; so the mind of a child will receive images that after being hidden for years will suddenly exhibit themselves with a surprising and unexpected effect on the character.

Nor are children incapable of learning important lessons while children. We give an example, full of interest to parents, by way of illustrating our proposition.

A clergyman some time since preached a sermon on sinful amusements, in the course of which he forcibly condemned chequer-playing as a species of gambling. A little boy in the congregation listened to these remarks with much seeming interest, and the next day said to his aunt :

'I want my chequer-board.'

Now it should be understood that a few days before he had begged the board and learned to play of a little neighbor, and was in the very hey-day of delight with his newly found amusement ; but to return.

His aunt gave him the board and asked him,

'What are you going to do with it?'

'To burn it,' said he with a smile.

'Why?'

He replied as he hastened to the fire with his board,

'The minister said chequer-boards belonged to Satan, and I am sure I don't want anything that belongs to him.'

This was noble in that little fellow. It shows the power of observation, conscience and truth even in children, and teaches us to be ever alive to improve opportunities to fasten some practical truth on their young hearts.

PEACE. Peace is the gift of Heaven ; the offspring of grace ; the companion of virtue. Proceeding from purity it can only dwell with the pure. Quiet in its nature, it will not abide where an uneasy conscience clamors for satisfaction. Timid as a virgin at midnight, it flies the presence of guilt. Sensitive as that delicate plant which shrinks from the slightest touch, it glides away from a vicious thought. It wills no friend but innocence. Would you, then, fair reader, have peace? Be strictly virtuous ; in thought, in word, in action. Then shall this daughter of Heaven's warmest love occupy thy heart, and lead thee to her own eternal temple.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Will our Fall River correspondent forward her name to the former editor, with any further articles for the Pearl ; as her name is lost from our books, and he wishes to make a remittance, &c.

'Matilda Maitland,' though containing many passages of merit, is inadmissible. We think its talented author will one day thank us for its rejection. Let him try again.

MY BELOVED, WILT THOU OWN ME?

ENGLISH MELODY.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

ANDANTE.

My Be - lov - ed, wilt thou own me, When my heart is all de - - filed?

Though thy dy - - ing love has won me, Though thy dy - - ing

love has won me, Can I deem thee rec - - on - - - ciled?

2. My Beloved, pass before me,
Never from my sight remove,
Many winters, flowing o'er me,
Cannot quench my burning love.

3. My Beloved, now endue me
With thine own attractive charms;
May thy spirit sweetly woo me;
Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4. My Beloved, safely hide me
In the drear and cloudy day;
Ere the windy storm has tried me,
Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

5. My Beloved, kindly take me
To thy sympathizing breast;
Never, never more forsake me;
Guide me to the land of rest.

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THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

NO. 3.

For the Ladies' Pearl. A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

'The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!'

Mrs. Hemans.

In 1622, a short time after Gorges and Mason had received from the council of Plymouth a grant of the territory lying between the rivers Merrimack and Kennebeck, prompted by a spirit of enterprise and love of adventure, a young man by the name of Windham, together with Lionel Vines, a youthful associate, obtained leave to start on an exploring expedition for the purpose of selecting some spot suitable for the commencement of a settlement.

It was a fine spring morning that Windham took leave of his young wife and Eleanor, his sister, and with his axe, his gun and knapsack, commenced his journey in the wilderness. About sunrise, he reached the residence of his friend, whom he found ready to join him. It was near the close of the third day after they left their homes, that they found themselves in a beautiful valley on the shores of the Merrimack. Here they cooked their supper of wild game, of which they partook seated on the turf beneath a majestic oak, amid the half-expanded foliage of which a blue-bird was pouring forth a strain of rich, wild melody. Nothing could be lovelier than this sequestered spot. The noble river pur-

suing its untiring course towards the ocean, now brilliant with the slanting sunbeams, lay like a belt of burnished gold a few rods distant from their feet. Behind them was a range of lofty hills, yet of such gentle and easy descent, that they melted imperceptibly into the green valley which they sheltered. On the right, the valley was lost to the eye as it followed the bend of the river, while on the left the view was bounded by one of those majestic forests that have since fallen like the race that roamed through their dim and solitary paths, which, as the breeze freshened mingled its deep and solemn voice with the murmur of the waves.

Their simple repast finished, they knelt upon the green sward, and Windham, in a voice clear and deep, implored the protection of the Most High. It was the first prayer from the lips of the white man, that had ever broken the silence of that sweet and lonely valley, or that had ever stolen over the calm, blue waters that slept at its foot. When they rose, the last vestige of day had faded from the west, and the starry host were looking down upon them with soft and unclouded splendor.

'We will make this spot our home,' said Windham, 'we shall never find a more beautiful.'

They slept soundly beneath the shelter of some boughs which they arranged above them, and rising with the dawn, immediately commenced felling trees.—

They wrought with diligence and despatch, and in a few days a rustic dwelling marked the spot where they partook of their first meal, and where they enjoyed their first night's repose.

Eleanor Windham had since her brother's marriage, resided in his family. One afternoon, during his absence, Mrs Windham went to visit their nearest neighbor, who lived about half a mile distant.—Eleanor, who was left entirely alone, was busily engaged in the useful and healthful employment of spinning, when hearing footsteps, she looked round and beheld a tall, noble looking Indian just entering the outer door. At sight of him, a thrill of fear ran through her frame, but checking her alarm, she invited him to be seated. He complied, and complaining of thirst, requested a draught of water. She not only gave him water, but food. When he rose to depart,

'Attawatan,' said he, 'will remember the Young Dove that flew not at his approach.'

He lingered at the threshold, bent on her one long and intense look, and then waving his hand as gracefully as if he had been bred a courtier instead of a savage, he turned and walked hastily away.

Four years had passed away, and Windham with his wife and child and his sister Eleanor, had long dwelt in the lonely habitation which he had raised in the wilderness. There was not another human being, save now and then an Indian who called when passing in that direction, with whom they could hold intercourse, but they were rich in those home affections and sympathies, which when brought into play draw music from the heart's deepest and sweetest chords. It had been the intention of Lionel Vines, who had assisted his friend to construct his dwelling, and who was betrothed to Eleanor, to be immediately married and to make his home in the same beautiful

valley, but an obsolete title to a great part of the province over which his father had been appointed governor having been revived, the latter resigned his office, and with his family removed to the island of Barbadoes. The son would not forsake his father in his hour of trial, and accompanied him to his distant home.

The hand of taste and cultivation, as well as of nature, had now spread beauty over the valley. Beautiful and sweet-scented plants and flowers bloomed round the house, and many a lovely and lonely nook was flushed with those humbler blooms indigenous to the soil, while the eye could already trace the graceful windings of paths imprinted on the smooth green, and diverging in different directions from the door. One led to a favorite retreat in the forest, one to the brink of the river, and another, more distinctly traced than either, to a sparkling spring that gushed from the hill-side. The lowing of the herd too, and the bleating of the flock blended with the lonely cry of the water-fowl and the melodious songs of the birds. Nor did Windham forget, according to the custom of his fathers, to raise the family altar in their solitary abode; and the one deep and fervent voice that rose above the cheerful sounds of the morning, or broke the stillness of the evening, seemed ever to breathe a more solemn and heartfelt appeal, than when their habitation had been amid the haunts of men; while the voices of husband, wife and sister as they sang together their evening hymn, floated on the silent air with a ravishing and inspiring harmony that softened while it exalted the affections of the heart.

One evening, at a later hour than was his custom, Windham, who had been out with his gun on a hunting expedition, returned empty-handed. His wife and sister perceived that there was gloom on his brow, and he made no allusion to the adventures of the day. When they

pressed him to inform them why he appeared thus, he with some reluctance told them that having shot a deer, at the moment the animal fell, he perceived at a little distance an Indian, who had evidently been aiming an arrow at the victim. The Indian was unknown to him, but by his dress he knew him to be a chief. He immediately approached him, that he might by offering him the prey propitiate his clemency, for he found that by the scowl on his brow and the fiery flashing of his eyes, that his anger was roused. Windham begged him to accept the deer, but he refused with the bitterest scorn. The utmost he could be persuaded to, was to permit some of the inferior members of the tribe who attended him to share the animal among them. 'The words of revenge were on the lips of the proud chief,' said Windham, 'as he strode haughtily away, and he is of a race hard to be appeased.'

Time passed on, but they neither heard or saw aught of the haughty chief. Their fears gradually subsided, and, at length, they almost ceased to remember the incident that had awakened such deep alarm. Windham no longer forebore to occasionally shoulder his rifle and venture from home in pursuit of game, and his wife and sister, possessing much of the fearless and heroic spirit kindled and nursed by those scenes of danger with which from their infancy they had been more or less familiar, never made any effort to dissuade him from leaving them by themselves.

It was now near the close of summer, and one bright morning when the air, though without its frostiness, had the same bracing and spirit-stirring effect common in autumn, Windham left home for a longer excursion than usual, telling his wife and sister, that as there was a full moon, they need not expect him till late in the evening.

The sun was near setting, and having

partaken of their evening meal, Mrs Windham and Eleanor, each taking a hand of little Harry, wandered to the banks of the river to see if Windham were yet in sight. He had crossed the stream in a light canoe constructed in the Indian fashion, and they could discern it on the opposite side secured to a tree, which grew near the water's edge. The evening was calm and peaceful, as the morning had been bright and invigorating. The smooth surface of the river was scarcely broken by a ripple, and the gorgeous clouds which lay piled in the west, were as motionless as the distant hill-tops, on which they seemed reposing. Leaving the shore, they ascended a hill which commanded a more extensive prospect. They, as yet, felt no anxiety on Windham's account, for they could hardly expect him so soon, and seating themselves on a rock, while little Harry amused himself with gathering the columbines that grew round its edge, they conversed of former days and of the absent and the loved. Suddenly a wild, shrill whoop broke the silence which reigned around. Mrs Windham and Eleanor instantly started to their feet, and the mother taking her child in her arms, they hurried down the hill, at the same time looking wildly round for some spot that might afford them a chance of concealment.—

The woods might have sheltered them, but from thence came the wild and startling cry of their foes. Another whoop, louder and shriller than before, now reechoed through the valley, and at the same time a party of Indians emerging from their covert, started in pursuit of the affrighted females and the helpless child. Not knowing whither to go, they directed their steps towards the house with the half-formed purpose of barricading the doors and windows. Could they have effected this, it would only have delayed their fate, but the Indians were at the door almost as soon as themselves.—

Eager for pillage they commenced collecting whatever they deemed valuable. While they were thus engaged, Eleanor whispered to her sister, telling her that she was going to make an effort to escape, and advised her to imitate her example. She then pointed out a cluster of trees at a short distance, the thick underwood of which she thought might afford the means of concealment, but Mrs Windham imagining that the attempt must prove futile and only exasperate the Indians, refused to listen to her proposal. When Eleanor found that she was determined to remain, she at first resolved to stay, and share the fate of the mother and child, whether captivity or death.—Should it prove to be the former, she on reflection thought that could she, herself, be able to escape, on the return of her brother, they might form some plan for their rescue. Taking a course, where part of the distance she would be screened by the barn, she darted away with the fleetness of a fawn, and in a few moments was crouching in the midst of the thick bushes that grew among the trees.—Though effectually concealed from the view of any person who might pass that way, there were apertures sufficiently large to enable her to perceive all that passed near the house. To collect the few articles light enough for transportation, was no tedious task, and Eleanor soon saw them issue from the door and gather round Mrs Windham and the child. She imagined, by their angry and threatening gestures they were speaking of herself, and she was confirmed in this conjecture when she saw her sister point towards the river. Instantly two of them started forward in the direction Mrs Windham had pointed out, uttering a savage yell of exultation, probably feeling sure that she could not escape them.—Others commenced searching nearer the house, and Eleanor's feelings may be imagined when she saw them approach-

ing the thicket where she was concealed.

A bent twig, a crushed leaf, the grass retaining the recent pressure of her feet,—one or all of these might betray her hiding place. When within half a rod of her, some alders which deeply fringed the margin of the river attracted their attention, and imagining that they would afford an attractive place of refuge, they bent their steps towards them. Eleanor, whose fears for her own safety were now measurably relieved, again turned her attention to her sister, who sat with little Harry in her lap, with one of the Indians stationed near them as a guard. They relinquished not their search till the evening shadows began to fall dimly around, and when they repassed her place of concealment, although the moon was shining in unclouded splendor, those slight signs which might have betrayed her, were no longer visible. Having all assembled near the house, they drew closely together, apparently in consultation. This was a fearful moment, for they were deciding relative to the fate of the mother and child. In a short time, one of the number approached them. The moonbeams fell brightly on the spot where they sat, and as the terror-stricken boy hid his face in the folds of his mother's dress, Eleanor could scarcely forbear veiling her own sight, lest she should behold the gleaming of the uplifted tomahawk. But she was spared the agony of those so dear to her being slain before her eyes. Mrs Windham rose with her child in her arms. The Indians then arranging themselves round them proceeded briskly towards the woods, and were soon buried in their gloomy recesses from the view of the unhappy Eleanor.

One of the Indians, who had been struck with Eleanor's beauty, was still resolved to secure her. In pursuance of this determination, he fell back from the rest of the party, intending to linger in the skirts of the forest, till she had prob-

ably left her hiding place and returned to the house. But Eleanor's first object was to hasten to the river to see if there were any signs of her brother's return.—

All was silent and tranquil. Here and there, the moonbeams broken by the ripple of the waves emitted a sparkling splendence in fine contrast with the more general aspect of the river, which smooth and glassy mirrored each star, as one by one they awoke and looked down from their azure homes. One star, softer and more brilliant than the rest, which as she gazed seemed floating like a golden shallop along the southern hemisphere, she had often imagined illumined the island home of Lionel. It was a wild fancy—and lovers' fancies are often so—but as she stood on the lonely shore with no one near, it seemed to her that this star was a bond of union between them. As she indulged in this imagination, the deep repose that brooded around stilled the wild tumult of her own spirit, and as she lifted her thoughts to Him who 'spreadeth out the heavens,' she was enabled to say, *Thy will be done*. The hush of the waves still remained unbroken by the dip of her brother's oars, and she was about to return to the house, when she saw some one moving stealthily along, half-concealed by the shadow of some rocks that lay near the shore. She was herself partially screened by the shade of two or three small birches, and without daring to move, she watched the cowering form as it drew nearer to the spot where she stood, uncertain whether she were discovered or not. The range of rocks did not terminate until within a short distance of the place where she was standing, and the person, whoever it might be, seemed determined to screen himself by their shade till the last moment. He emerged at last into the open moonlight, and Eleanor beheld the tall form of the Indian whom she had remarked as being more eager than his companions in searching

for her. At this moment the breeze freshened and fluttered her white lawn apron. It was the means of discovering her to him, and with a wild cry of exultation he bounded towards her. He was almost at her side, when something like the swift pinion of a bird came whirring through the air. Suddenly the Indian leaped several feet from the ground, uttered a cry far more wild and piercing than before, then fell at her feet dead.—An arrow had been driven quite through his brain. Before Eleanor could make any attempt to leave the spot, another tall form stood revealed in the moonlight, and she instantly recognized the chief to whom she once gave food and drink.

'Young Dove,' said he, 'fear not.—Since thou gavest Attawatan water to cool his parched lips, and meat to strengthen his weary frame, whenever he lay himself down on the lonely hunting-ground and looked up to the sky and beheld the stars, thy form would come between him and them, and there was brightness and beauty in them no more, and when sleep came upon him, thou wert with him in his dreams more beautiful than the bright cloud of sunset when it fashions itself into the shape of one of those radiant messengers that minister to those who have done good on earth, when they dwell in the land of souls. Has the Young Dove ever thought kindly of Attawatan?'

'Yes, kindly; but before she beheld Attawatan, there was another who was to her like the bright cloud which he sees in his dreams.'

'It is well: Attawatan can die, but he will not take the Young Dove to his wigwam if her heart resteth in the bosom of another. Attawatan will return, but there will be no sweet voice to search out the melodies of his heart, that gush forth like the voices of many birds at the sound of hers.'

Stooping down, he tore the feather

from the arrow which had wafted it with unerring aim to the brain of the prostrate Indian.

'When the Young Dove looks on this,' said he, 'she will remember that Attawatan saved her. Take it: it is all that he asks.'

Eleanor took the feather, but could not prevent a shudder, as brushing lightly against the hand she held out to receive it, it left upon it a crimson streak.

The splash of oars could now be distinctly heard, and a boat descried rapidly approaching the shore. Eleanor rushed to the water's edge, and met Windham as he stepped from the boat.

'Ah, my brother!' said she, 'you have returned to a desolate home.' and in hurried words, that fell on his ear like a death-knell, she told him of his bereavement.

'I will pursue them,' said Windham, 'and rescue my wife and child, or die in the attempt.'

'Thy red brother will go with thee,' said Attawatan, 'he knows where their hunting-paths lie.'

They returned to the deserted cabin. Windham buckled a short sword to his side, which had escaped the search of the Indians, and with a brace of pistols in his belt and his gun on his shoulder, which had formed his morning equipment, he was ready to follow his guide.

'Fear not, Eleanor,' said he, as he turned to leave her: 'I trust that we soon shall be all happy together.'

The chief too, turned and addressed her.

'Should the Young Dove's brother return no more,' said he, 'Attawatan will come back and guide her to the wigwams of the pale faces. He will be her brother. Attawatan's word is good.'

Having said thus, he strode forward with a stately step, and preceding the impatient Windham, led the way to the forest. We will not accompany them through all their wild and devious paths.

Attawatan never for a moment appeared to be at a loss as to the course they should take. It was not until the east wore the ruddy flush of dawn, that he stopped and seemed to hesitate.

'The party divided here,' said he, 'and took different paths. One division took that which lies before us, the other turned to the left—which shall we take?'

'Tell me if you can, which path the captives took.'

Attawatan bent down and minutely examined them both.

'The foot-prints of the pale face,' said he, 'are on the path before us. They turn not inward like the tracks of the red skin.'

'The child's—can you discern them?'

'No, they must have borne him in their arms. Let us hasten to overtake them before they reach their hunting grounds, or the bows of many will be bent against us.'

They had proceeded but a short distance, when Windham's guide requested him to remain where he was, telling him that he would advance alone in order to reconnoitre, as they had now nearly reached a place watered by a clear brook where the Indians would be likely to remain a short time to rest and refresh themselves. He soon returned, and saying, 'they are there,' told Windham to follow him, cautioning him, at the same time, against making the least noise. Having crept to an eminence screened by some bushes, they could look down into a small hollow or glen, where three Indians seated beside a brook, were regaling themselves with food, which the evening previous had been placed on the table for Windham's supper. At a little distance sat Mrs. Windham with her head bent forward, and her face buried in her hands, but little Harry was no where to be seen.

The green hollow flushed with flowers, the clear brook that mingled its murmurs

with the song of the birds, the half reclining forms of the Indians, and the one lonely female who sat apart absorbed in her own deep sorrow, with the morning sunlight just breaking over the whole, formed a picture, on which the eye of one whose heart was at rest, might long have lingered with delight.

'Aim at him, who sits nearest the willows,' softly whispered Attawatan, in Windham's ear,—*'I will take care of him who is nearest her,'*—and at the same instant the bullet and the arrow did their work. The remaining Indian sprang wildly to his feet, but a second arrow was sped by the unerring hand of Attawatan, and he fell beside his companions.

Mrs. Windham, who at the report of the gun, looked up, beheld her husband running to meet her before she had power to rise.

'We have saved you, Mary,' said he, but where is our child ?

'Their captors,' she said, as Attawatan had already ascertained, separated at the juncture of the two paths, and regardless of her entreaties, those who took the left hand path carried the child with them, intending to present him to a neighboring tribe with whom they had recently entered into alliance.

Having succeeded in swallowing a few mouthfuls of the provision strown upon the grass, the heart-stricken parents commenced their homeward journey, Attawatan voluntarily accompanying them. When they came to the place where the two paths met, he turned to them and said, 'go home—Attawatan will restore the stolen bird to its nest, for no cloud must hang over the spot where dwells the Young Dove. Go home, and in peace wait for the coming of Attawatan. His promise is good.'

Days, weeks, even months rolled away, and Attawatan came not to the lonely habitation in the wilderness. Windham

had several times ventured on long excursions, in the hope of finding some trace of his captive child, but they all proved vain. The distress of the parents and of Eleanor, whose affection for him was scarcely less fervent than theirs, grew more intense as the hope of his being restored to them gradually faded.

The last mellow light of a fine day in autumn was gleaming on the verdant hills and through the openings of many a shady covert. The forest began to display a few of those gorgeous tints which the first touches of decay spread over the foliage, and the breeze, though bland as that of summer, seemed to have a tone of sadness in its voice.

Windham, his wife, and Eleanor commenced singing together their evening hymn, but memories of her lost boy, who used at those seasons to nestle closely to her side and blend his clear, bird-like notes with theirs, came over the mother's heart, and her voice broken at first by low sobs, at length ceased. So deeply absorbed were they all, that they saw not the tall form that stood at the threshold, waiting for the hymn to close. When the last note had died away, Attawatan entered. A child folded gently in his arms was in a deep and quiet sleep. His golden hair lay in silken clusters against the dark breast of the Indian, and his dimpled hand held the edge of the mantle that fell over his shoulders with a light grasp. Attawatan had just resigned him to the embrace of his parents, when another, who had been long absent, entered unperceived among them. Eleanor heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice, and turning, she beheld Lionel Vines. He had come to return no more.

When the genial breath of spring again passed over the earth, it spread verdure and flowers round another rustic lodge in the valley—the humble but hap-

py home of Lionel Vines and his bride,
where Attawatan was an ever welcome
and not an unhappy guest.

THE APOLOGY.

To a lady, on being prevented from attending
her Birth-Night Ball.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

'Et moriens, dulces reminiscitur Argos.'

Lady, since Fate's austere behest
Forbids thy friend to be thy guest,
To mingle with the festal throng,
Or twine the dance, or list the song ;
This note, vicarious, presents
An absentee's kind compliments,
And tenders thee a simple lay,
In honor of thy natal day.

Thy halls, this eve, are glitt'ring bright ;
Thy heart is throbbing with delight.
The young, the gay, the fond and fair,
In buoyant hope assembled there,
With many a cheerful word and smile,
Thy swift-wing'd vesper hours beguile,
And gather round in rich array,
To greet thee on thy natal day.

I may not speak the greeting word,
My voice among them not be heard ;
I may not watch thy sparkling eye,
Nor drink thy murmuring melody ;
But none would greet thee more sincere,
And none will prize thy worth more dear
Of all who anxious strive to pay
This tribute to thy natal day.

A sterner lot is mine to bear—
Not sad, nor yet devoid of care.
Prompted, adventurous, to roam,
Leaving dear kindred, and sweet home,
Another land these feet may tread,
A milder sky be o'er me spread,
And duty call me far away,
Ere shall return thy natal day.

But each revolving year will bring
Long time to thee a brighter spring ;
Nor winter chill thy blooming pow'rs,
Nursed in affection's fondest bow'rs,
Till summer shall mature the mind,

Thus early cultured and refined,
And intellectual fruits display,
Each autumn, with thy natal day.

I would not ape the Laureat's task,
I may not wear the flatterer's mask ;
But, gentle lady, may'st thou live
Long in all bliss that earth can give,
Till soft as fades life's twilight even,
Regenerate, thou smile—in Heaven.
Thus ever will the minstrel pray
For blessings on thy natal day.
Fort Warren, Sept. 30, 1835.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

YOUTHFUL HOME.

She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Hogg.

No spot on earth appears so sunny, so
beautiful, romantic and enchanting, as
our youthful home. There is no other
around which gathers so much of the
poetry of life, to which are attached so
many endearing ties, as to the place
where we first opened our eyes upon nature's
beauties, and creation's loveliness ;
and first felt the warm, enrapturing kiss
of a mother's love. Especially do we
revert to childhood's hours and scenes
with almost hallowed feelings and over-
whelming emotions, if since youth's or
manhood's strength has been upon us, we
have wandered from that blessed spot,
been tossed on life's stormy heaving bil-
lows, met the cold, inquiring look of
strangers ; and experienced the world's
frozen charity. It is like the blooming,
fertile oasis in the burning, barren desert.
There, the purest and most angelic feel-
ings and passions of the human heart are
brought into exercise and cherished ; but
in the world, whilst we are wandering
among strangers, they are withered and
blasted, as the tender flower, by the
blighting mildew or untimely frost. If
there is any nook of earth to which my
thoughts wander with delight, and where
they revel in perpetual pleasures, as the

bee amid the vernal flowers, it is that place hallowed by a mother's love, blessed by a father's kindness, and lighted up by a sister's smile of affection. I had *once* such a home. Beneath my father's roof, humble though it was, my youth passed rapidly, joyfully away. But happiness, lasting and permanent, is not the part of man in this sublunary abode.—

The most happy groups, bound together by the strongest ties of love and friendship, must part. Different pursuits call some one way and some another; or perhaps sadder still, death, relentless death, as if envious that happiness should smile upon any, enters and tears away a loved object, leaving many sensitive hearts bleeding, so closely were they knit to the lost one. Such has been my fate. Before I left home to saunter through the academic grove, or tread the halls of science, death had sent his arrow, with sure and effectual aim, at him who was the head of our group; and he slept in peace beneath the green turf of our ancestral burial ground. Two years from the time I left, found me in the stage coach on the way to visit the scenes of my nativity.

I knew that my mother had gone since then, to a distant State, accompanied by my brother and sisters. I heard too that one loved sister, in the bloom of life and beauty, had been summoned away by consumption to a brighter world, as the blushing morning rose, whose stem is eaten by the worm, withers before the rising sun. All this I knew, yet it seemed like a feverish dream when the morning has dawned. The sun was nearing his occidental goal when the stage arrived at the little village, near the suburbs of which stood the humble mansion, once the dearest place to me on earth, and now only by its proximity, awakened emotions which were almost overpowering. Although business had been my chief object in visiting the vicinity, and now I had ridden all day in a crowded

coach, I could not think of stopping to rest, or even to take refreshment before

I had gratified my eyes with a view of the scenes of my youthful joys and sports; though now the land was tilled by other hands, and the paternal roof echoed to the tread of strangers. It was a lovely evening; the zephyrs played sportively through the branches of the trees, raised a light ripple on the lake's peaceful bosom, and wantoned with my locks while they cooled my brow. The birds were sweetly singing, though their strains seemed to me rather plaintive. I left my baggage at the village inn, and sought the place where all my thoughts were fast centering. The first place that strongly attracted my attention was the grave yard, where sleep the ashes of my forefathers. Into this I entered, just as the sun was casting his farewell look upon the graves of those whom he had in life and vigor cheered with his beams.

Associations, hallowed and solemn, like "thick coming fancies," arose in my mind; and overcome with them, I leaned upon my father's tomb-stone, and poured forth prayers and burning tears; yet they were without bitterness, for I could sorrow as those who have hope. Departing thence, I arrived at my youthful home just as the shades of evening began to cast a slight gloom over it and the surrounding scenery, which served to heighten the already solemn and melancholy tone of my feelings. I soon discovered by some innovations, that the estate had passed into the hands of those well versed in the utilitarian philosophy of this utilitarian age. Some ornamental flowers and vines which had been planted and cherished by loved hands, had been rudely destroyed, or suffered to perish for want of care. As I passed through the wicket gate which led to the house, Faithful did not come out to meet me with a joyful bound, and not-to-be-mistaken expressions of welcome as was his

custom when I returned from school and other places in my youth. No mother was there to meet me with smiles, and imprint on my cheeks her kiss of love; no brother to welcome me from my wanderings; no sister to wipe the sweat from my brow, run her taper fingers thro' my curls, and twining her arms around my neck, in a manner, and with a tone known only to a sister, call me brother. Then I found the reality of what before seemed a dream, and the truth rushed upon my mind as convincing as a voice from eternity; and I said, "My friends where are they? and echo answered where!" I passed mournfully, and as a stranger through the rooms where I spent my childhood and youth. I marked the broad, ancient kitchen fire-place, around which I used to gather my associates, to crack nuts and parch corn in winter evenings, and called to mind the happy hours there spent in social glee; and how that often that room had rung to our merry peals of laughter, as some joke was passing round. But I could no longer endure the sight and the thoughts which were awakened; they were too sad; and leaving the house I went upon the green where I performed my infantile gambols, and sitting upon a stone I wept.

Easton, Mass. July 29th, 1841.

From Graham's Magazine.

O, SAY, DO I NA' LO'E YE LASSIE?

O, say, do I na' lo'e ye lassie?

O, say, do I na' lo'e ye well?

Aye! mair than tongue can utter, lassie,

O mair than tender looks can tell.

Ye're i' my dreams by night, my lassie,

An' ye are i' my thoughts by day,

An' ye're the beacon star, my lassie,

That guides me thro' life's troubled way.

I lo'e ye for those tresses, lassie,

That i' bright jetty masses flow;

I lo'e ye for that bosom, lassie,

As white an' fair as driven snow;

I lo'e ye for those cheeks, my lassie,

O' sweetest tinge o' rosy hue;

An' O, I lo'e ye, dearest lassie,

For those twa cannie een o' blue.

I lo'e ye for that form, my lassie,

Like to the deer's, sae fu' o' grace;

I lo'e ye for that smile, my lassie,

That plays across thy charming face.

But what I lo'e still more, my lassie,

Is that which is worth mair to gain:

It is the bonnie min', my lassie,

Which i' gude truth ye ca' your ain.

EMMA—THE BROKEN HEARTED.

William ——— was a young man of superior native talents. With few advantages of education, he had mastered the science of chemistry, and had delivered public lectures with success. He was also gifted with a peculiarly lovely disposition, attractive social qualities, and remarkable conversational powers. His salary was ample, his domestic relations were delightful, and his future prospects brilliant with hope.

His superior information and conversational tact drew around him a large circle of acquaintance. Their invitations drew him, at first occasionally, next frequently, and then habitually, from his own evening fireside. Those were days when the glass was circulated in the assemblage of friends. This custom was duly observed in the circles which he frequented. His own social qualities, and compliance with common civilities, induced him to partake of the enlivening beverage with moderation. But who is proof against the insidious power of temptation? It coiled itself in the bosom of the angels of light, and they fell. It insinuated itself into Eden, and our once holy progenitors sinned. So, ere this youth of talent and loveliness was aware of danger, the sad process of ruin, by which millions have been lost, had carried him far towards that fearful precipice where moderate drinking terminates in the gulf of hopeless intemperance.

The steps of the process need not here be repeated. Terrible as they are, familiarity has almost deprived them of interest. But who can tell the emotions of a refined and affectionate wife, when the terrible truth is forced on her knowledge that her husband is a drunkard. That

years of hopeless disappointment and shame are to take the place of glad scenes of domestic happiness, with which anticipation had crowded the future. Who can describe the scenes of anguish, the days of withering grief, the nights of sleepless woe, in that house, when the brilliant man, the affectionate husband, became the slave of intemperance.

His habits were followed by the inevitable consequences—gradual loss of business—loss of respectability—loss of property—abandonment of friends—ruin of character—loss of self respect—and open, confirmed, street drunkenness. When this last stage of the dreadful, soul-destroying process was reached, the occasional sober moments of this infatuated man were seasons of intense wretchedness. He would throw himself at the feet of his wife, implore her forgiveness with tears of anguish, curse his own folly and weakness, and religiously resolve to abstain wholly from the accursed beverage. But it has been said by one, who having been once a drunkard, and had escaped as by fire, 'that if there is in the universe, any pains worse than the torments of the damned, it is the unsatisfied cravings of the drunkard's appetite.' So this miserable man found it. When he passed the shops where the liquor was displayed for sale, the sight of it awakened and goaded these terrible cravings, and produced a species of phrenzy. He would madly rush in, and drink till conscience was stupefied, and self respect destroyed. Or if sometimes able to resist temptation, his associates in intemperance would rush out to entice him to their haunts, when their mingled urgencies and sneers, with the sight and smell of the fatal draught would overpower his resolution, and he would return again to his cups 'like a dog to his vomit.'

Sensible at length of his own weakness, goaded by shame and remorse, and influenced too by feelings alike honorable to his head and heart, he resolved to place himself beyond the reach of temptation. For this purpose he found a temperance ship, proceeding on a long voyage, and although unacquainted with the duties of a sailor, and unaccustomed to such hardships as a seaman's life imposes, he procured employment before the mast. He was absent nineteen months, and endured much privation, but his object was accomplished. During that long period he tasted no liquor, and returned with his

appetite for strong drink, apparently extinct. Both he and his wife, were once more happy in each other's love, and buoyant with the hope of many years yet to come, gladdened with all their former happiness.

For a few months, these hopes were realized. But in an evil hour, he met one of his former associates. Some refreshment was proposed but declined. It was urged but still declined. Argument and appeal to friendship were then tried, yet in vain. He seemed to have passed the crisis, and to be safe. But the tempter had one more resource. He went out, brought in some cider, and induced him, just by way of compliment, to put the glass to his lips. That single taste was like applying the match to gunpowder.—At once the dormant appetite sprung to life, in gigantic strength. He tasted again. Half crazed by the excitement, and his revived cravings, he drank deeper, and on that very day was drunk.—Shame and despair made him reckless.—That one taste hurled him back to the ruin of intoxication, in which he wallowed daily. Once more the fiend of intemperance entered his dwelling, and like Moloch, feasted on the anguish of broken hearts, and on the ruins of that domestic happiness which he had dashed in pieces. Such was the mysterious power which this vice had over him, through its physical effects on the stomach, that the sight of liquor destroyed his self control. With a perfect knowledge of the terrible consequences of the draught, yet as if driven on by some evil genius, he seized the cup and drank it.

Yet once more, this spell-bound victim to intemperance determined, if possible, to shake off this giant vice, whose terrible grasp had thrice torn him from happiness and home. He went voluntarily to some public institution in Rhode Island, where the inmates were subject to severe restraint, and put himself under its compulsory power, that walls and iron grates might be placed between him and rum. For five months he remained in this asylum, without taking any alcoholic drink. Supposing his appetite to be subdued by this long abstinence, and by the bitter experience of past weakness and horror, he once more returned to society. He engaged in an honest but humble occupation with an express stipulation, that no temptations to intemperance should be placed before him. Though greatly

reduced in circumstances, yet he was happy, and he was happy because he was temperate. For many months his appetite was kept in subjection; his power of self control became more fixed; he hoped, and his trembling, fearing, but ever affectionate wife hoped that his chains were broken. He was poor, but sober and industrious. He was reduced, but his talents could again win their way to respect, and competency. The storm had been terrible, and had shattered their fair bark, but the clouds were scattered, the sun rose brightly, and hope again gladdened their hearts.

The laws, by express license, plant and protect on every corner, grog shops, those 'chambers of death.' The keepers spared no pains to ensnare him again. But without detailing the arts by which he was again enticed within their doors, it is sufficient to say that he entered. He fell. He fell lower than before. He was idle as well as intemperate. Anything within his power he would freely give to procure the means of allaying the insatiable thirst of his depraved appetite.—Books and furniture—small as was the supply for the necessities of his family, were carried to the grog shop and pawned for rum. On one occasion he stripped off his coat and pledged it for a dram, and went home, through a wintry storm, half naked and drunk. His wife, though in feeble health, was compelled to support both him and her children, by the product of her needle—often with her hard earnings, has she, to prevent nudity, redeemed articles of apparel which her own hands had furnished her husband, but which he had pledged for liquor at dram shops. How different from what he was, when intelligent and respectable, he first introduced his bride to his own pleasant home. It ought however to be stated, that although his habits occasioned the keenest distress to his family, yet his personal deportment was invariably kind. So far from being harsh and abusive, his conduct at home, was studiously affectionate, even at the worst stages of his course.

He came home one evening sober.—He sat down in silence, and looked around on his dwelling, always kept with neatness, but wearing sad indications of penury. 'Emma,' said he, can you forgive me? You ought to hate me. I would not bear with any one as you have borne with me.'

'O, William, I do forgive you. But, dear husband, will you not try once more to shake off this deadly habit? For me—for our children—for your soul's sake try.'

The wretched man sat bathed in tears. The thought of what he had been, contrasted with what he was, shook his frame convulsively. At length he said, 'I shall soon kill myself and you too in my present course, I will try, yet once more to be a man.'

The next day he went to the 'insane retreat,' stated his case to the superintendent, described the dreadful physical sufferings which hurried him on to the vice he loathed—together with the malicious enticements and persuasions of the sellers of rum, to overcome all his efforts at reformation; and earnestly begged admission into the confinement and restraints of the institution, that he might be kept from the presence of temptation. But the nature of the establishment forbade his reception. He then went voluntarily to the County Jail, and made an arrangement by which he should be locked up in its cells, and be subjected to all the labor and confinement of the prison. He was as anxious to extricate himself from the grasp of this vice, as he would be to shake off a viper. His wife paid for his board while there with her own scanty earnings; by his own request, he was detained there till his demon appetite seemed to be dispossessed, and he could venture once more to liberty and employment.

Soon after his release, he obtained some business. By a singular fatality, he was placed at work in the very house in which a grog-shop was kept, and the very shop whence he had formerly obtained his supplies of liquor. The keeper of the establishment soon perceived him, clothed, and in his right mind. Eyeing him, as the archangel ruined, gazed with mingled malice and envy on the bliss of paradise, he determined to entangle his victim once more in his toils. He addressed him with kindness, professed great pleasure at meeting him again, and invited him into the shop for old acquaintance sake.

'No, I've determined never more to taste it. In that cursed shop I've been ruined.'

'O ho, so you've turned cold water man, and signed the pledge. I wouldn't be such a fool as to acknowledge that I couldn't take care of myself. You'll set

up for a reformed drunkard now, and make speeches, heh?"

'No, I've taken no pledge, but I have promised my wife that I would take no more.

'Ah, under petticoat government! afraid of your wife! Well, well, I'm master in my own house by ——. I should like to see the woman that dared hen peck me in that way. Why, ———, you used to be something of a man, but this cold water system has made a fool of you. Your wife had better put a bonnet on you.'

'No, no; but I have almost broken her heart already. I'll not touch your poison.'

'Broken her heart! nonsense; that's the way they talk when they wish to carry their points. You're afraid. You dare not take a glass, for fear of your wife.— Come, I'll test you.'

The tempter went out and soon returned with some liquor. With a tact worthy of an older fiend, he placed the cup where he could not avoid the sight nor smell of it. 'There, I don't believe you dare touch that glass. I'll take a sip. I can take care of myself and make my wife keep her place.' The seller began to drink. His victim looked; he could not avoid the smell. The seller ridiculed him, taunted him, defied him. The poor man thought he would taste to get rid of his tormentor, or to show his power of self-control. But the sequel to that single taste may easily be imagined. He spent the rest of the day in the grog-shop; and went home in the evening, drunk.— With this relapse, despair seemed to take possession of him. He appeared to court destruction; made no attempt to labor—made no exertion except to obtain liquor—spent nearly all his time in grog-shops—and was employed by the keepers in menial services, for which they paid him in rum. His history during this period, would be but the trite, yet terrible narrative of a drunkard's misery and degradation.

Yet occasionally, his better feelings would gain the mastery. 'Emma,' said he, one evening, 'I shall soon kill myself in this course. I cannot endure this misery. Will you, can you help me, if I will attempt to reform?'

'Certainly.'

'I will then shut myself up in that room, and not leave it, till I have got over this dreadful appetite which possesses me like a demon.'

He made the trial. But for several

days his sufferings were excruciating.— His shattered nerves, his gnawing, tormenting thirst—the bitter and maddening thoughts of his own mind, filled him with agony. Yet determined to gain the victory, he kept his room, and even with his own hand stuffed the bed-clothes in his mouth, to stifle his own groans and shrieks. He persevered, till his partial delirium disappeared, his healthful appetite returned, and he ventured forth. But the harpies of the grog-shop, as if guided and aided by the father of all evil, dogged his footsteps: they flattered him, cajoled him, taunted him, and pointed at him.— In short, within a brief period, he was again drunk. 'I can't help it, I'm lost,' was his despairing exclamation; he gave himself up to inebriation, total, habitual inebriation.

His wife went to one of these haunts, where his time was mostly spent, and finding him there, she appealed in his presence to the keeper of the shop.— 'You know that what you sell to that unhappy man is destroying him. It is destroying me also, and my family. My health is failing under the grief and toil which his intemperance lays upon me.— O, have mercy on him, on me, and my children.' The ruined husband sat bathed in tears, yet spell bound. He seemed as unable to extricate himself from the terrible grasp of vice, as to struggle with a fever, or throw off the plague. But the relentless dealer gazed on his degradation, and his wife's tears unmoved. He only replied, '———, you shall have just as much liquor in my shop, as you will pay for.'

The desponding wife made another effort. She took her little son with her, and went to several similar establishments frequented by her husband; she explained to the dealers his situation; told the story of her sufferings, and besought them with such tears as one in her situation only could shed, to furnish him no longer with the means of destruction. Some laughed at her, others insulted her, and all continued to supply him with liquor. They went further; they jeered at him for silly submission to his wife; and even enticed him to drink the more by ridiculing his fears of petticoat government.

Yet again and again, many times did this unhappy man, during the last summer of his life make efforts at self-reformation. He would shut himself in his

room, and for a week endure the unspeakable horrors of partial delirium, unsatisfied cravings, torturing remorse, and conscious guilt. When thus voluntarily confined at home, in these solitary struggles to overcome his formidable appetite, the dealers in liquor, would call under the pretence of friendship to inquire for his health. He begged his wife not to allow them to enter the door. 'Turn them out, turn them out,' he cried, if he heard their footsteps. Yet when able to go abroad, they would again contrive to drag him into their toils and send him home drunk.

He made at length, his last effort at reformation. He went to a physician, stated his case, and begged to know if any thing could be done for him.

'Only undertake my case. I will take any thing, do any thing you may direct; you may confine, or do any thing you choose with me; only deliver me from this horrible appetite. I dread the commission of suicide, yet I had rather die than live in this state any longer. There is such intense, and unutterable torment in my stomach, that while I am at liberty, if I knew that the glass that I put to my lips, would kill me in half an hour, I should drink it. Oh, sir, you do not know, no one can know, what I suffer. My deliverance is impossible so long as I remain where liquor is to be had.' Such was his pathetic appeal. But the physician soon ascertained that no means within his power could reach his case.

He then resolved to leave his old haunts; to break away from his acquaintance and tempters, and find some residence, if possible, where no intoxicating drinks were sold and given. While on his way to Enfield, to obtain a residence among the Quakers, he was providentially met by a gentleman who offered him a situation in a manufacturing establishment, where no liquor was sold.

The proposal was most joyfully accepted. Here at a distance from temptation, and among friends who seconded his good resolutions, he was industrious, sober, and happy. Hope returned to his heart. He began to feel once more, the long lost and elevating consciousness of manhood and morality. His home, so long the house of mourning, where 'tears had been their meat, day and night,' was once more lighted up with love, confidence and joy.

After a considerable interval he returned to Hartford, to attend to some business, and with a view of making ar-

rangements for removing his family to his new found home of sobriety and peace. But alas for the sequel; he passed that fatal spot where his old associates and tempters to sin were congregated. They saw him. Like vultures for their prey, they pounced upon him. They knew the dreadful secret of his weakness, and plied him skillfully. Again, and for the last time he fell. Awakening as from a terrible dream, fully aware of the extent of his ruin and degradation, half-maddened by the stinging consciousness of his debasement, he met a constable, who upbraided him severely, and threatened him with confinement in the workhouse.

He resolved to live no longer. When he reached his dwelling he said to his wife, 'it is all over with me now. I have forfeited my place at S. and these taunts of a constable I cannot endure. I have met them for the last time.' He conversed with his wife and children in the most affecting manner. With tears he entreated their forgiveness for all his abuse of their love; he besought his wife not to remember him with hatred; he bade his children take warning by his sad history; and told them to love their mother, to obey her when they were young, and to support her in comfort when they grew up. His manner affected them all, and yet they supposed his conversation to be preparatory to his approaching departure on Monday.

After this interview he alluded to his fatigue, and went into another room for repose. He then swallowed two ounces of laudanum, which he had procured for the purpose, and threw himself upon the bed. One or two hours elapsed ere the deed was discovered. The remedies then applied were ineffectual. With his last consciousness he declared that he had rather meet his God than endure the life of horror and temptation from which no escape seemed possible for him but death. Before midnight he was a corpse.

On the morning after his death, one who had often sold him rum, called to see the lifeless remains of him whom his own hand had helped to slay. His heart-broken wife took him silently to the room where the body lay, and opening the door said, 'There is the victim of your trade. Behold the consequences of what you have done. You have murdered my husband as truly as you had stabbed him to the heart.' Conscience-stricken by the sight, the guilty man wept.

From Graham's Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now!—

Tears will unbidden start—

With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

For many generations passed,

Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasped—

She, dying, gave it me.

Ab! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear;

Who round the hearth-stone used to close,

After the evening prayer,

And speak of what these pages said,

In terms my heart would thrill!

Though they are with the silent dead,

Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book

To brothers, sisters dear—

How calm was my poor mother's look,

Who leaned God's word to hear!

Her angel face—I see it yet!

What thronging memories come!

Again that little group is met

Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,

Thy constancy I've tried;

When all were false, I found thee true,

My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give

That could this volume buy;

In teaching me the way to live,

It taught me how to die.

Vanity Rebuked.—Cæsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the sum and substance of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court yard, nor a cock on a dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

From the Northern Light.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

'The hand that wiped away the tear of want,
The heart that melted at another's woe,
Were his, and blessings followed him.'

David Wentworth had the kindest of hearts. There was neither meanness nor bound to his benevolence, except inability. And happy were any man who had a title of the prayers that were offered up for the welfare of my friend, by the unfortunate and wretched whom his hand had relieved.

I speak of prayers—for it was the only reward he obtained; I mean here—but I forgot.

David was paying attention to an excellent young lady of his native city.—She was wealthy, beautiful and accomplished, and consequently had many suitors. Among them were richer, and nobler (in extraction I mean) and handsomer men than David, but *unimporante*, there was a kind of frank heartedness about my friend, that could not fail to carry him somewhere near the heart of his mistress, even if an emperor had been his rival.

The young lady hit upon a project to put the characters of her lovers to a test. She had come across a poor widow with a family in distress, in one of her benevolent excursions, and the idea occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity to ascertain the stuff her lovers' hearts were made of. Letters were forthwith indited, setting forth the good woman's tale and forwarded to the different gentlemen in the widow's name, requesting an answer and assistance.

The first reply was a lecture on idleness and begging, and concluded with the information that the writer was not accustomed to give to those he did not know. This was from ten thousand dollars a year. The second advised her to apply to some of the benevolent societies whose business it was to relieve those who are truly in want. This from one who had a great reputation for benevolence—who had taken part in several charitable associations, and whose pharisaical liberality had been blazoned in the Gazette. The lady thought, that interested as she was in the success of these institutions, he displayed a very commendable reluctance about taking it out of their hands. A third from a good hearted and generous kind of fellow—en-

closed a five dollar bill with his compliments. Several took no notice of the good woman's petition. But there was another answer which the lady read with far different feelings. It was from David—from \$800 a year—and I need not say, like himself, kind and consoling. It spoke of the writer's narrow means, the rule he adopted, of never giving unless persuaded of the object, and concluded by requesting an interview. 'If,' said he, 'I find myself otherwise unable to afford the assistance you require, I trust I may be of service in interesting others in your behalf.'

Nor was this mere profession. For it was but a few weeks before the poor widow found herself comfortably located, and engaged in a thriving little business, commenced by the recommendation and carried on by the aid of my friend. And all this was done in genuine Scripture style. There was no sounding of trumpets—and the right hand knew not the doings of the left. But his lady love was a silent observer of his conduct, and he received many a kind glance from that quarter, of which he little suspected the cause. She began to think that the homage of a spirit like his was not a thing to be despised; and she felt something very much like a palpitation of the heart, as she questioned herself respecting his intentions.

Such was the train of thought which was one evening, as is often the case, interrupted by the person who had been its cause. Hour after hour passed by that night and he still lingered. He could not tear himself away. 'She is a most fascinating creature,' thought he, and good as she is beautiful. Can she ever be mine? And a cloud passed over his features and he sat for a moment in silence. 'This suspense must be ended,' he at length thought. He started as the clock told eleven.

'You will certainly think me insufferably tedious,' said he with a faint smile, 'but I have been so pleasantly engaged as to take no note of time. And the sin of this trespass on the rules of good breeding must lie at your door. Besides I have lengthened this visit,' he continued, after a pause, 'under the apprehension that as it has been the happiest, it might also be the last, it shall ever be my fortune to enjoy with Miss H.'

The lady looked at him with some surprise.

'Nay,' said he, the matter rests with yourself. Will you forgive my presumption? I know that others, perhaps more worthy of you, at least nobler and wealthier and higher in the world's esteem, are striving for the honor of your hand.—And yet I cannot restrain myself from making an avowal, which, though it may be futile, it is yet but a deserved tribute to your worth.' And he popped the question.

The lady did not swoon nor turn pale, but a flush of gratification passed over her face, and lighted her eye for a moment.

She frankly gave him her hand and looked up archly in his face. 'The friend of the fatherless and the widow,' said she (David blushed) 'cannot fail to make a constant lover and a worthy husband.'

For the Ladies' Pearl.

FORTUNE'S SMILE AND FROWN.

'Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.'

In 'a valley between the hills,' in our own Columbia, there was a dwelling unblemished by the 'hypocrisy of paint,' yet so neat, that the traveller, seeing the good old fashioned well, with its pole swinging 'to and fro' in space, near the road, would alight from his carriage, saying, here we shall have a clean 'bowl,' filled with 'prote oxide of hydrogen,' (as the scientific express it) to quench our thirst.

One warm afternoon in July, as the inhabitants of this wood colored building were regaling themselves in the shade of the trees, which ornamented the road for some distance, 'strains of music fell upon their ears,' they looked in the direction from whence those 'sweet sounds' came, and saw a young gentleman walking slowly toward them, 'neath the umbrageous trees.' He saw them, and dropped his flute by his side, for he was not aware that a dwelling was so near, and asked the distance to Portsmouth, saying he had an uncle who resided near the old church in ——— street. Mrs Emery, informed

him, and continued, I was acquainted with Dr. Mentreville's family in my 'happier days,' or rather before the decease of my husband we lived in the adjoining building. Ah, thought she, who can he be? I have never seen one of their relatives who resembled this 'youth' before me. She gave him a seat, and little Emma ran to fetch another chair, and La Fayette to bring a glass, as 'the student' wished to quaff some of the drink 'all others excelling,' for, says Charles Lee, the stage left me while I was 'acting the curious' in a village where they stopped a few moments: however, I did not mourn, as I now could view the country and see human nature a day. After chatting on various topics, 'the widow' Mrs Emery said, will you favor us with a few tunes on that little instrument? I love the tones of a well-played flute! He performed some of the fashionable pieces, and while playing a 'waltz,' the 'little son,' La Fayette, had crept close, and closer to his chair, now took his arm, and looking into 'the stranger's' face, with artless simplicity said, Aint that 'Topenhaden waltz' (Copenhagen)?—

Caroline used to play that upon the piano before the 'naughty men' put my father into the ground. The child was overcome by his thoughts, and burst into tears. Mr Lee's curiosity was excited, for all seemed so happy when he came, as though nought had ever saddened their brows, and he enquired how long since 'the men' put his father in the cold grave? 'Twas last summer, answered La Fayette, and my rocking horse, and all our 'pretty things' were sold when we came here to live. He now became interested in their story, and said, but do you not like to live here, where there are green trees and pretty flowers?—

Her: Mrs Emery interrupted them, saying, we must repair to the house, or we shall feel the effect of the 'damps of evening' on the morrow. Then giving 'our

player' an invitation to tarry with them until morning, which was gratefully accepted because he was weary and wished to become acquainted with persons so prepossessing, they entered the house and found everything so neat, one might 'almost sigh for a particle of dust.' But where was 'little La Fayette' now? Ah, he had gone to meet his sister Caroline, whom he saw coming from 'a neighbor's' where she had called since school.—

'They entered, and the usual ceremonies were passed—tea was prepared—they had supplied the 'wants of nature'—Caroline took her embroidery, and all seemed like 'old friends.'

Mr Emery was a merchant in Portsmouth, and had died suddenly a year ago. By the dishonesty of his partner, 'the property' was mostly spent. Mrs Emery's only resource was to purchase, with the remainder, a small house in the country, and gain a livelihood by their own efforts. Caroline, the 'eldest child,' had received a thorough and accomplished education, was teaching the school in K——, and the hours at home were improved in teaching her sister Emma painting in the mornings, and evenings in embroidery, which she could sell 'at a high price.' 'Twas thus they lived, happy, until they were envied by all around them. Charles Lee now found Caroline 'all that was lovely,' and that whatever subject he could suggest, she displayed talent in every word that fell from her lips. He now related a history of his parents, and why they had not heard Dr. Mentreville's family mention them. After his mother had received an accomplished education, and had made her 'debut,' she was exceedingly fond of attending 'the theatre.' Her father resided in the 'emporium city'—she, receiving invitations, often attended; and 'so loved' to imitate an actress, that she could not be prevailed upon to abandon the idea of becoming a public actress, even at the expense of being dis-

owned and disinherited. For a few years she was a 'noted actress,' and her path was 'strown with flowers' without the aid of her relatives, whom she had thus left to 'please her fancy,' when my father, who had completed the study of law, and was seeking a pleasant village in which to establish himself, chanced to see and become acquainted with her in one of our 'southern cities.' Their affection was mutual, and she 'resigned all' for one who was

'So full of pleasing anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so piquent in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks.'

And ever since, they have lived in 'sweet felicity,' fondly hoping that she would some time meet her relatives once again as friends, and that they would pardon a few years of folly. It was her desire that Charles should be educated in New England, and Dr. Mentreville saw him at 'commencement,' and had invited him to visit them. Faster than time was wont to fly, sped the evening. It was late: they retired to partake of the bounties of Morpheus, who was ready to receive them, for they were weary with the labors of the day.

Morning came. Mr Lee arose, full of life and vigor. He found breakfast waiting, and his new acquaintance busy at their embroidery (they had deviated from their rule), and La Fayette with 'his toys in hand,' says, 'Good morning, Mr Music. I wish you would play to 'Cally' and us, for she is not painting, and it will not interrupt her. Do, Mr Flute,' he continued with all the eagerness of childhood.—Caroline blushed, and Mrs Emery said, we will first partake of the food I have prepared. Afterward Charles Lee proposed a walk. They all prepared to go, and turned in the direction of 'the school-house.' They entered this 'temple of science,' and during an hour it was a 'musical saloon.' They returned, for the stage was expected, and he must bid

adieu to this pleasant town, but not without saying he would call on his return.

In a few weeks a carriage drove to the door, and they recognized their former acquaintances, Dr. Mentreville's family, and Charles Lee. They knew not where Mrs Emery had gone until Charles told them of the pleasant family where he had spent the night on his way to P——. They determined to renew the acquaintance—an exception to the adage, 'Money makes friends.' The hours rolled on, the stage bore away Charles Lee, and the Mentreville family departed.

Years passed, and the two families visited each other often. Caroline had received her piano-forte, which a creditor had taken, yet often wondered what could have made him so generous, and would not have received it if a 'writing' had not been given her, purporting that it never could be taken from her.

After Charles had graduated, he came to Dr. Mentreville's to spend a few weeks to receive letters from him to his mother, but secretly thinking to see Caroline, the bright angel of his imagery. Yes, she was now the lovely young lady. She had instructed her sister in all the branches that she could attend at home, and Emma was anticipating spending the winter at a 'seminary' to complete her studies. Little La Fayette, now the boy of eight, had commenced Latin, and was really 'quite a scholar.' Charles spent a week at Mrs Emery's, but before he left for the 'warmer climes' of his home in North Carolina, he asked Caroline to correspond with him, and departed for Newbern. O, sad was the hour—but does not absence strengthen love?

Two years had swiftly fled, and Charles Lee was admitted to 'the bar,' and was soon to commence 'practising law,' but first he must visit New England, the centre of attraction to him. His letters had informed Caroline of his expected arrival to claim her as his own. She too, was

anxiously waiting, when later than usual, the stage drove to the door, and the 'driver' handed her a letter. It was Charles's handwriting—but where was he?—what could be the matter? With breathless haste she read:

K—, Aug. 6.

My Caroline: I cannot call you otherwise—you are dear to me, and ever will be, although they say you are soon to be wedded to another. I have read your last letter filled with sentiments of pure affection. It cannot be that one so good, so pure, so 'beautiful exceedingly,' can deceive!—O, my Caroline, if you assure me your heart is not another's, I will come to-morrow, and all will be well.

In haste, yours,

CHARLES M. LEE.

Caroline wrote a note, telling him those stories would perhaps be explained. He came, and the mystery was dissolved. The coachman had asked him where he would stop. He answered, at Mrs Emery's. The 'loafers' who heard it could not bear the idea that so noble a young gentleman should go to visit Caroline, as they at once judged. Jealousy, caused by 'disappointed hopes,' told them to say she was to be married in a few weeks to Mr Phipps. Seeing Charles Lee's chagrin and astonishment, they went on, saying she had been engaged several years, while they knew he was only a friend, and being passionately fond of music, had called often. 'Tis sad that in many towns slanderous reports are circulated, till youth cannot in peace enjoy each other's society.

As there is an end to almost every thing, so there is an end to my tale. In a few weeks, Charles Lee's parents came to Mrs Emery's, to celebrate the nuptials of their 'beloved son' to Caroline Emery. The Mentreville family were present on the 'wedding day,' and 'great was the joy of that house' when Dr. Mentreville saw his absent sister, whom he had hated

for many years. Although for a few years he had been friendly, yet he had not seen her, and had never seen her husband: however, he had seen reports of his extraordinary talents in 'newspapers,' and supposed him to be worthy of his friendship and respect. In a few weeks a party arrived in New York, stopped at the 'splendid mansion of Mentreville,' where Dr. M. introduced to his father his sister, her husband, his nephew and wife. I would that pen could describe the scene—the forgiveness, the promises of future friendship, the tears, the caresses. The grandfather gave Charles a portion from his 'large property,' which he immediately transferred to Mrs Emery, that she might again live in P. and enjoy the society of her former friends, and that La Fayette might receive a 'liberal education,' that he too might shine among the wise men of the earth.

Sad it was now for Mrs Emery to be deprived of the society of her daughter Caroline, but Emma now 'tries' to supply the vacancy by imitating her sister.

Charles Lee is now in 'New England's metropolis.' You will see his office at No. —, — street, where by his honorable and wise council, he has gained the ascendancy, and is noted for his eloquence and depth of argument. He is happy, ever acting for his country's good—happy with his beloved Caroline enjoying the 'sweets of social life.'

One evening, when Charles and Caroline were visiting their mother, Mrs Emery, they were talking of their trials during a few years that had passed. They spoke of the kindness of some of the creditors, when Charles Lee was obliged to tell them he had paid them the money, and requested them to keep it secret.—O, it was you, 'dearest Charles,' that gave us the money to defray Emma's expenses while at the seminary—'twas you that sent us the piano. Ah, yes, it was you that increased our happiness 'tenfold.'

By this incident, the people in 'that valley among the hills' learned to 'attend to their own business,' and now K—— is awake to literature. The people attend church every Sabbath, and have become a happy, wealthy people—rightly concluding they would not 'pay too dear for the whistle.'

ROMANCEA W.

THE ASSAULT.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was the last morning of the assault. The sun had risen heavily across the eastern highlands, flinging his slant beams upon the embattled armies of the cross, and disclosing, as the mists rolled upwards from the valley, mangonel, and tower, and battering-ram, and serried troops of warriors, drawn up in array before Jerusalem,—and now as the shout 'to the Holy City,' swelled out upon the air, and the priests, in sacerdotal robes, lifted up their chaunt again, the whole vast mass, as if by a simultaneous impulse, moved forward from their stations, and with lance, and shield, and banner, and shouts of triumph, and clashing of arms, marched on to the assault. All Europe was up. Prince and subject; noble and serf; layman and monk; the rich and the poor; the proud and the humble; old, young, and middle aged; stalwart men and feeble women; the knight in his armor, and the boor in his capote,—the bishop with his crozier, and the friar in his cowl; the halt, the deaf, the blind; all ranks and conditions of life swelled the gigantic host, which, gathering new accessions to its numbers in every land it traversed, had rolled on with threatening aspect over Palestine, carrying terror and desolation to the Saracens, until at length the mighty army was now arrayed before Jerusalem, burning to achieve the redemption of the sepulchre. Yes! Europe was there in arms, moved as one man, by one spirit. From hill and dale; from city and hamlet; from the castle of the noble and the cottage of the boor; from cloister, and forge, and plough, the sons of the church had gathered at her summons, fired with a lofty determination to avenge an insulted faith, and scourge back to the fastnesses from whence they came the sacrilegious followers of the crescent. There was the bluff Englishman, the fair-haired German, the tall gaunt Scot, the gay cavalier from Provence, the dark-eyed son of Italy, and the wild and uncouth child of that green 'Erin,' of the ocean, lying on the utmost verge of civilization, and known only by vague rumor as the habitation of man. Ay! all these were

there—there, with spear, and sword, and cross-bow—there, in glittering casque, and homely jerkin—there, on proudly caparisoned steeds, or marching with soiled buskin humbly on foot. Soldiers of every garb, tongue, and nation; men who had been enemies but were now friends; warriors, who had hitherto lived only for rapine, joined in that wild shout, and with an enthusiasm they had never felt before, swept on the second time to the assault—and ever as they marched, in solid phalanx or open column, Frank, or Saxon, or Italian, they swelled out the cry, 'Ho! soldiers of the cross—on to the Holy City!'

And now the battle was joined. Foremost of all, in his lofty tower, stood Godfrey of Bouillon, cheering on the attack, and directing his unerring shafts against every one who appeared upon the walls; while beneath and around him, plying mangonel and battering-ram, or showering arrows on the foe, pressed on the humbler soldiers of the cross—ay! pressed on, although the missiles of the Saracens poured down like rain, and melted lead, and scalding water, and fire itself, fell thick and fast upon the host of the assailants. And still on they pressed, and though the ground was strewn with the dying, and every moment some new assailant fell, the gallant line of the Crusaders never swerved, but as fast as one went down another filled his place; and as the long hours of the morning passed away, and the Saracens maintained their walls, fighting with the desperation of men who were contending for their homes, the fearless assailers kept pressing on to the attack, determined to succeed in the assault or leave their bones to bleach before the walls. One universal enthusiasm pervaded the whole host. Old and young; peaceful monks and timid women; the sick, the halt, the dumb, came forth from the camp, bringing weapons for those who had spent their missiles, carrying water for the parched combatants, or cheering the dying in their last moments of mortal agony. And higher and higher mounted the sun, and sultry and more sultry grew the air, yet still the Saracens made good their walls, and when the exhausted soldiers were almost fainting from the fatigues of the day, the besieged made one more desperate rally, and, collecting all their strength for a last effort, they bore down upon the soldiers of the cross, and drove them, with terrific slaughter, from the walls. Back—back—back they fled, in wild dismay. In vain their leaders attempted to rally the worn-out soldiers; they themselves could scarcely support their frames, exhausted by their heavy armor and the stifling heat of noonday.—Further effort was hopeless. The despair

was general. A wild shout of exultation rung out from the walls, as the Saracens seized the image of a cross, spat upon it, and cast it, with insulting gestures, into the ditch. The taunt stung the assailants to the heart. At that instant a shining horseman, clad in armor brighter than the day, and waving on high a sword that shone with the brilliancy of the sun seven times brightened, was seen upon the Mount of Olives, beckoning to the discomposd assailants, and pointing onwards to the Holy Sepulchre; and as one after another of the wearied crusaders beheld the blessed vision, sighs, groans, and tears burst from the assembled thousands, and clashing their arms deliriously aloft, and waving their banners wildly to and fro upon the air, they cried out, 'Ho! soldiers of the cross—on to the Holy City!'

And on they swept. Horse and foot; archer and man-at-arms; wounded and unhurt; noble and retainer; Frank, Gaul, and German; the Saxon, and Tuscan; the old, the young, the middle aged; leader and follower; proud and humble; free and bond; on—on—on they pressed, as if a whirlwind had sent them reeling upon the foe, bearing every thing down before them, plying cross-bow and mangonel, hurling huge stones that crushed the foe like glass, and heaving battering-rams that shook the walls as if an earthquake was rolling by. Ay! on they pressed, for did not the archangel wave them to the onset? The foe shrank back amazed. Outwork, and doorpost, and palisade could offer no resistance to the enthusiasm of the Christians. Vain were the wildest efforts of the infidels to stay the progress of the assailing hosts;—vain were their adjurations to the prophet, their impious prayers for help, their insulting prostrations before high heaven. The hurricane that levels cities was not more desolating than the onslaught of the Christians. They dashed across the plain, they drove in the outposts, they crossed the ditch itself; and now the tower of Godfrey reached the walls—the bridge was let down—a rush was made, and a knight sprang on the battlements. Another, and another followed—the Saracens stood palsied—Godfrey, Baldwin, Bouillon rushed in—down went the scregious infidels who opposed them—a wild conflict, beyond what the battle had yet seen, took place around the standard of the crescent; and lo! with a shout that men shall remember till the day of judgment, the impious ensign is hurled from the battlements, and the cross—the cross of Christ—floats wild and free above the towers of Jerusalem.—Then rose up the acclamations of thousands—then pealed the triumphal chaunts of priests—then quailed the Saracen with

fear in the remotest dens of that vast city. The day was won. The cross was avenged. Tancred and Robert of Normandy heard the triumphal shout, and burst open the furthestmost gates with sudden energy;—while Raimond of Toulouse scaled the walls upon the other side at the outcry, and shook the cross to the wind beyond the Holy Sepulchre. Down went the Saracens in street and lane, and open field, or wherever these unholy revilers of the church attempted to make their stand.—From house to house, and street to street, the indignant conquerors pursued the foe, until the thoroughfares were filled with blood, and the infidels lay slaughtered in heaps on every hand; and wherever the Christians followed up the flying wretches, in mansion or in mosque, they kept in memory the insult to the cross which they had witnessed but the hour before, and keeping it in memory, their arms never tired, nor their weapons slackened. It was a day over which for ages the Saracen women wept. The mosque of Omar floated with gore; the streets were slippery with blood; not a nook or corner gave safety to one of that accursed race; and when, at length, the Saracens rushed in wild despair to the temple of Soliman, even there the avenging Christians sought them out, and a thousand, ay! ten times a thousand impious revilers slaked the earth with their gore. And when the work was done, and that fearful insult was avenged; when the conquering army had time to think of the mighty deed they had achieved; when they remembered that within the walls where they now were, the Savior had been buried, a gush of holy tenderness swept over their souls,—old and young, noble and peasant, men, women, and children,—and with tears in their eyes, they cast aside their weapons, took off their sandals, and, rushing to the Holy Sepulchre, kissed the consecrated pavement, and washed the altar with their tears. And when twilight darkened over the city, the vespers of holy men went up to heaven, for the first time after the lapse of centuries, instead of the accursed Mezzuin's call. Night came down at length, and silence hung over the walls. The shrieks of the wounded; the groans of the dying; the crackling of burning habitations, and the impious revilings of the infidels had ceased: while not a sound broke the profound hush of midnight, except the faint gurgling of the brook of Kedron, and the low whispers of the night wind among the palaces of Jerusalem.—And a thousand stars looked brilliantly down from the calm blue sky, as if the angels, whose thrones they are, were shouting hallelujahs that the last day of the Saracen had passed.—*Graham's Mag.*

Editorial.

REMARKABLE DECISION^o OF CHARACTER. How few would be the number of human errors if the mind faithfully followed the decisions of the *judgment*. Instead of doing this, *feeling* governs the great mass of intellects. Let any one analyze his mental operations after falling into a blunder, and he cannot fail of discovering, in most cases, that he fell by disregarding the silent, though deep, stern voice of his judgment.

In no case is it more necessary to yield implicit obedience to its voice, than in that of a young lady about to accept an offer of marriage from her suitor. Then she is about to secure or destroy all her future happiness on earth—to bind herself to bliss or bitter woe, and therefore it behooves her to let the Mentor of her soul—her better judgment—speak, *yea, and govern too*. Many a fair creature has perished untimely by allowing feeling to triumph here. A fair countenance, a well moulded form, or wealthy connections, have often enticed her to the marriage altar when reason cried, forbear!

These remarks are designed to introduce a fact worthy of imitation by every unmarried lady, and above all praise in the noble-minded girl concerned.

We will call our heroine Eliza. She had for some time received the attentions of a young man, whose early habits had been somewhat gay, though not vicious. When he proposed marriage, she questioned him on his use of ardent spirits. He acknowledged himself to be a temperate drinker. She told him she was determined to marry none but a total abstinence man. He promised to sign the temperance pledge; and though he did not, yet he afterwards assured her he had done it.

Upon this, the unsuspecting girl promised him her hand after a sufficient time should pass to demonstrate his adhesion to the supposed pledge. It passed, she thought him firm, and the wedding-day was appointed.

It came, the company had assembled, the reverend clergyman was there. The bridegroom supposing his prey safe, stepped into a restorator on his way to the festal scene, to take his favorite glass, and no doubt as he wiped his mouth, rejoiced that the hour of his emancipation was at length arrived. But, as the old proverb justly observes, There may be many a slip between the cup and the lip, the young man was disappointed. For as his bride stood beside him to plight her irrevocable vows, she detected the strong effluvia of the alcohol reeking from his tainted breath. After a mo-

ment's reflection, without offering a word of apology she left the room, followed by her alarmed mother and friends. Upon reaching her room she firmly declared her intention not to be married, stating that the man who could be guilty of deception and who drank spirits was not the man to whom she could entrust the keeping of her happiness. They foolishly endeavored to destroy her purpose, but in vain—she would not be married! The party broke up, the pseudo bridegroom slunk away, and the young lady rejoiced in the discovery that saved her from becoming (probably) a drunkard's wife.

To our young lady reader we observe, Go, miss, and do likewise.

A MOTHER'S DESOLATION. High are the swellings of a mother's heart as she views her children starting one after the other into the age and circumstances of manhood. All the pain and endurance of the past are forgotten in the rich flow of maternal feeling that dances through her full heart as she gazes on the fine forms of her stout, stalwart sons, or her fair and finely moulded daughters. Thought cannot conceive neither can poetry describe those feelings. They are among the richest, the purest, the most ennobling of human emotions.

Then how biting the contrast! Let death enter her family and set his pale seal on its loveliest treasure. Let him breathe with chilly breath on that matron's plants so that they wither like the frost-seared leaf at the close of summer tide! O how inexpressibly keen are her sorrowful emotions. How silently she bends under the stroke! How deep is the incurable wound! Tearless though she be, a fester is gathering at her heart-core, whose raging inflammation and sharp gnawings none can check. She is doomed to sorrow and solitude for the balance of life, and all her hopes lie centered in futurity. The past is only a fearful blank. She refuses to be comforted. Comfort indeed! Who shall comfort a stricken mother? Nay, she spurns it, and sitting down in the weeds of her grief, she thus breathes her sorrow to the winds:

"Mine home is but a blackened heap,
In the midst of a lonesome wild; [keep,
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch
Where human faces smiled.

I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,
And I worked for their infancy;
But when like a child in mine own old age,
There are none to work for me."

O, THE STEP OF LOVE.

A BALLAD.....COMPOSED BY I. T. PACKARD.

PIANO
FORTE.

O, the step of my love is more grace - ful and free Than the

fawn on the mountain, the bird on the tree; Her voice is so winning, so

gen - tle and sweet, That e - ven the nightingale may not compete! The

sun's brightest ray seems to dart from her eye, The bloom of her cheek mocks the

ro-se's soft dye,— But beau-ty I heed not, while constant shall be The

heart she has fondly de - - - vot - ed to me.

2. The high-born and proud may bind up their hair
 With pearls of rich value, to seem the more fair;
 But the ribbon of blue on the brow of my love,
 To me is more costly, is prized far above.
 For the gems that are rarest in her are combined;
 Fair truth on her lips, and sweet peace on her mind.
 Then I'll sigh not for fortune, while constant shall be
 The heart she hath fondly devoted to me.

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl. THE UNTRUTH.

—
BY DANIEL WISE.
—

'Really, Mr Edward, you are too particular—too fastidious by far. I think I can see the force of your objections to theatres, balls and card parties, but to a ship-launch I cannot comprehend why you should object.'

'It is not to the mere fact of seeing a beautiful ship kiss the green wave, the future element of its glory, that I object, but to the necessary association with crowds of ungodly persons who flock to such sights, and whose language will pain your ear and disgust your religious sensibilities. Now, I cannot offer up the petition, 'lead me not into temptation,' and then rush into such a scene, without being guilty of hypocrisy, sufficient to secure me the rebuke of my conscience and the anger of God.'

'But you are not obliged to listen, sir,' replied the voice of the fair controversialist, while its slight huskiness betokened a struggle between conviction and desire.

'True, I need not pay particular attention, but such is the noisy, boisterous mirth of hundreds who are there, that you are forced to hear many things painful to a christian heart; and, if my Elizabeth would be candid, she would confess that many a blush has mounted to her cheek through expressions noisily made at such vast and public gatherings.'

Elizabeth was silent. She was convinced, and dared not trust herself farther in argument. Her companion, observing her silence, proceeded by remarking,

'Am I not right, Elizabeth, and will you not consent for my sake, and for the sake of pure christianity, to forego any pleasure you might derive from the launch? I think I read your consent in that sweet smile that gathers on your lips. Say if it is not so?'

Half cheerfully, half reluctantly, the fair one promised not to attend the ship-launch on the following day; and full of elevated feeling and delight flowing from a consciousness of rectitude, Edward Nance returned home.

The preceding conversation took place in the front parlor of one of the neatest cottages that ever graced a lawn. It stood at the end of a long avenue formed of ancient and spreading elms, whose branches meeting above like brothers, embraced and formed a sylvan arch, screening the lounge beneath from the rays of the sun. The cottage itself stood a little back from the roadside: though small, it was elegant. Ivy crept up the walls, and embowered the windows, and ran along the thatched roof to the chimneys, while the honeysuckle formed an arch over the door. It was a fairy looking place, and the extensive garden around it told that its owner was not lacking in taste for the beautiful and fair in nature.

The occupants of the cottage were a

Mr Christy, his lady and daughter. The latter, with whom the reader has already formed some acquaintance, was about nineteen summers old: and was as fair and beautiful as any of the daughters of the island to which she belonged.

Edward Nance, her betrothed, was the son of a neighboring farmer; and was a young man of deep piety, of exalted talents, and of the highest worth—a lover of whom any sensible girl might well be proud.

The ship-launch alluded to, was that of the Princess Charlotte, the largest ship then in the British Navy. Her vast size, together with reminiscences connected with the memory of the beloved and unfortunate Princess after whom she was named, conspired to excite unwonted interest in the launch, and public feeling was raised to the highest pitch of excited curiosity.

With these necessary explanations we proceed with our story.

The morning succeeding the preceding conversation was the day of the launch. Elizabeth, though she had promised Mr Nance to abstain from attending it, could not resist the temptation of some neighboring ladies, who offered her a seat in their carriage as far as the gates of the dock-yard. She hoped, either to make the excursion unknown to her betrothed, or to soothe him by excuses afterwards. But while in the height of preparation, Edward entered. Perceiving she was going abroad, he inquired whither she intended to go.

‘O only to see Aunt Dorothy at Sea cottage,’ was the confused and hasty reply, accompanied with a brief apology for being in a hurry. Not doubting her sincerity, and having several business engagements in a neighboring town, Edward took his leave.

At eleven o'clock, Miss Christy was seated with her friends in their family carriage. At first, she felt sad and oppressed; but upon being rallied by her

companions, and getting into the stream of human beings that flowed through every lane and street, she lost her sadness in the all-pervading animation that surrounded her. It was indeed an animation to be caught. From early morn the town had poured out its torrents of life; with unceasing flow it rushed onward towards the scene of attraction, like the waters of some great river to its ocean home. The sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians of every class, from the little barefooted urchin of eight years to the jolly looking tradesman of fifty, yea, and onward to the wrinkled old man of eighty, who on his ‘last legs,’ tottered to ‘the launch.’ The carriage road was equally crowded: the peer and the baronet in their gilded chariots and with liveried footmen were there; the gentleman on his gay steed pranced proudly on, and the old farmer in his wide-wheeled wain, drawn by ‘old dobbin’ and accompanied by his untutored sons and cherry-cheeked daughters, hasted to the scene of gratification and pleasure. It seemed as if the whole country had emptied itself of its population to be present at the launch of the Princess Charlotte.

Gaily and cheerfully our party had proceeded towards the dock-yard. Retarded by the crowded state of the roads, it was half an hour after noon when they reached the gates of the yard. It lacked but half an hour to high water, the time of the launch, and it was nearly half a mile to where the vessel lay, yet bound to the stocks on which her proud form was reared. No time was therefore to be lost. Leaving their carriage, our party proceeded on foot.

About one half the distance between the gates of the dock-yard and the place of the launch, was a large ‘basin’ destined to receive the ship after she should be launched. To increase the bulk of water in the harbor; it was kept empty. A foot-bridge crossed the flood gates at

its mouth, and crowds were constantly pressing over the bridge, it being the nearest route to the ship. The harbor was filled with vessels of every size, whose constant motion, added to that of the swelling of a very high tide, pressed heavily against these gates. Yet no one dreamed of danger.

Elizabeth and her friends were on the bridge in eager haste to reach the ship in season. The flood gates had borne the pressure of the increasing waters for two hours. Their strength was now overtaxed. Suddenly they gave way—in rushed the mass of gathered waters, lashing the stony sides of that capacious basin; and they came not alone, for in its arm each freed wave bore a victim; the foot-bridge, borne over by the gates, had thrown its heedless travellers to the waters, and Elizabeth, with full sixty more, struggled with the lashing waves.

Just as the bridge gave way, a young man of noble bearing and athletic form, rushed wildly to the basin's edge. He paused, while the waves receding and returning spent their wildest fury, and then, amid the shrieks of pale standers by, he plunged in. He brought out the body of a senseless and dripping female. It was Elizabeth. Another and another yet he rescued, until boats and aid were plenty in searching the basin. Then he hurried, wet as he was, to the room where his betrothed was laid. She had given signs of life: she recovered and was removed home, but *fifty* never lived to tell the story of the launch of the Princess Charlotte.

'Elizabeth,' said Mrs Christy to her daughter, a few days after these events, 'are you prepared to see your deliverer? He has waited on you to congratulate you on your recovery.'

'What is his name, dear mother?' said the trembling girl.

'You shall see him,' she replied, and left the room.

A few moments and Mrs Christy returned accompanied by Edward. 'Let me introduce your deliverer, my dear,' said she as she handed him into her apartment.

Elizabeth turned pale as ashes, and shrieking 'Oh, Edward!' fell fainting on the sofa. A few restoratives recovered her. The matter of the untruth, of the broken promise, and of the rescue, were all talked over, and in conclusion, Elizabeth said to her betrothed, 'Forgive me the baseness of my conduct, and never will your Elizabeth be guilty of untruth again, or of a violation of your wishes.' Freely did Edward press upon her lip the kiss of forgiveness and of renewed confidence: for he believed she had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

A few evenings after this interview, as Edward sat in the parlor of Mr Christy, Mrs C. remarked,

'I should like to know by what means your steps were directed to the dock-yard so opportunely as to make you the deliverer of my daughter. Pray, Mr Edward, do tell us how it happened?'

'O yes, do tell us,' said Elizabeth, 'for I have wondered much how you came to be there just as you were?' and she shuddered as the thought stole over her, that but for his timely intervention she might have been in eternity.

With a benevolent smile Edward replied, 'My business pursuits that day led me to Queen street. Threading the foolish crowds, I arrived at last at the warehouse of Mr —. Pausing at the door, a gay laugh rung in my ears. It sounded like Elizabeth's. Impossible, thought I, it should be her. Turning round, I recognized her in the carriage with Mrs Jackson. Stunned in my feelings, I felt an indefinable apprehension for her safety creep over me. I determined to follow for her protection, and I did so, and you know the rest.'

Once more the family expressed their

gratitude to their deliverer; and once more Elizabeth repented of that untruth, and of that broken promise, which had so nearly cost her her own life, and had led to the exposure of the life of her betrothed in her behalf. And ever after she learned what every lady should learn, to be governed by stern and holy principle, rather than by feeling and imagination.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
REMEMBRANCES.

Who does not love to steal away,
From all the bustle of the day,
At twilight's mild and pensive hour,
Into some solitary bower,
And there bring back, in fancy's light,
The pleasant scenes of childhood bright.

There is a spot more dear to me
Than any other here can be;
No work of art adorns the spot,
But 'tis a lone, secluded grot,
And far removed from human ken,
Within a shady woodland glen.

A rippling rill goes murmuring there,
The birds wild, carol in the air,
The gay wild flowers in fragrance sweet,
Grow thick around my rocky seat,
And through the boughs of lofty trees
Goes whistling low the evening breeze.

Thrice happy place—I love it well;
Yea, more than language e'er can tell—
For oft when I was but a child,
I sought that spot, so lone and wild,
And there I spent the livelong day
In happy, careless, artless play.

Ah, then I had not learned to know
That with each rose a thorn must grow;
That air-built castles raised in youth,
Were struck down by the wand of Truth;
Then I was pure—I knew no pain—
Oh, could I be that child again.

And when deeply with sin oppressed,
'Twas there I sought and found my rest;
Yea, first within my lonely bower
I felt religion's heavenly power,
And there I learned to kiss the rod
In sweet communion with my God.

And later still when anguish tore
A heart which knew no grief before,
When I must leave my much loved home,
And far away 'mongst strangers roam,
Then to my grot I did repair
To pour my soul in humble prayer.

Yes, there I asked my God to bless
My feeble efforts with success;
To lead me safe unto the strand
Of virtue's fair and happy land;
And when no longer I should roam,
That he would guide me to my home.

Then shall this place e'er be forgot,
This well-beloved, this hallowed spot?
Ah, no!—though forced from it to roam,
Fond memory still calls it home:
Though blighting time may change my
frame,
May I still find my grot the same.

LA SOLITAIRE.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING
THE MIND.

BY LUTHER LEE.

The culture of the female mind is a subject which should not only interest the fair reader as her own cause, but it should interest all as the common cause of humanity, of our country, and of the world, upon which is suspended their weal or woe. I am perfectly aware of the difficulty of arresting the attention, of exciting the imagination, of rousing the passions of the soul, and of kindling the affections of the heart, with a subject like the one I have selected, amid the romances and the soul subduing love tales, in the perusal of which the fair reader has been accustomed to feel herself so much at home; but my subject is one which, if it does not melt the heart, and suffuse the eyes with tears in the perusal, will nevertheless tend to wake up and improve another class of mental faculties which will ripen into a richer harvest of intellectual pleasure, upon which the soul will

feast when these transient love dreams and gipsy tales shall all be forgotten.— These like the passing meteor arrest the attention with a sudden glare that flashes upon the mind with an overpowering intensity and then expires to leave the soul in deeper gloom, while true science is like the orb of day, rolling on from the breaking in of the morn to the full glories of noon, diffusing a less dazzling, yet wider spread and more enduring light. I propose to offer a few considerations designed to show that the cultivation of the female mind in real and substantial literature is of vast importance to herself, and to the common cause of humanity.

The first reason which I shall assign is the fact that female minds are as susceptible of intellectual culture as those that reside in a stronger wrought tenement of bone and sinew.

We need not discuss the oft debated question, whether as a general thing, females have as great mental power as males, because a decision of this question is not essential to the argument. Mental strength and susceptibility of improvement may be distinguished from each other, for it is not always the person that possesses the greatest amount of mental power, that soonest accomplishes a lesson, or that is even capable of receiving the highest intellectual polish. Whether woman has, as a whole, as much mental strength as man or not, a point I do not pretend to decide—it cannot be denied that she is as apt to learn, and capable of as high, if not a higher state of mental polish and refinement. There are many of the ornamental arts and sciences in which woman is even capable of excelling. In painting, the pencil in her soft hand cannot fail to give a more mild and lovely shade to the rose it forms, or the landscape over which it passes. In music, when her soft fingers gently touch the keys, each note melting into harmony with her own soul, pours a more melodi-

ous and spell-producing sound upon the ear. In poetry we have no doubt that woman is destined yet to excel and take the palm from the most distinguished bards. She may never, like Young, be able to tune her harp so as to chord with the voice of gloom, when

“Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound,
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps.”

She may never enjoy a visit from the muse that inspired Milton to sing of war, in which the embattled host of heaven

“Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
Light as the lightning glimps they ran, they flew;
From their foundation loosening to and fro,
They pluck’d the seated hills, with all their loads,

Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifted bore them in their hands —
Till on those cursed engines’ triple-row,
They saw themwhelmed, and all their confidence,
Under the weight of mountains buried deep.”

Yet woman may tune her harp to softer themes, and sing of the triumphs of virtue, in strains which shall be suited to a brighter period in the history of creation—her soft spirit may yet indite the songs that shall welcome the bright millennial morn.

Now the fact that God has thus endowed the female mind with faculties capable of such improvement, cannot fail to convince the candid of the importance of giving it that culture of which the Creator has rendered it susceptible.

A second reason which I shall urge on this subject, is the fact that mental culture greatly increases the amount of human enjoyment. Mental culture strengthens, expands and gives more ample scope to the intellectual faculties, and thereby increases the amount of happiness. That it is important to promote the happiness of the softer sex as it is the happiness of men will not be denied, hence, I have only to show that mental training does increase the amount of human enjoyment. It should be borne in mind that all human

beings can enjoy more than brutes, is of an intellectual character. All that portion of our pleasures which depend upon the gratification of our animal propensities is common to the brute race, for the indulgence of which they are as amply furnished as ourselves, so that, in point of animal pleasure, we have no advantage over them. Our only advantage in point of happiness, lies in our capacity to enjoy intellectual pleasures; and that here lies the source of the better portion of our delights, is obvious from the fact that our beneficent Creator has made our animal enjoyments as uncertain as the variable scenes of our earthly allotment, and as short lived as wasting immortality; while he has made our intellectual enjoyments as imperishable as the mind itself, which shall soar when the body shall sink, and in its upward course gather new intellectual joys from the contemplation of ethereal worlds, and from a survey of the high and flowery plains of heaven. If then it be so plain that those pleasures which are intellectual, constitute the more important part of human happiness, it only remains to show that mental culture increases both the capacity and the means for mental enjoyment.

What constitutes the basis of intellectual enjoyment? Is it not sound knowledge? It must be, unless it be shown that falsehood and error promote our happiness. If, then, sound knowledge be the basis of intellectual pleasure, she who has a highly cultivated mind, other circumstances being equal, is happier than she whose portion is that allotted to the untaught savage female, just in proportion as her knowledge is more certain, and the circle of her mental vision more expansive. As the mind derives, at least a part of its pleasure from knowing, it must follow that the pleasure thus derived is in proportion to the certainty of the information which the mind passes, and clearness with which it conceives the objects

of its pleasurable contemplation. Now it is too obvious to need proof, that the uncultivated mind cannot view objects with the eye of a philosopher, cannot reason with the mind of a logician, and cannot demonstrate with the rules of a mathematician, hence, doubts and uncertainty becloud the mental vision, and shade the objects of contemplation, and, of course, render the mental enjoyment proportionately dull and insipid.

Again, mental culture increases intellectual enjoyment by enlarging the sphere of mental exercise, and by increasing the objects of pleasurable contemplation.— Nothing can be more plain than that the mind cannot gather pleasure from without the circle of its knowledge, and hence, the uncultivated, the unread, can derive no pleasures out of the immediate path in which she treads, while she who has a highly cultivated mind, brings her pleasures from far, and though confined to a domestic circle, in her mind she holds converse with the inhabitants of distant lands, reaps pleasures from fertile plains and flowery lawns she never saw, surveys the oriental world, and careers in a mental revelry amid the scenes that make up the history of long departed centuries.— These considerations cannot fail to convince the considerate that mental improvement must tend to increase the amount of human happiness, and what fair reader will admit that her happiness is not of as much importance as the happiness of the other sex? The heathen, barbarous notion that the softer sex were made merely to promote the happiness of man, is unbecoming the light and refinement of this age; the doctrine now to be embraced, is that woman was made to enjoy as well as to be enjoyed. ●

A third reason in the use of which I shall attempt to enforce the importance of a high state of intellectual culture for the better half of human nature, is the influence which woman exerts upon the

character of man, and the destiny of our rising nation. It cannot be denied that woman does much towards moulding the character of man, and according to the culture and elevation of her mind will be the general standard of community.—Because God and nature have not fitted woman for all the work assigned to the other sex, we are not to conclude from thence that she has nothing to do, nothing but to live, live to enjoy herself, or to smile on man for his delight. She not only has a work to do, but she exerts a transforming influence upon man, her heart has its feelings and passions, her voice has its charm, her gentle touch can move the springs which stir the harder heart and stronger nerve of man, which, in their turn, move the nation and exert an influence on the destiny of the world. Woman's sphere is not so conspicuous as man's, but this gives her the greater advantage; intrenched as she is in the domestic circle secure from successful assault, from behind the sacred inclosure, she may send out the healing influence of woman's soul to relieve the distressed, to dry up the fountains of ill, and to bless the nation and the world. But who does not see that the character of that influence must depend upon the culture of the female mind, darkness cannot send out light, ignorance cannot impart wisdom, and degradation and corruption cannot exert an influence which shall elevate and refine others.

But what gives female influence an advantage over every other influence, is the circumstance that it is first brought to bear upon the mind, before either habits or principles have been imbibed to dispute its sway. Nature herself has thrown us all into the tender arms and upon the throbbing bosom of our mothers to receive our first impressions; impressions too, which are most abiding, and which will exert an influence over the mind through all the walks of after life.

Our mothers and our sisters are the first instructors of man, have the first moulding of the human mind, and if so, how important it is that their own minds should be properly cultivated. Like produces like, feeling produces feeling, and views beget kindred views, hence, as is the standard of female culture and refinement, so will be the first impressions made upon the mind of man, and such will be the direction given to him as he is sent forth into the world from woman's fostering hand. Not only so but the very relation man sustains to the softer sex, gives a sacredness to these first impressions which renders them as abiding as life. What man ever forgot that he had a mother, and who was ever so depraved as to despise a sister's tender regards?—While the mind of man receives its first impressions from the plastic hand of a mother, as she breathes the tenderness of her own soul upon his, that she may render it more susceptible of impression, it cannot be denied that the character of the impression she produces must depend upon the degree of her own mental and moral cultivation and refinement. How important it is then that every female possesses an enlightened and highly cultivated mind. Nor need any of my fair readers think that they may excuse themselves from useful, thorough, mental and moral culture, on the ground that they do not now sustain all of these important relations, for whatever their relations may be in society their own happiness and their success in promoting the happiness of others must depend upon their mental and moral culture. Not only so, but these morning dreams of youth will soon fade from the imagination, and time with his faithful hand will engrave the more substantial realities and responsibilities of life upon the soul in the events of riper years, and now is the time to prepare to meet these responsibilities before they come upon you.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***MOURNING ORPHAN.***On seeing a beautiful little Orphan Weeping over the Grave of her Mother.*

See yonder rosebud mourn the parent stem
 Whilst the rich tear-drops wet her lovely cheek,
 More costly far than India's pearly gem;
 But yet the child of misery bespeak.

The fond remembrance of a mother's care
 Must ever, ever live within thy breast;
 The love thou mourn'st will hold its altar there,
 Though thou hast lost of earthly friends the best.

Yet weep no more, but raise thy thoughts above;
 Pour forth thy prayers, and leave this spot of grief,
 For thou mayst claim a heavenly Parent's love,
 And He alone can give thy heart relief.

But wilt thou weep and cherish all thy fears?
 And must I leave the mourner sunk in woe?
 Farewell!—may heaven soon dry thy flowing tears,
 And calm religion leave its genuine glow.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***THE OBJECTS OF READING.**

Every philanthropist, as he desires the universal diffusion of knowledge, must rejoice at the multiplication of books.—But when, as philanthropists, we look at the vast amount of trash which light brained, inconsiderate, or misanthropic novelists are pouring forth upon the world; and when we consider the craving desire of some for these productions in preference to the true and beneficial, our minds cannot be affected with pleasure:

The object of all reading is one or the other of these three: the acquisition of knowledge, the improvement of the understanding, or the gratification of the fancy. The mere man of business per-

haps reads mostly for the acquisition of knowledge. A gentleman or lady wishing for present pleasure and future usefulness, reads also for the purpose of improving the understanding, as well as acquiring knowledge; and in works adapted to these, frequently finds opportunity to give free range to the imagination—thus letting the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of the intellect, and the gratification of the fancy, all have their proper attention. To such a reader, works affording not the former two, yield no pleasure in the last.

It remains to notice the reader who seeks the gratification of his fancy—of whose reading this is the highest object; and it needs not to be said that novels are his favorite and chief reading. These are the works which he admires. He loves such works as cut loose the reins of his fancy, and let it rove unconfined in a world of its own make. He delights to be surrounded with beings whose existence lives only in the imagination.—To him truth is insipid—it has lost its power. Delineations of real life he admires not. Sober facts have no charms for him. He seeks something exciting—something, as he thinks, of more energy than simple truth. Mistaken man!—Such reading as he seeks unhinges the mind, disqualifies it for sober reasoning and deep thought, gives it a disrelish for every thing serious, renders it less equanimous, blunts the finer sensibilities of the soul, makes the reader irritable when his own feelings are crossed, but callous with regard to the feelings of others, and thus lessens his capability of receiving enjoyment from the plain matter of fact world, or of imparting joy to others.

Young ladies, perhaps, have more of this kind of reading laid before them than young men, but happily some have learned wisdom from the experience of others. Having observed the ill effects of such reading upon others, they abstain from it,

and give their preference to reading of a more solid character. Would that the number of such prudent selectors were many times increased.

Young ladies, when you take a book into your hands, what is your object?—Do you read merely to gratify your fancy?—Be careful, lest, continuing in this course, it prove a snare to you, and in the end “vanity and vexation of spirit”—for be assured that the character of your chosen reading will be the model of your minds. The scenes which we every day view around us do not more certainly leave their image in our recollections, than does our reading leave its true impress in our minds. Novel reading is to the mind nearly what alcoholic drinks are to the body. It attracts but to deceive, elevates but to depress, and excites but to benumb. Do you speak of any who have been benefitted by reading novels? I might in turn point you to the good resulting from alcohol. But what is it? How does it compare with the evil?—You have seen and understood. Or I might speak of one made rich by buying lottery tickets: but would it be safe for others to engage in the same enterprise with an expectation of meeting with like success? I need not answer. You yourselves know well, that for one made rich might be shown hundreds of losers. So among novel readers, there may be some few in the wide world who have been benefitted, but the number of injured is manifold greater. As, then, you value your time—as you value your moral and social feelings—as you value your intellectual powers—as you value every thing which distinguishes rational beings from brutes, abstain from novel reading, and choose in its stead such reading as is calculated to enlarge and invigorate the intellect, and store the mind with useful knowledge. J. A.

A soft word turneth away wrath.

PICTURE OF REAL LIFE.

Woman! she wandered all this desert thro'
In search of happiness, nor found repose
Till she had reached the borders of this
waste.

Full many a flower that blossomed in her
path,

She stooped to gather, and the fruit she
pluck'd

That hung from many a tempting bough
—all but

The rose of Sharon and the tree of life.

This flung its fragrance to the gale, and
spread

Its blustering beauties; that its healing
leaves

Display'd, and fruit immortal all in vain.

She neither tasted nor admired—and found

All that she chose and trusted fair but false!

The flowers no sooner gathered than they
faded,

The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness,
And all the world a wilderness of care.

Wearied, dispirited, and near the close

Of this eventful course, she sought the plant
That long her needless heart o'erlook'd,

and proved

Its sovereign virtues; underneath its shade,
Outstretch'd, drew from her wounded feet

the thorns,

Shed the last tear, breathed the last sigh,
and then

Being aged, fell asleep in death. E.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE DELUGE.

Imagine the horrors of that morning when the sun arose, for the last time, on a world soon to be overwhelmed in ruin and destruction. Rising, perhaps, encircled with mists, it spread a red and lowering aspect and an ominous glare above the tops of the eastern mountains. All nature was silent—not a breath was heard; not a leaf trembled to the breeze; not a zephyr fanned the air; not a voice broke the solemn stillness. It seemed as if all creation—as if the powers above and powers beneath were waiting in breathless expectation, to behold the fearful issue, and to witness the awful display of retributive justice which the Omnipotent was about to make. During this period of suspense, behold yonder group crossing the extended plain, and directing their course towards the ark. Imagine the feelings of Noah and his family at this juncture; about to

be separated from those whom for years they had known and conversed with ; some of whom, perhaps, were related by blood ; and between whom and the younger branches of the family strong affection might exist. No more are they to behold their faces ; no more are they to mingle in their society ; no more are they to blend their sympathies ; no more to enjoy the endearments of friendship. Keen must have been their feelings in such a moment as this—acute their sensibilities—while looking over the face of creation and contemplating the lovely scenes around them, they reflected that in a few hours all would be one watery waste—one ocean without a shore ; while friends, neighbors and acquaintance would be buried beneath the remorseless waves. Yet, with this mournful feeling would there mingle those of a more pleasing nature, and, as in the most cheerless season, when a universal gloom overspreads the face of nature, even the sun will at successive intervals dart his enlivening beams through the thick and intervening mists, and for a moment gild the dreary scene with his radiant glories ; so may we fancy the bright dawns of hope would flash upon their souls, and the pleasurable feelings of gratitude thrill through their bosoms when they thought of their own security and of the happier fate in reserve for them. They now reach the ark—they enter in—and, safely lodged within its ample space, they close the door, and await the crisis. Soon the silence is broken ; the wind begins to rise, and in hollow tones it rebellows through the air ; the trees which before were moveless, now begin to bend in all directions ; the gloom increases ; the rain descends ; every moment it grows more dark, and dreary, and awful ; the blackness of midnight advances ; the clouds pour their watery store in tremendous torrents, and fearful is the scene ; the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, the brilliant glare illumines the sky, and serves to show the dreadful scenes now taking place. No longer is heard the voice of merriment ; no longer resounds the voice of revelry ; but shrieks of despair

and cries of terror pierce the sky, and are only drowned by the successive peals of heaven's artillery rolling in awful accents through the air. The ill-fated inhabitants of earth fly in all directions, but only rush to destruction ; the waves pursue and overwhelm them forever beneath the angry surges. They escape to the house-tops but in vain ; their habitations are washed from their foundations ; they fall into the watery abyss, or if they stand firm on their bases, the rising waters reach their summit, and they are lost beneath the swelling and unbounded ocean. The mountains now form the last resource. Here, at least, the wretched beings hope to find a secure retreat, but they hope in vain ; the raging billows pursue, the torrents still descend, the floods increase, one after another is swept away, and a few only remain climbing to the tops of the loftiest elevations.—Behold yon assemblage : two wretched parents and a numerous family compose the whole. With incredible labor they have almost reached the summit, and their hopes brighten, and their hearts begin to exult ; alas ! how soon to experience a bitter reverse ! how soon to share the universal doom ! The un pitying waves, as if to make their last effort, sweep with impetuous fury over the ascending group, and they are washed away. Two only remain who have gained the loftiest point—a manly youth, virtuous and honorable, who, in the midst of temptation and vice had kept himself unpol luted, and had, to the best of his light and knowledge, endeavored to fulfil the end of his existence, and to obey the laws of his Maker. He had safely borne to this amazing height the wife of his bosom, young, beautiful, and like himself, virtuous and pious. Fondly had he hoped to escape, and persevering were his efforts to attain his present elevation. But still the waters rise ; the billows rage at a little space beneath their feet, and one moment more must seal their fate. To the All-merciful they committed their immortal spirits ; the waters overwhelmed them, and, folded in each other's arms, they sunk to rise no more.

'Twas done—the judgment was complete. On the face of the earth no living creature remained. The powers of hell looked with malignant joy on the dire destruction, and the discordant yells of triumph resounded through the dreary abodes and caverns of despair. The sons of God, who commemorated in joyful strains the birth of nature, and who had viewed with astonishment and awe the dreadful scene, seized their golden harps, which hung quivering by their side, and, sweeping the immortal strings, sung the retributive justice of the Omnipotent. Meanwhile the ark majestically floated on the surface of the swelling tide—a striking emblem of the Church of Christ, who though exposed in the ocean of human life, and tossed by the waves and billows of affliction, shall eventually weather out every difficulty; and with waving colors and triumphant port, shall enter the haven of everlasting repose, where a long and eternal calm shall succeed, and the tempest and the storm shall rage no more. I. K. S.

ORIENTAL APOTHEGMS.

Vain is science to her who has not adorned the feet of the ineffable Being, who every where exists.

She who does good, and whose heart is pure, has known the essence of virtue; foolish ceremonies are no part of it.

The truly great forgive an injury; they do good even to their enemies.

Politeness and modesty are becoming in all, but especially in those whom fortune has raised above others.

She who, mistress of trees with ripe and juicy fruit, eats only of the green and hard, is a fool. Then why speak with modesty when it is as easy to express oneself with sweetness and kind words? Affability is the ornament of power; pride only becomes the unfortunate. Who would attempt to chain the wild buffalo with a garland of flowers? She is not more wise who would pacify the brutal and the proud by reason. A.

THE WORLD.

The world's a book writ by the eternal art Of the great Author; printed in man's heart; 'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penned; And th' errata will appear at th' end. B.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

Two young officers, belonging to the same regiment, aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms or a more polished address into the drawing-room.

Yet there was a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them, at least, concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference, and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features, as Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the more agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the most nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, (and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for

him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher; so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rites of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? Oh! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter, Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly and as ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as husband, as a brother.

The only point which Matilda differed from her father was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

'Let us, my dear father,' she would entreatingly say, 'be free at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement. We are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right.'

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst, like the demon of war from a thunder cloud,

upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous rose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist, but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation with respect to Matilda should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras had taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is bro't to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march; but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sun-bright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear.—The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace strains forward as with a last effort, and seems but to have enough of strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream, the shout, the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has past. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful bat-

tle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down, slowly and silently, the list of the dead and maimed.

'Can you, my dear girl,' said he, tremulously, 'bear to hear very bad news?'

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word, 'Read.'

'Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing.'

'Horrible!' exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

'And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded, too,' said the father.

Matilda made no reply; but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank, as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He tho't that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately as she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

'Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance,' said he; and immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been intrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously wounded, at a farm-house on the continent, and that, in fact, he had suffered a severe amputation.

'Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by the miniature?' exclaimed Sir Oliver.

'O, he had lost it to a notorious sharp-

er, at a gaming-house in Brussels, on the eve of the battle; which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it, would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge.— Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him.'

'What an insult!' thought Sir Oliver.

'What an escape!' exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

'Talking of miniatures,' resumed the officer, 'a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger.'

'His name?' exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

'Is Albert; he is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert.'

'Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars,' said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

'O, I do not know them minutely,' said he, 'but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breastplate, and broke the force of a musket-ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten.'

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost; whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an in-

dignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned; and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda.—She remembered 'the broken miniature,' and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening—there was no other company—the sun was setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect which the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there.—Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

'Come, Albert, the story of the miniature,' said Sir Oliver.

'What! fully, truly and unreservedly?' said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

'Of course.'

'Offence or no offence?' said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

'Whom could the tale possibly offend?' said Sir Oliver.

'That I am yet to learn. Listen.'

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was superfluous. She seemed to have lost every other faculty but hearing. Albert, in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:

'I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not, I would not attempt to conquer; but my actions honor bade me control, and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist, a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion; and when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

'I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting-place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then.—On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand, and come the worst—better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I intrusted to God; and—shall I own it?—for a few tears to my memory. I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion.'

'She must have had a heart of ice had she refused them,' said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued: 'Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart, but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken,

the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life itself shall desert me.'

'May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and protected a heart so noble?' said Matilda, in a low, distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud, 'Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well, my long beloved!'

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—'A father's heartfelt blessing.'

For the Ladies' Pearl.

WOMAN.

O thou! by heaven ordained to be
Arbitress of man's destiny,
From thy warm heart one tender sigh,
One glance from thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend him at thy will
To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill!

Be angel-mind'd! and despise
Thy sex's little vanities;
And let not passion's lawless tide
Thy better purpose sweep aside—
For woe awaits the hour
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-entrusted power.

Woman!—'tis thine to cleanse his heart
From every gross, unholy part;
Thine in domestic solitude
To win him to be wise and good;
His pattern, guide and friend to be,
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee.

B.

BLISS.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each thro' endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

MATILDA MORGAN.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

T. Moore.

Sad indeed are the prospects of man, if in this life alone he have hope! The sun may rise clear and brilliant, but soon it will be obscured by clouds and tempests, or sink to rest in a dark and gloomy night. Hopes may spring up like the blooming flowers of spring, but soon they wither and die. Joys may cluster around thicker than grapes on the spreading vine, but they soon are gone, and we are found with only the cup of sorrow pressed to our lips:—Pleasure may show before us her beautiful, attractive form, and ring in our ears her syren song; but as soon as a threatening cloud darkens the horizon, she flees to a secure retreat, and leaves us alone to encounter trials and disappointments. Contentment may for a moment smooth our brow with her soothing hand, but soon she leaves us, 'a prey to care' and disquietude. Happiness may also occasionally visit our abode, and cast a smile upon us which will cause our hearts to exult and sing, but soon darting pains or anxious thoughts dissipate the delight, and she leaves us more wretched by contrast than before. A beautiful prospect of life frequently rises before us in the distance, as the mirage in the desert before the thirsty traveller; but we find the former as illusory as he does the latter. Friendship entwines its tender ties around our hearts, but frequently they are torn away by some rude hand, or sundered by death. Friends gather around as a thick, invincible phalanx, but either adversity frightens them away, or death hurries them to the tomb. Sometimes it seems as if the world was all against us, and combined to make us miserable and unhappy; and unless supported by the hope of immortality and eternal life in a better state of existence, we sicken and die.

The above reflections were called forth on visiting the lowly abode and dying bed of one whom I had known in former days, and seen moving in the gay circle, or swimming in the giddy dance. Then all was joy, hilarity and delight; and the most brilliant prospects for a long and happy life, surrounded with friends, loaded with wealth and luxuries, showed themselves in the opening vista of coming years. How sad was the contrast! Matilda Morgan was the eldest daughter of parents possessing an income not large, but still sufficient to enable them to take a stand in the first circles of the place where they resided.—They were kind-hearted, respectable people—very fond of their children; and they took all pains, and made every sacrifice for their good, or what they considered such. Matilda repaid their care with the strictest filial obedience and warmest love. No doubt her parents sincerely desired and sought her happiness, but like the greater portion of the world, they sought in a wrong manner. Instead of teaching her to expect happiness alone in doing the will of God, and walking humbly before Him, they encouraged her to seek it in the world, and to try to satisfy the immortal desires of the undying spirit with the trash of earth. Instead of teaching her to cast her vision beyond the bounds of time, far into the eternal world, they taught her to confine her pursuits and bound her desires within the narrow compass of earth. Instead of encouraging her to lean upon the arm of God in adversity and prosperity, in sickness and health, in life and in death, they taught her to trust in ‘uncertain riches’ and friends as frail as herself. Instead of warning her to lay up a treasure in the skies which would endure when the world and the sparkling heavens shall pass away, they taught her to lay up treasure on earth—a treasure from which she must soon be torn by death’s relentless hand. Although educated thus, we cannot say she was not amiable, lovely and virtuous, for she was taught to cultivate the finer feelings of the human heart—to cherish a reverence for the ordinances of religion, and a respect

for piety. Far, too, had she found her way along the flowery paths of science, which ever refine and elevate the mind. But the highest ambition of her mother was to see her, as she approached womanhood, eligibly settled under such circumstances as to secure her a home surrounded with all the luxuries and pleasures of life.

Accidentally Matilda fell in company with a young man, who had just come into possession of a very large estate by the death of a near relative. Struck with her beauty and worth, he paid his addresses to her, which of course were received, his riches being sufficient pledge of his character and moral worth. But though he soon offered her his hand in marriage, she hesitated in some degree about accepting it, as her knowledge of his character was far from perfect, not having had either time or opportunity to read the deep motives and secret principles of the heart.—What she knew of him, she had learned in a very short time, during which her eyes had been too much dazzled by the tinsel of wealth which he had exhibited, to be very scrutinizing. But having been taught, as before observed, to consider wealth the ‘summum bonum’ of life, which, added to the importunities of parents and some officious friends, induced her, though somewhat against her better judgment, to give her hand ere her heart was more than half won.

And here I would invite the fair reader to stop a moment and ponder and resolve never to run into either of the faults here committed. Resolve never to commit the keeping of your heart to any one, until his character is perfectly known, nor give your heart to him who does not previously possess your best affections. Suffer not your fancy or imagination to be captivated by show and wealth, and think that will render you happy amid the clouds and storms of life. Beware, too, that extravagance and prodigality are not palmed off upon you under the guise of magnanimity and generosity. As you value peace of mind, the blessings of friendship, and the refined joys of wedded life, take warning.

As you would shun the necessity of shedding burning tears over a lost and ruined husband, and perhaps of begging your own bread, take not such a rash step. And, parents, if you do not wish to see your daughter leading a miserable, wretched life, and finally sinking under the withering influence of consumption to an untimely grave, sacrifice her not on the altar of ambition and wealth.

But the wedding day is fixed; the lovely and innocent is led to the hymenial altar amid the demonstrations of joy. All seemed to participate in the pleasure of the scene, although there were sad presentiments in the minds of some which threw a momentary gloom over the countenance, as a passing cloud in a bright spring day throws a slight gloom over the lovely landscape. Rich, voluptuous strains of music floated on the bosom of the breeze, which seemed as if hushed in reverence of the solemn ceremony. The festive dance, prolonged to a late hour, closed the scene. That scene was almost the close of bright days and joyous hours to the bride.—The wedding party has dispersed: their last greetings have been exchanged with Matilda, and their parting blessings bestowed upon her. The preparations for the bride's departure for her new home have been made; she has dropped the silent farewell tear over childhood's loved scenes; a mother's parting kiss and father's blessing have been bestowed; the hands of brothers and sisters have been wrung in anguish; Curlew too has received his farewell caress, and Matilda, with a heart swimming with emotion and eyes suffused in tears, has left the paternal roof and endeared happy fireside; she has seen as the carriage bore her away, her youthful home receding in the dim distance; the majestic elm, under whose shade she has spent so many joyous youthful hours, has faded from her view, and now she is far from her early home in a land of strangers.

But I will not attempt to describe her feelings, knowing I should utterly fail, excited as they were not only by the above named circumstances, but by the gloomy

uncertainty which hung over the manner in which she might be treated by him to whom she had committed the keeping of her earthly happiness. Neither will I tax the reader's patience with a detail of the minute circumstances of the story, but will hasten on to the sequel.

She soon found that he to whom she had united her destiny was unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and recreant to the vows voluntarily taken before high heaven. He was destitute of refinement in his views and feelings, and without either magnanimity or nobleness of soul. Instead of considering a wife as his equal, his companion and counsel, a participator in all his joys and sorrows, whose interest was his own, he looked upon her rather as a servant, a thing to gratify his passions, a mere convenient piece of household furniture. Let me rather sit in the shade of an iceberg, or a wreath of snow, than be connected with such a grovelling, sordid wretch! I leave you to judge with how much sorrow she learned that his character was far from being established on the immutable principles of virtue; that he was in the habit of visiting the tavern oftener than business need to call him; that sometimes he was found at the gaming table.—In fine, she learned in a few months, that he was an idle spendthrift, and that his property, though immense, was likely to be squandered in a few short years. Years roll on, during which Matilda lives in splendor, but not in peace. She beholds at a distance the gathering cloud of ruin which would burst upon them, and she raises her warning voice, and puts forth her feeble efforts to avert the impending calamity; but her voice is disregarded—her efforts are unavailing. Her husband's character, manners and habits grow worse and worse; while from his dissipation and frequent losses in gambling, together with his neglect of business, his property dwindles away faster than the western forest recedes before the woodman's axe, until soon after the sun had made his tenth annual circuit from the time of their marriage, he failed and became almost a bank-

rupt. Desperate, and almost frantic at beholding his property sold under the hammer, and himself reduced nearly to the condition of a beggar, he forged a note of considerable value, was detected, tried and sentenced to state prison.

Whilst this tragedy was being acted, I had been in a distant part of the country, and consequently had learned only here and there a prominent point as act after act was developed; but returning a few months after the final catastrophe, I hastened to find the one whom I had known in the sunny years of youth and prosperity, and who had been called to take such a mournfully affecting part in this scene.—I found her, as intimated in the commencement, in an humble cottage, which she had saved enough, aided by friends, from her husband's ruined property to purchase and furnish. Hither had she retired, with her two cherub children, broken-hearted. The shock was too much for her: almost every thing, except her children, on which she had placed her affections and built her hopes, having been swept away by the descending storm. Sorrow preyed upon her heart, and consumption soon spread its hectic flush over her wasted cheeks. In this condition I found her, only, since being sick and wasting away, she had turned her attention to another world, and endeavored, though at the eleventh hour, to lay up a treasure there. She had proved the vanity of all earthly things; and finally in the hour of sickness had found peace and comfort by believing in Christ, which she never knew in the palmiest days of life. But it is unnecessary to relate particulars: it will be sufficient to say, that in a few weeks she bid adieu to earth, and her happy spirit took its flight to its native heaven in the skies.

N.

THE HIGHLANDS.

BEAUTIFUL HIGHLANDS! Where the waters lave
Your cloven feet, the nodding wild flower grows;
There smiles the image of red, the marsh-rose,
In the blue mirror of the singing wave,

And there the violet makes its early grave;
There too the cowslip peeps above the snow;
But on your summit sits wild majesty,
And throws her mantle over your rock-ribbed sides.
And the proud river in her wandering tides
Makes pictures of your gorgeous drapery;
We gaze on you with wonder and with pride,
And a high place 'mid earth's sublimest things
Is set apart for you. Here shall ye still abide,
When every sun-bright land her richest tribute brings. S. C. E.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

What is so beautiful as childhood?—Where can we find such purity and frankness, such an absence of all selfishness, as in the love of children? And where does that love exist, deeper or sweeter or more like that of heaven than when between a brother and a sister?

Both brother and sister! what a spell in the very words! How they bring up to our mind visions of days long past, and such, alas! as we shall never see again; when, with that dear one who is now in heaven, singing among the white-robed choir around the throne of God, we wandered over hill and dale, through fields of waving corn and meadows of the freshest grass—and all the while drinking into our souls sensations we could not then understand, but which we now know sprung from that sympathy which exists between us and every beautiful thing in nature, and which, beginning at the humblest flower, links together all inanimate and animate creation, ascending step by step from tree to breathing thing, from breathing thing to man, from man to the angels, and so through cherubim and seraphim and archangel, up to the highest intelligence who veils his face before the effulgence of the great I AM. We little knew the reason then, but we felt how sweet it was to wander thus—often from morning until night—threading the old wood, or gathering flowers on the lea, or playing merrily beneath some shady grove, or loitering perchance at noon-day beside the stream, to gaze at the silvery trout glancing far down in the cool depths, or hanging like a motionless statue close under the mossy rocky caves that skirted the banks. Oh! those were delicious hours. Arm in arm would we sit, scarce speaking a word for hours, but

with a thousand sweet though indescribable emotions at our hearts, until a dreamy quiet would creep over our souls like that which lapped the poet into Elysium. The very sighing of the wind among the trees would become lower and softer, until it died away with a tone as mellow as that of a flute at midnight. The current would sweep noiselessly at our feet, save when it whirled by some projecting rock, or babbled over a pebbly bar on the bosom of the stream. Now the whirr of a woodcock might be heard, and now the whistle of a wild pigeon broke clear and silvery on the silence.— Often the long tresses of the overhanging willows drooped down around us until they slept upon the waters, while ever and anon the noon-tide breeze would rustle the neighboring trees, and a sound would go up like the whispers of a company of angels. How often have we thought that in these low mysterious tones might exist a meaning of which we little dream, a language as full of adorations as it is of harmony. But be that as it may, is not all nature an instrument from which the fingers of God are drawing perpetual music? The roar of the surf, the whisper of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest, the gurgling of the stream, the song of the bird, the low of kine, the rain gently pattering among the forest leaves, and the thunder wheeling and rattling among the hills, are all notes in that great anthem of praise which continually goes up from earth—an anthem which is swelled by the music of satellites and worlds, ay! of a revolving universe, sweeping sphere on sphere beyond the ken of man. All creation is but one vast whole, engaged day and night in hymning Jehovah's praise.

Brother and sister! Alas! we are alone. Manhood has left us of that happy time only these emotions—first felt in the companionship of that now sainted being. But never shall we forget those days. They are linked in with our being. How many sweet emotions, how many lasting impressions, how many glimpses of the beautiful and true were drawn into our souls in that joyous time of innocence and youth. And how all seem the sweeter, the holier, and more enduring from the associations connected with them. Oh! tell us not of other's love, it cannot surpass that of a sister. What can be purer than her little carresses, what can be more heavenly than her

smile? Years have passed since the days when we thus wandered together, and the cares of the world have eaten like a canker into our heart, but the memory of that sister's kindness and the consciousness of her affection, have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness. And they will continue with us, thank God! until we too shall have done with the toils of life.—*Graham's Magazine.*

From the Lady's Book.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF SIR
WALTER SCOTT,
At Dryburgh Abbey.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Rest with the noble dead,
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Where sleep the peer, and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Along the statued aisle;
Where stain'd with rust of buried years
The old sarcophagus appears
In mould imbedded deep;
And Scotia's skies of sparkling blue
Stream the oriel windows through
Where ivied masses creep;
While touched with symmetry sublime
The moss-clad towers that mock at Time
Their mouldering legends keep.

And yet, methinks, thou should'st have
chose

Thy latest couch at fair Melrose,
Whence burst thy first most ardent song,
And swept with wildering force along
Where Tweed in silver flows.
There, the young moonbeams quivering
faint,
O'er mural tablet sculptur'd faint,
Reveal a lordly race,
And knots of roses, richly wrought,
And tracery, light as poet's thought,
The cluster'd columns grace.

There good king David's rugged mien
Fast by his faithful spouse is seen,
And 'neath the stony floor,
Lie chiefs of Douglas' haughty breast

Contented now, to take their rest,
And rule their kings no more.

It was a painful sight to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay,
The rose-trees climbing there so bold,
The ripening fruits, in rind of gold,
And thou, their lord, away.

I saw the lamp, with oil unspent,
O'er which thy thoughtful brow was bent,
When erst with magic skill
Unearthly beings heard thy call,
And sitting spectres throng'd the hall,
Obedient to thy will.

That fair domain was all thine own,
From stately roof, to threshold stone;
But did'st thou lavish pay,
The coin, that caused life's wheels to stop?
The heart's-blood oozing drop by drop,
Thro' the worn brain away?

I said the lamp unspent was there,
The books arranged in order fair;
Yet none of all thy kindred race
Found in those lordly halls a place:—
Thine only son, in foreign lands
Led boldly on his martial bands,
And stranger-lips, unmoved and cold,
The history of thy mansion told.

They lauded glittering brand and spear,
And costly gifts of prince and peer,
And broad claymore, with silver dight,
And hunting-horn of border-knight;
What were such gauds to me?

More dear had been one simple word
From those whose veins, thy blood had
stirred

To Scotia's accents free.

Yet one* there was, in humble cell,
A poor retainer, lone and old,
Who of thy youth remembered well
And many a treasured story told;
And pride, upon her wrinkled face

*The widow of old Mr. Purdy, who in her humble dwelling on the premises at Abbotsford, told with touching affection, stories of the early life of Sir Walter, and of his sorrowfully changed appearance, after his return from travelling on the Continent.

Blent strangely with the trickling tear,
As memory from its choicest place
Brought forth in deep recorded trace
Thy boyhood's gambols dear:—
Or pointed out with trembling hand
Where erst thy garden-seat did stand,
When thou, returned from travel vain,
Wrapped in thy plaid and pale with pain,
Did'st gaze, with vacant eye,
For stern disease had drank the fount
Of mental vision dry.

Ah! what avails, with giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour,
One moment write with sparkling eye,
Our name on castled turrets high,
And yield, the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

And now, farewell, thou, who did'st sweep
Away, the damps of ages deep,
And fire, with wild, baronial strain
The harp of chivalry again.
Thou, who did'st wake, from shore to
shore,

Bleak Caledonia's mountains hoar,
Her blue lakes bosomed 'neath their shade,
Her sheep-folds dotted o'er the glade,
Her rills, with music leaping down,
The perfume of her heather brown,
Familiar as their native glen
To differing tribes of distant men,
Patriot and bard!—old Scotia's care
Shall keep thine image fresh and fair;
Embalming to remotest time,
The Shakspeare of her tuneful clime.

To fix Drawings in Chalk and Crayons.—The Marquis de Varennes has recently discovered a method, which is equally simple and ingenious, of giving to drawings in pencil and crayons the fixity of painting, and without injury. He succeeded in obtaining this result by varnishing them on the back, that is, by spreading over the back of the paper an alcoholic solution of white gum-lac. This solution quickly penetrates the paper, and enters even into the marks of the crayon on the other side. The alcohol quickly evaporates, so that in an instant all the light dust from the crayons and chalk, which resembles that on the wings of a butterfly, adheres so firmly to the paper

that the drawing may be rubbed and carried about without the least particle being effaced. Such is the process invented by M. Varennes; the following are the accurate proportions of the solution: Ten grammes of common gum-lac are dissolved in a hundred and twenty grammes of alcohol; the liquid is afterwards bleached with animal charcoal. For the same purpose may be used even the ready-made paint that can be purchased at the color shops, containing a sixth of white lac, and adding two thirds of rectified spirits of wine. After it has been filtered, there is nothing further to be done than to spread a layer of either of these solutions at the back of the drawings, in order to give them the solidity required.—*Moniteur Industriel.*

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget,
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met:
Nor the green home to memory dear,
Its sorrows or its joys,
Which called the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime
To me it brought alloys
Ne'er dreamed of in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
Like leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forevermore!—
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thro'ts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

THE SUN.

Complete, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

The following lines are from the pen of a female friend, and though not destined for the public, I have thought they might be worthy of an insertion in the Pearl.

N.

A HOME SCENE AT SUNSET.

Home has its beauties: and to me
Dear is each scene of childhood glee.
I love that elm—beneath its shade
My brothers and my sister played,
The lake, half-hid by clust'ring trees,
The flowing fragrance of the breeze,
The murmuring brook, the long green lane,
Its hills, its valleys are the same
That met my eye when years ago
(Just as the sunset's crimson glow
Shone on the hills) we youthful girls
Here pluck'd the flower. That cloud, that
curls

So proudly, grandly now on high,
The sweetly calm cerulean sky,
The radiant colors of the west
Reflected on the shadowy breast
Of yonder lake, all are the same;
All speak of God; all own His name;
O'er hill and vale soft music floats,
And gently fall the silvery notes
Upon the ear. Those strains now fill
Earth, air and sky, Listen! Be still!

STANZA.

I saw a falling leaf soon strew
The soil to which it owed its birth;
I saw a bright star falling too,
But never reach the quiet earth.
Such is the lowly portion blest—
Such is ambition's foiled endeavor;
The falling leaf is soon at rest,
While stars that fall, fall on forever.

Hard to Understand.—'Well, my lad,' said a traveller, 'that is rather small corn you are hoeing.'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy, while he continued his labor, 'we planted small corn.' 'But it looks rather yellow.'

'Yes, sir, we planted the yellow kind,' returned the boy, scratching away at the hard and stony soil.

'But I do not believe you will have more than half a crop,' continued the traveller.

'No, sir, we planted upon shares,' hallowed the boy as the stranger rode on.

Franklin's Printing Press.—Mr Harild, of 11 Great Distaff-lane, Friday-street, Cheapside, has the identical printing press at which Dr Franklin worked when a journeyman printer in London.—It is mostly of wood; had a bed of stone, instead of iron, on which the types were placed. It has a copper plate fixed on it with an inscription setting forth its history; and goes on to state that, forty years after the Doctor worked at the press, he revisited London on a political mission, and went to the office where this press was, and stated to the men using it, that forty years before he had worked at the same press—and treated them with beer.

'What do you call an *impression*?' asked a young lady of a *typo*. 'This,' said he, kissing her.

'I love thee *still*,' as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

Editorial.

MAN MAY NOT BE HAPPY FROM MERELY TERRESTRIAL SOURCES.—True happiness for a human heart grows nowhere on earth. This is a fact attested to by the whole race; who are ever complaining of these vexatious interruptions that poison their joys and mar their highest enjoyments. Why this deficiency exists is an interesting question. Why of all creatures should man alone be unsatisfied? The beast grazes on the mead; basks in the warm sunbeams; snuffs in the western breezes, and is happy: the bird sips the bright waters from the brook, gobbles up the unwary worm for his meal, and, as he spreads his light wings in the air, his gay carolling bespeaks the perfection of his joy: the fish, from the tiny minnow that plays among the fissures of the rock, to the mighty whale that tumbles in the ocean, sport away their existences and know no grief: and even the insect tribe, from the sprightly ant to the slow moving sloth, are happy in their lot! Then, why not man? Why of all creation, should he still be wretched? He *wants* happiness! Heaven knows, he labors hard enough to reach it! Then, why is he wretched?

The answer is obvious. He is not mere animal! He is *man*! A being composed of two natures, the most important of which is *spiritual*. Hence, the earth, with all its productions, fails to satisfy him. He craves something higher, nobler, more congenial with his proud origin, his brilliant destiny! Something as enduring as his own immortality! But where shall he find it? On earth he cannot. He must seek it, then, in heaven, in God and his service. Nowhere besides dwells real happiness, while there are unspeakable joys, exquisite delights, ennobling pleasures, lasting honors. Reader! do you desire to be happy? Seek friendship with thy Creator and obey His commandments!

WOMAN'S WIT OUTWITTED BY A KING. Among the many pretty incidents, said to have occurred during the celebrated visit of the beautiful Queen of Sheba to the court of the renowned Solomon, the following is not the least interesting and instructive.

Desirous of testing the wisdom of the monarch so famed for his understanding, she procured a bunch of artificial flowers so finely wrought and so exquisitely finished, as almost to defy the skill of the nicest lover of flowers to distinguish them from real ones by the mere eye.

These flowers she placed before Solomon with a bunch of real ones beside them, and demanded which were artificial and which real. For a moment Solomon looked puzzled, his courtiers looked mighty grave at the idea of their master being beaten by a woman, and the Queen looked delighted at the idea of her success in puzzling the wisest man in the world.

This perplexity and this triumph were, however, momentary, for the King observing some clusters of bees about the palace window, ordered a guard to open it: the bees flew into the court, and attracted by their scent, lighted on the real flowers.—The decision was then easily made, and the Queen went home more than ever astonished at the 'wisdom of Solomon.'

This is a pretty story, but we cannot

dismiss it without insisting on its moral — It conveys a rebuke to many of my fair readers. For, less wise than the bees, they are seeking *artificial* joys, such as fashion, pleasure and pride, while the real, substantial joy offered by piety lie neglected and strown like the dry leaves of a perished rose.

A NIGHT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Indescribable and innumerable were the horrors of that fearful power that revolutionized unhappy France. The night of the 29th of August, 1792—the first night in which the decree of domiciliary visits was executed, is thus described by ‘*Peltier*.’ He says:

‘Let the reader fancy to himself a vast metropolis, the streets of which were a few days before alive with the concourse of carriages and with citizens constantly passing and repassing—let him fancy to himself, I say, streets so populous and so animated suddenly struck with the dead silence of the grave before sunset on a fine summer evening. All the shops are shut; every body retires to the interior of his house, trembling for life and property; all are in fearful expectation of the events of a night in which even the efforts of despair are not likely to afford the least resource to any individual. The sole object of the domiciliary visits, it is pretended, is to search for arms; yet the barriers are shut and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and boats are stationed on the river, at regular distances, filled with armed men.—Every one supposes himself to be informed against. Every where persons and property are put into concealment. Every where are heard the interrupted sounds of the muffled hammer with cautious knock completing the hiding place. Roofs, garrets, sinks, chimneys—all are just the same to fear, incapable of calculating any risk. One man, squeezed up behind the wainscot, which has been nailed back on him, seems to form a part of the wall; another is suffocated with fear and heat between two mattresses; a third rolled up in a cask, loses all sense of existence in the tension

of his sinews. Apprehension is stronger than pain. Men tremble, but they do not shed tears; the heart shivers, the eye is dull, and the breast contracted. Women on this occasion display prodigies of tenderness and intrepidity. It was by them that most of the men were concealed. It was one o’clock in the morning when the domiciliary visits began. Patrols, consisting of sixty pikemen, were in every street. The nocturnal tumult of so many armed men; the incessant knocks to make people open their doors; the crash of those that were burst off their hinges; and the continued uproar and revelling which took place throughout the night in all the public houses, formed a picture which will never be effaced from my memory.’

THE DAUGHTER.—The daughter is a mother’s stay. In her, centre all the hopes and joys of a maternal heart. She surveys her with honest pride, for there she sees her second self. She paints the future with delight, for when her head is grey and her brow wrinkled, that daughter is to be her support, her consolation: when she is sick, hers is the bosom where she hopes to recline: when she dies, hers is the hand to wipe the cold death drop from her brow, and hers the tongue to soothe her passage to the abode of the dead. Woe to that daughter who disappoints those hopes by ingratitude; she will break a heart, be despised by men and cursed by the Almighty!

TEMPERANCE SERMONS.—This is a beautiful volume of two hundred and eighty-five pages, containing seventeen sermons by the clergy of the city of Lowell. These sermons contain a *mass* of facts, statistics, appeals and arguments of immense value. They cannot fail of doing good. We suggest to our young lady readers, in the city of Lowell especially, that this book will make an admirable present for their brothers and fathers in the country. A more useful and appropriate gift they could not bestow. For sale at E. A. Rice & Co.’s bookstore, Lowell, and at Saxton & Pierce’s, Boston.

THERE'S NOT A TINT THAT PAINTS.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lil - y fair,

Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there;

Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there.

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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From the Parterre.

THE SHEIK'S REVENGE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

The palace of Kishen Kower, Sheik of Istamboul, was one of the loveliest spots in Asia Minor. Overlooking the most enchanting gardens in the world, where green bowers impervious to the heat of the noontide sun, preserved fresh and unwithered the bloom of flowers the fairest that ever perfumed the eastern air, rose the Zenaud, or summer residence of the powerful chief, and surrounded as it was, on all sides, by the lofty range of mountains extending to the sea, which raised high the peaks of their topmost hills, as if proud of the place they cherished, seemed to be a fair and dazzling gem, set in a rough casket; the sides of the hills

were robed with waving forests of the deepest brown, in the thickets and recesses of which, the sprightly antelope skipped along, and the bright-eyed gazelle made its bed; in the shady groves beyond those hills was another, and loftier range, gradually lessening till the shade of blue was at last so faint as to be lost in the convexity of the heavenly vault.

The light breeze sighed gently, through the bowers of the gardens, and as the wind bent the foliage it displayed the fairy scenery; built on a small island, rising from the brink of the clear sheet of water, with its white marble domes and turrets, it looked at first like some magic city—around were smiling vistas of acacia, amarynth, and delicious musk-rose, long avenues of citron, bright golden orange, and drooping vine—having

passed the portico, was a beautiful colonnade, the pillars of which were jasper, enriched with pale amethyst; at the end of its long corridor, rose, like a majestic swan from its liquid element, the light dome, raised high into the bright sky above, its fantastic cupolas glittering in all the gorgeous architecture of the East; a carved trellis or lattice work of ivory, ran round the hall, and through its interstices the bright perfumed creepers were suffered to entwine;—here grew in a manner unknown to Europeans, the eleander and the clematis, flinging from end to end, their silvery buds, and wooing to their thick cover, the humming birds, the plumage of which, when glistening in the sunshine, is too dazzling for the eye to behold; and the lilac doves, with their mournful notes, were a solemn accompaniment to the soul-entrancing bulbul. The floor of this fairy dwelling was paved in mosaic work, spreading like a richly variegated carpet to the gilded pedestals of twenty pillars of yellow marble, supporting the dome; their capitals were silver, beaten into lotus flowers, and as they wound into each other, formed a wreath of foliage round the dome; eighty marble steps led to the garden beneath, from the peculiar lulling sound of the ever falling waters, called the 'Abode of Sleep.'

The Sheik's family consisted of himself, as numerous a retinue of wives as was consistent with the dignity of his title, a son and daughter. He was a man past the prime of life, and habituated to command; his demeanor, though calm, was stern and decisive; he was a warrior used to fields of strife—at peace when let alone, but one who in his anger was a lion. At the sound of his *saukh** two hundred warriors were at his command, and the neighboring chiefs came to the decision that the lord of Istamboul was a far safer friend than foe; he therefore was considered as the chief of the entire province, and he who dare murmur against one who was so universally revered, soon had reason to repent of his temerity.

Yet o'er his rough mind, the influence of the mild climate was not unfelt; he felt gratified that his abode stood unrivalled; at times he was

A lover of music, and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed

* War-shell.

Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in their calmer hours.
Byron.

The son was much the counterpart of the sire, taking into account the difference of years; the excitements of the chase, and shooting parties, were all that interested him: 'tis true he would listen to Leila's song, when reclining on a couch, tired with the fatigues of the day, but not one tender sentiment it contained found its way into his bosom. Whatever was of tenderness reposed in the daughter; her fair brow was finely contrasted with her dark hair, which fell in long, luxuriant tresses over her graceful neck; her fairy feet, entwined in gems, flashed when she moved; the flush of innocence spread its crimson bloom over her cheeks, and gave life and expression to her lovely countenance—her hazel eyes beamed from beneath their pencilled brows, with the pride of a Sheik's daughter. All of love that remained in the father's breast unsubdued by the ruthless acts he daily executed, was lavished on that fair girl; she it was who fed the remaining spark, and kept alive the flickering fire of humanity; and many a released captive, and pardoned slave, blest from his heart the beautiful Leila. She, in return, loved her parent with all the tender affection of a heart formed to love him and her brother, for she knew none else; her antelope, gazelle, she loved, for they loved her, and were her chief companions.

It is night, but such a delicious, quiet, bright one, that 't would seem as if the sun had not yet hid his beams, but still lingered behind the shade of some envious cloud: had not the young moon shone forth the ethereal beauty of her crescent brow, too manifest to be mistaken, light and shade were so blended as to resemble the day of northern climes; the tremulous and silvery beams melt on the domes and pinnacles, and the flowers relieved from the oppressive heat of the day, wear other beauty—lay aside their gorgeous tints, and look all pale and lovely. Leila, the fair mistress of the scene, looks o'er the fair expanse of waters trembling in the moonshine, till the voice of her brother claims her attention.

'Ha! Hassan,' she playfully said, 'are you come to watch the shining moon light up the glossy surface of the lake, while the breeze wafts the sweetest perfume, and the air re-echoes to the bulbul's song?'

'No, dear Leila: but to bid you farewell.'

'Farewell! Hassan,' she quickly uttered, as the color left her cheek, and her words faltered at the idea of this their first separation, 'what mean you?'

'I go to-morrow to the war of Iran.'

'Allah preserve my brother! Goes our father with you?' inquired Leila.

'No; I depart alone.'

That night was one of sorrow to Leila; it was the first time she had ever known anything like sorrow,—her only brother, the playmate of her infancy, the companion of her childhood, was about to be taken from her,—she did not know when he would return, if ever,—the heart of Leila was troubled.

Hassan was too much taken up to attend to her, if he had been so inclined: he ransacked the Sillah-Khauch for swords and javelins; frightened the inhabitants of the Rawula, by sounding a blast of the large *tourraye*, and detained his father the whole evening, to hear an account of the campaigns he had served; so with a mind a prey to grief, poor Leila retired to the apartments in the harem allotted to her use.

That night her slumbers were broken by frightful phantasies—she thought Hassan lay wounded before her, trodden beneath the feet of the *Giours*, and expiring; again the dress he wore lay bloody before her, and she awoke with a scream that roused her attendant.

'What ails my princess?'

'Oh! Hinda, such a frightful dream.'

'Allah be praised, *Mashallah*! I feared my lady was hurt—try to sleep.' The handmaiden, in a few minutes, took her own advice. But not so Leila; she continued awake, and the more she tried to compose herself to sleep, the less was she able to do so. Day at length broke. No sooner did the earliest dawn of morning tinge the tops of the highest hills, than with a noiseless pace Leila wrapped herself in a large cloak, and stole silently to where her father and brother were taking their morning meal, previous to the departure of the latter. Hastily she threw herself at her father's feet;—both started, deeming some apparition appeared, for the pale cheeks and restless eyes of the maiden, with her airy robe, were in accordance with the idea of an aerial being. 'Save my brother from the *Giours*,' was all she could utter.

†Harem. ‡Trumpet.

'What doth she mean?' inquired Hassan.

'I cannot tell,' replied the Sheik, 'save that you remain from the war.'

'Yes! yes! that's it,' screamed Leila; 'last night *Azrael appeared to me, grim and terrible,—do not let him go.'

'Peace, my poor girl,' said the Sheik; 'do not terrify your brother by such idle words; are you not the daughter—and why not be the sister, of a soldier? and no one knows who Hassan may bring from the wars, for my Leila must be a soldier's bride.'

'Surely,' said Hassan, 'my sister would not have me turn coward.'

'No,' said Leila, apparently convinced of the vainness of her fears, 'I might survive your death—but your disgrace never.'

'Bravely and heroically said: trust me the mention of a suitor from the wars has banished thy fears, Leila,' said Hassan.

'Be cheshm,'† exclaimed the Sheik, 'be my eyes on it, thou hast spoken right.'

Leila was silent. The trampling of a horse's hoof now clanked on the bridge which joins the island to the main land; a sudden shadow fell on the face of Leila; a hundred bright visions of renown, and fame, were in the thoughts of the young hero—the glance of the sire bespoke pride. The moment of parting came; the war steed of Hassan, held by his groom, pawed the ground in impatience, and champed the frothing bit—the young warrior fell on the neck of his father, and received his blessing—embraced his sister—shouted Allah Achbar—God is victorious!—vaulted into the saddle, threw the spur into the fiery courser, and was on his way to the camp.

A cry, wild and long, burst from the tender Leila, but he for whom it was uttered heard it not, for dazzled by the bright sunlight which gleamed on his polished spear head, thought but of making that a meteor star, to light his companions to victory. Leila, after gazing till her eyes grew dim, on the path her brother had taken, with a deep sigh retired, to try in the discharge of her domestic duties, if she could divest her mind of the melancholy which possessed it.

In the hurry and bustle attendant on a camp, for some days Hassan thought not of his home: the novelty of his situation, surrounded on all sides by the din of

* The Angel of Death. † Be it so.

arms, so different from the scenes in which he had been brought up, and the attention shewed him by the pacha in command, and other great men, left him no time for thinking. At length a detachment arrived near the palace of Kishen Kower, and brought intelligence that he was well—had as yet seen no fighting, but the scouts were daily expected with tidings of the Russians. The next was an account of an engagement, in which Hassan behaved so well as to have been created Khan on the field; loud rejoicings were the consequence, fires blazed from 'minaret to porch,' a thousand cherags* lit up the silver wreathed dome, and all was merry as a passing bell, when suddenly the fires were quenched, the lights disappeared, terror and tumult sat on each lip, which whispered in pale affright, 'Behold the Giours!'

'The evening was beautifully fine, such as existed in the imagination of the poet when he wrote:

'And when evening descended from Heaven
above,
And when air was all rest, and the air was all
love,
Delight though less light, was far less brief—
As the day's veil fell on the world of sleep.'

The waters seemed a sheet of fire, so vividly did they represent the twinkling orbs that burned intensely on high; the Sheik, who was slowly pacing the colonnade, and suffering the evening breeze to fan his cheek, on looking over the balcony into the portico, was amazed to see it open, and on turning to leave the apartment, to inquire into the cause of so unusual a circumstance, was still more astonished to behold a man glide from behind each pillar—apparently for the purpose of preventing him.

'How now villains, what mummery is this?' he exclaimed—a large black cloak which covered them from head to foot was here dropped, and twenty Giours in warlike array stood ready to capture their foe. Swiftly unsheathing his ataghan, he had barely time to lay the nearest of his assailants prostrate, before he was borne down by numbers; he was forced to yield, muttering inverted blessings on the intruders; they bore him towards the portico, where to his surprise, he saw a score of his faithful guards bound and bleeding—the instant they beheld their lord approach, with renewed lamentations, in which the name of Leila was a-

lone intelligible, they renewed their cries.

'What in the name of Allah does this mean?' said the bewildered Sheik.

'It means, my chief,' replied Abdallah, 'that the villainous Giours—may Allah's curse light on them!—have taken the palace, and us, and—'

'The lady Leila, what of her?' impatiently demanded the Sheik.

'She has been carried off!'

'Slave, thou darrest not say it—you trifle with me—it cannot be so.'

'Alas my lord, it is even as thy servant saith.'

The poor chieftain, weighed down by the heavy accumulation of evils, fell to the floor in a swoon, and it was feared life had totally departed from him, such a length of time elapsed ere he was restored to his senses. At length he slowly raised himself on his feet, and staggering to the nearest soldier, asked wildly:

'Know you where my daughter is—say, I entreat you—speak one single cheering word, and my last prayer shall bless thee. Man, where is my daughter, my Leila, my child—my dearest child?'

The soldier sorrowfully shook his head as he said, 'I fear it will be some time ere you meet. Know that she is alive, and for thy sake, I hope well;—the rude nature of the soldier was melted at the sorrows of the old warrior, and a tear of pity trembled in his eyelids.

'May Allah bless thee for saying she is alive,' said the old Sheik, his fiery spirit broken by the calamities of that night; 'then I may yet see my dear lost Leila.'

On that eventful night, the fair girl had strolled into the gardens, and sat in the abode of dreams: and as she lay reclined on a bed of amaranths, and her beautiful head resting on pillows of rose leaves, her lovely figure was reflected on the water, which like a pellucid mirror, lay stretched at her feet; here absorbed in reverie, she was picturing to herself the danger her brother must be in, from those horrid Giours, when to her utmost astonishment she saw reflected in the water, a tall young man with fair flowing locks, attired in rich military uniform, apparently in the attitude of leaning over her; and his bright blue eyes rivetted with a gaze of delight on her countenance. Her first impulse was to fly, her second to scream aloud, and her third to remain quietly where she was; the handsome phantom, after remaining motionless a

* Lamps.

few seconds, departed, and when Leila again raised her eyes, she was alone.—Hastily she arose, and was traversing her steps towards the palace, in order to tell her father what she had seen, when to her great consternation she beheld every avenue to the house locked up by men in the same garb, though less rich than that worn by the stranger she had seen; hoping to escape unnoticed, she hastily turned into one of the most thickly planted paths, but was soon overtaken and seized; she cried aloud for help, but was only laughed at; and on her making resistance, they began to bind her roughly. When the figure she had first seen, and who from the deference paid him, appeared to be the commander, came up, after sharply rebuking the soldiers for treating their fair captive so violently, committed her to the care of some who accompanied him, at the same time saying that he was under the disagreeable necessity of taking her from her native place, for some time, but as her father would be with her, he hoped the privation would not be very great, and assured her that at all times she could command his services.—We now return to the son.

Having signalized himself in every action he had fought, and won the esteem and confidence of his superior officers, as a reward he obtained the command of the detachment near his native place, and in his eagerness to behold once more the scenes amid which he had spent the unclouded morning of boyhood, set forward on the very day he was presented with the order. The sun set in beauty ere he had accomplished his journey, but the brilliant moon that arose made ample recompense; swiftly he passed over the lofty hills, which wound round his home, encircling it like a girdle, with the tread of one who was intimately acquainted with their most devious path. He now arrived at a turn of the road from whence he could behold the fair lake, and in the midst rising like a sea fowl, the fair home of his fathers. Oh! none that have not felt the same sensation, can conceive the emotion which animated the heart of Hassan, after beholding again the place of his nativity. The hours of trial and danger vanished from his mind, and he again beheld his distant home, tinged purple by the moon's pale beam;—a cry of joy burst from him, and darting his armed horse into his eager horse, he was about to pursue his rapid way, when in

the distance his practised eye beheld a body of men arrayed in military costume; in the midst the Russian banner flaunted in the breeze, and in the rear were captives. 'God of my fathers! whom have we got here?' burst from the lips of the impetuous youth; and checking the perilous descent of his steed with a tug that almost, threw him on his haunches, leisurely scanned with eager eyes the scene stretched like a map beneath.

'Yes,' he cried, 'by the beard of Mahomet, yon troop are Giours, I know their ensign, and low in the midst are many captives. I'll go and reconnoiter.' He gave a shrill whistle, and his dragoman rode up. 'Do you see those sons of dogs?' he said.

'Even as the sun beholds the deeds of men,' replied the soldier.

'Back, and bid thy comrades await me at this spot—take thou my steed.'

'The words of my lord shall be obeyed.'

With agile motions Hassan Khan threw himself from his high Tartar saddle, and suddenly darting down a steep ravine, disappeared amid the brakes and bushes, from the sight of the wondering dragoman, who uttering 'Bismillah!' fell back to obey his orders.

We left the sheik, having recovered from his swoon, disconsolate at the absence of his daughter, whence he was roused by the men putting themselves in line of march; and one of them approaching, Kishan Kower said,

'The sun is already sunk in gloom; 'tis time we were away.'

'Dogs, midnight robbers,' shouted the sheik, 'would you tear me from the palace of my sires—where is my daughter?'

'Peace, foolish old man, and do not draw down the wrath of those in whose power you are,' retorted the Russian.

'May your bones wither, and your bodies be a prey to dogs and vultures. You have bereaved me of my child—do your worst now.'

'Come, come, this bravado wont do—you must move on,' and a stout man on either side, soon caused the old chief to prefer his own feet to being dragged by them. After walking for some time, the whole party stopped at a small grove of cedar, in the midst of which murmured a clear fountain, where having reposed themselves, and mounted horses which there awaited them, resumed their order.

'Come, palakir,' said one of them, ad-

dressing the Sheik, the carriage is ready, and the lady waits.'

'Lady!' said the sheik: 'what lady?'

'Your daughter.'

'Gracious Allah,' said he, raising his hands to heaven, 'is it possible! Haste, good youth, lead on and bless mine eyes with the sight of my child.'

In the centre of the group of the soldiery was a small covered litter drawn by two small Arab horses, and inside reposed a face that once seen, could never be forgotten: it was Leila. The bloom of her cheek had departed, but at the sight of her father, her eye lit up with pleasure, and the flush that overspread her countenance, seemed as 'twere the meeting of the red and white rose; she looked like one of the hours of Mahomet's paradise as she flung herself into her father's arms; and she murmured, 'Father! my dear, dear father!'

'My Leila, we will part no more,' said the sheik, affectionately returning her embrace.' In an instant he was by her side, the horses moved on, and the whole party was in motion, where or whither was unknown, and almost uncared for by the Sheik and his daughter, who, happy in meeting each other, desired only that they might not again be separated.

The night was far advanced, and as its shadows gloomily fell from the precipitous cliff on either side of the road, and the moon sinking by degrees, was casting a light lingering beam through the azure sky, so very pale that it could no longer compete with the brilliancy of the myriads of twinkling stars, which had till then been obscured in its mild radiance, ere they were at length awakened to a sense that they were leaving behind the country in which they had so long and happily dwelt—the Sheik first broke silence.

'Strange,' he said, 'the route these dogs are taking us.'

'Do you know, then, where we are going?'

'In the direction of Astarbad, where our army is encamped.'

'Then may we not see Hassan?'

The Sheik shook his head: 'I fear if we do, it will be in the midst of tumult.'

'Ah! true,' said Leila, 'I forgot, we are with the enemy.'

At this moment the leader came up, and Leila recognized in the proud bearing and deep blue eye of the commandant, him who had taken such care of her.

'Beautiful daughter of Kishan Kower,' he said, 'imagine yourself with friends,

not enemies;—we are *your* captives, not *you* ours.'

'What says he?' interrupted the Sheik. She repeated the stranger's words.

'The dog Giour! how can he presume to think any of my race would keep peace with him.'

Leila then related, with modest blushes, her first interview, and told how the handsome leader of the Russians had provided for her accommodation the vehicle in which they travelled.

'Hah!' said the Sheik, 'he'll make us pay well for it though.'

'Indeed you wrong him,' said Leila, and blushing that she should be taking such an interest in one so peculiarly circumstanced, drew aside the blind next her, and directed her gaze on the open country, scanning with watchful eye every rock and bush, in hopes of meeting some incident to break up the monotony of the scene: almost from the very commencement, she had an indistinct idea fitting across her mind, that her brother would arrive; is it not strange that she should expect him, stationed with the head quarters of the army engaged inactive warfare, to march to the most remote fastness of the country? Not wishing to disturb the train of thoughts into which she had fallen, she rarely joined in any of her parent's anathemas against the destroyers of their family quiet; and if at any time nature sunk into a feverish slumber, she would rouse unrefreshed, as if in reproach for her inattention.

As her eyes were raised in the direction of Astarbad, she detected an antelope bounding across the hills with a certain peculiarity in its motions that led her to suspect it had seen a human being in its track, for after advancing a dozen yards, it would turn round as if snuffing the gale, then tossing up its slender head, would bound on its path with inconceivable rapidity: she continued to watch the gap whence the animal issued, and at length had her hopes confirmed by the appearance of a figure, very indistinct in the distance; in a short time, it turned back, and disappeared. The heart of Leila sank within her; a long dreary length of road was now traversed in moody silence,—where the stubborn rock is cut through, and the thickets on each side afford ample covert for wild animals, she fancied she heard breaking the tender boughs, a man's footsteps cautiously stealing through the crackling palm trees, and as she watched with ear and eye,

suddenly stood up as if to adjust her dress. At this instant, the moon emerged from the clouds, and lighted up the spot brilliant as day; a man was beneath, screened under the rocks, with upturned face, and hand ready placed on the stock of a pistol, which was stuck in his girdle.—She knew the jewelled turban which glittered on his brow; it was Hassan! A thrill of instinctive delight, which pervades our breast when we recognise those we have loved in our youth, rushed on the heart of Leila; she raised her finger to her lip to enjoin silence. 'We are prisoners,' was all she ventured to whisper; and ignorant whether her words were heard, resumed her place by her parent. Yet she sat down not with feelings of composure, from the prospect of being delivered from present bondage, for the fear that her brother might be overcome oppressed her; she reflected how much he had grown since he left; how soldier-like and noble-looking he had become; tears of pride stood in her eyes.

This first recognition had an effect upon Hassan that may well be conceived. In the first impulse, his feelings prompted him to rush on the Giours, and single handed achieve his friends' release, but on reflection, that though in bondage they were not treated with ignominy, he decided it would be the better plan to join his companions, and then to arrange matters on a plan less fraught with danger, particularly as by their straggling array, the guard seemed to suspect any thing else than an attack—so in the same manner that marked his approach, he rejoined his trusty band, who with impatience awaited the coming of their young commander, at the appointed spot.

'All is well, my friends,' he said, 'arm, and in silence follow me—we have no time for debate—none for council—the yellow Giours are at hand, nearer than you imagine—they have broken into the mansion of peace, and dragged from the nest, the timorous dove—they have sounded their saukh in the halls of the Sheikh, and in the garden of the bulbul have they sounded the *hakerra*,*—the tender maiden they have not spared, nor the old man with grey locks—my father and sister are in the power of these dogs, who shall rue the day they entered this world.'

Hassan with difficulty prevented his troops from breaking into a loud shout at

this spirited address of their leader, but he joyed to see deep defiance gleam from each fiery eye, and stern resolution in the wave of each nervous arm.'

'Listen,' he added, 'to what I say,'—all crowded round—'I send a Spaki* with fifty men, to attack the party in the van, while I will rescue my friends and secure the rear with as many more. Courage, my brave soldiers, we will fall on them like the swoop of a falcon from the height of our own mountains.'

Hassan Khan then called the Spaki, to whom he entrusted the command, and taking him a short distance from where the main body stood, shewed him on the distant side of a hill, the Giours marching along the road, which was streaked with flashes of light, as the trembling moon-beams shone brightly on the shifting spears and helmets.

'See you,' he said, 'yon line of soldiery?'

'Plainly, my lord.'

'Then hark ye; the moment you cease to behold me, having entered the defile, steal under cover of those rocks, and lie in ambush: when you hear my first volley, rush forth, and for Allah smite the foe—let not the sons of dogs bear off the daughters of men.'

'The words of my lord are the will of his servant,' said the Spaki, bowing slowly.

Hassan steadily ranged his band, and called aloud, 'Forward in Allah's name! the bright eyes of houris are watching the *tackdurt*† of him who falls in the good fight, and prepare for him the abode of bliss—Allah Achbar!'

In a short time, Hassan posted his men in a defile to await the approach of the enemy, and never was an ambushade better or more aptly chosen: it was a long narrow ravine, about ten yards wide; on one side was a thick underwood of briars and bushes, while that next to the road, rose bare and steep; a high ridge along the road completely screened the party from observation, and from this the whole line of the enemy were exposed to the murderous fire of Hassan's band.

Having thus securely posted his men, Hassan lay down at their head, to await the approach of the foe; the moon was now overspread by thick clouds, which almost obscured the light, save when having drifted across, they left her exposed, and thus a flash, bright yet mo-

* Kettle drum.

* Turkish Captain. † Destiny.

mentary, lighted the scene. Never before did our young warrior experience such indescribable sensations—all of warfare that he had hitherto seen, was in the open field, in the fair face of day; now was the dead hour of midnight, and the fear that some random ball might reach those whose welfare lay nearest his heart, oppressed him with a kind of sickness and anxiety. Every ear was on the alert, every eye strained, to catch the slightest noise or the least glimpse, and oft a beating heart felt the sickness of disappointment, when the answer *cheezi nist** was returned to the eager question. At length borne on the night breeze, as it came in sad and wailing gusts through the interstices of the hills, is heard the tramp of steeds.

'Be patient,' cried Hassan, 'they come! they come!'

He was at this time able to watch their advance by the light of the now brightening moon—they approaching without interruption. Keen determination shone in the eyes of the astonished party—the van are in the act of pressing the entrenchment.

'Allah il Allah Biah conu wakt shoud,'† shouted Hassan, as he dashed his heavy battle-axe at the commanding officer; the weapon smote, and he fell heavily at his horse's feet.

'Alla Hu! so may the enemies of my lord perish,' cried the men as they discharged a volley, the effect of which was murderous—every shot told: the terrified Russians looked in vain for a solution of this puzzle; another discharge spread a lurid blaze over the sky, and each ball brought down its victim. A body of men block up the passage in front, led on by the Spaki, who boldly charge the discomfited foe. At length the Russians roused, and fought boldly,—they disputed man to man, inch to inch; they asked not nor received quarter, and even when falling grappled with the foe. The advance of the band under Hassan, soon terminated the contest; with loud shouts they rushed on those guarding the litter, and like the angry blast of the simoon, swept the thinned ranks of Giours with ruthless brand, till all were prostrate, as if the gloomy Azrael had mowed down the band with his remorseless scythe.

* There is nothing. † Allah, by Allah, it is his time.

'*Alham du lillah, tamen shud*,'* exclaimed Hassan, as he ran to the litter where the Sheik and Leila sat. 'Hassan—my brother,' said Leila, as he embraced her. 'My brave young hero,' said the Sheik, grasping his hands: he then got out of the carriage, and surveyed the field of strife.

It presented an awful scene of blood and carnage. Of all that band who but a few minutes before were redolent with health and vigor, all had fallen; but one remained who shewed any signs of life amid the group of stiff, gory corpses—stretched at the foot of the rock where he fell, lay the body of a tall young man; his fair hair unrestrained by his helm, which was dashed from his head, fell in glossy curls round his neck: it was the leader, who had been struck down by Hassan in the beginning of the fray, and now, by a low moaning, shewed that the wound had not killed him.

'By Allah!' cried Hassan, 'one of the dogs lives—I will exterminate the race.'

He drew a pistol from his girdle, placed the muzzle within a few feet of the insensible youth at his feet, leisurely cocked it, and was about to discharge, when his aim was disturbed by the hasty grasp of an arm laid on his upraised hand—the pistol went off, but the ball lodged in a fir tree not many yards distant. Hassan hastily turned round, and beheld his sister Leila bending over the breathing form of the prostrate soldier.

'Leila, what madness is this?' he said in wrath; 'how dare you interpose to save one of those dogs? *Barakillah*, but I will stab him as he lies,' and unsheathing his dagger, prepared to execute his threat.

A loud shriek burst from Leila, as wreathing her snowy arms round the neck of the Giour, she resolved that death alone should part her. Her father rebuked Hassan for his violence, and bade Leila rise; that he himself would be security for the safety of one in whom she took such an interest. Leila rose, and heard her father order the young Russian to be placed on the back of one of the horses; after which she retired to the litter.

The eyes of the maiden rested on the pale, bloodless face of the youth, as he hung insensible in his uneasy position, and all the tender feelings of a woman inspired her to try more for his restora-

* Praise be to Allah, it is done.

tion. She called for her father to approach.

'I wished to see you, my father,' she said; 'but first promise not to be angry with me.'

'Why should I be angry with you, Leila?'

'For what I am about to say.'

'That will depend on what it is.'

'But a simple request, do you promise?'

'Yes.'

'Then permit the poor Russian to travel in this litter, it is much easier than on horseback.'

'Allah bless my tender hearted child,' said the Sheik, 'he certainly was the best of them. *Be cheshm.*'

The young man, still insensible, was borne into the litter, and laid on a cushion, the horses were turned in the direction whence they had set out, and the party returned.

The jolting of the carriage aroused the stranger from his torpid state. His first expressions were so wild and incoherent as to terrify his fair protectress.

'Mother of mercy,' he exclaimed, 'we will be trodden to death—charge, for Saint Nicholas charge—see the Moslems press on the standard—oh! cannot I get up, and strike a blow for my country?'

'Quiet thee, quiet thee, stranger,' Leila faintly said;—the Russian turned his eyes on her, and closed them as he murmured:

'Alas, I have heard of the dark Houris of Paradise, but till now I never dreamed they visited earth.'

'Sir stranger,' said Leila, as she smiled at the handsome compliment paid her, 'I must be your physician for some time, therefore cannot permit you to speak until you repose from the effects of your wound.'

'I shall obey your prescription, if you thus ordain it, most fair daughter of Galen,' said the youth, relapsing into his former state of quiet, which remained thence unbroken.

Hassan, with some of his troop, having rode on to set the house in order for their arrival, and free it from intruders, if any remained, received the party on their arrival at the bridge; the stranger under the care of Leila, was placed in a retired apartment and left to repose.

New thoughts and sensations now possessed the mind of Leila; she for the first time discovered that there is a sensation

of affection in the heart, in which nor friends nor kindred have a share—in one word, love had assailed her tender bosom, and the hidden flame glided through her veins. The very novelty was a kind of wonderment to her; she could not sleep, it was impossible; so, like a second Juliet, she wooed the moon that night, and like her, fancied she heard soft sighings in the breathing of the midnight breeze, as it rustled over the vine leaves; she felt a warm glow on her delicate cheek, as she remembered how long the young Gior had gazed on her in the garden, how he departed without disturbing her—there was a *delicacy* in that, she conceived, to save her from the surprise, if not alarm, at beholding a stranger. There was *modesty* in his saving her from the confusion that would attend such an incident; tenderness in his saving her from the rude hands of the rough soldiery; melody and language in his voice, so soft, so sweet and powerful, it haunted her ear like an echo; then he was very handsome,—his eyes brilliant, and his long fair hair (so unlike the shaven heads of her *odious* countrymen) flowed in graceful curls from his nodding helm.

With the permission, tacit, if not expressed, of the Sheik, his daughter and the stranger were constantly together.—Hassan had departed to his command, and nothing tended to disunite two souls happy in each other's affection.

It was a fair and lovely night—there are many such in eastern climes,—the wind of the south came on the air like balm, and was wooed to the flowers by their unfolding their tender leaves; the stranger rose from his couch, where he could get no rest, and stepping from the low window, made his way into the garden, to enjoy the cool air and delightful fragrance; the bulbul's entrancing note was alone heard, all the rest of the feathered songsters having retired to their nests, until day should rouse them to their matin hymns; the wind lightly raised the long festoons of vines, as they hung in folds, like loose drapery, from arch to arch; the cool air, as it played through the shady alleys and walks of the gardens, was delightfully grateful to the hot and feverish brow of the young Russian. After taking a few turns he approached that part of the building where the harem of the females was situated. Here, he thought, is the apartment of the loveliest maid in Iran; the light breeze may bear my voice to her ear if not to her heart,

* Be it so.

and he commenced a song in Asiatic dialect, of which the following is a translation:

When the bright sun has sank
In the western ocean,
And the wild flow'ret's bank
Heaves with the wind's motion;
From my seat at the fountain,
I'll sing thee to sleep,
And the breeze from the mountain
Shall cool thy soft cheek,
My love.

The moon from the skies
Shall yield us her light gleam,
The stars (like thine eyes)
Shall shed forth their bright beam;
The thrush from the bowers
Her wild notes shall sing thee,
The breath of the flowers
Sweet perfume shall bring thee,
My love.

The mermaid from ocean
Shall lull thee to sleep,
With tremulous motion
Awakening the deep;
From the dwellings of air
The light breeze shall blow,
To waive midst thy dark hair
And cool thy fair brow,
My love.

Scarcely had the final cadences died away, when the light drapery of the window blind was for a moment withdrawn, and vivid as a snow-flake, and almost as white, a waive of a hand, which could not be mistaken, amply repaid his song; the curtain was again drawn, and he stood in silence, yet not alone, before him was Sheik Kishen Kower.

The youth gazed at the composed face of the powerful chief, with the appearance of one who expected every moment to hear his doom pronounced by those lips, and that those eyes would ere the morning sun arose, behold him a stiff and headless corse. He would have spoken, but his tongue cleaved to his palate, and, as serpents are said to allure their prey by the fascination of their eyes, he could not stir from that devoted spot.

After remaining for a few moments in mute surprise, each regarding the other with a sort of doubtful look, the old man exclaimed:

'Tis well.'

The unfortunate youth seemed to be recalled to a consciousness of existence by these words, and threw himself on his knees, as he exclaimed:

'Let all the punishment be on my head—thy daughter is innocent.'

'By Allah, you are a strange youth,' said the Sheik, 'I have promised her not to slay you, and I suppose she would not

now consent; it is easier to change the *Kublick* than some women.'

The youth immediately stood on his feet, and would have embraced the old man, but he drew back.

'*Arz mi kurnum*,' (I beg to exclaim), said the Sheik, 'I am not thy friend. I swore by the Kath-i-aum to spare thee it is true, but still I must have my revenge! I have this long time back noticed your close attendance on my daughter—you must make her your wife.'

The transported youth cast his arms around the Sheik's neck, and next day was wedded to the blushing Leila. He succeeded to the title and wealth of the Sheik, on the death of Hassan Khan, who was slain in the wars.

Such was the Sheik's revenge.

From the American Magazine.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

BY B. FRANKLIN ROMAINE.

Fain would I talk of Nature as arrayed
In garbs of grandeur, and of beauty too—
Would wing me to the lamps of night, and count

Their number, and tell to man, to mortal man

Their deep, their awful mysteries, and ope
New scenes for endless gaze. The resis-
less soul

Anon would fly thro' boundless space,
Would deeds perform that mortals never
dared

And tread where angel's sacred foot ne'er
trod.

But stop mad thoughts—beware your
course, beware

How you thus wander in such wild, dark
moods;

Hath not thy Maker—O! my soul, made
thee

More wise than all created things on earth,
And taught thee that which seraphs fain
would learn,

The wonders of redeeming, heavenly love?
Then bide thee now, and with the things
which are,

Be satisfied—I mean the things reveal'd;
And let the pathless future be its own

Interpreter. When on thy shoreless sea,
Eternity, I launch my shattered bark,

To sail forever and forever. O then
Shall immortality (the child of hope,

Undying hope,) new form my humble bark,
That ne'er need ask for workman's hands,

To shut some op'ning made by jutting
rocks,

Or mend the sails, rent by the angry wind;

For incorruption bids corruption flee ;
And an immortal breeze shall fill the sails,
And bear me onward with the lightning's
speed
From sea to sea of wonders infinite.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

OLD ALICE'S STORY,

OR THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

'There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.'

'Will Missi shelter me from the pending storm? It will be an ugly one—the clouds come up thick and fast.'

These were the words of an aged woman, whose tight sleeves and close bonnet might indicate that she had seen more than fifty summers, to a well-known 'benevolent lady' in a small village, and at the door of her own mansion, for she usually preferred to see those pitiable objects who go from door to door to 'ask alms,' herself, to judge if they were worthy of a shelter in her abode, or 'a crown' from her purse, or even some articles of clothing from her wardrobe, for she always gave the hungry a slice from her table, when solicited. Mrs Hamilton saw, in the pale, wrinkled face before her, humility, mildness and serenity, which are not often viewed in the countenance of a common vagrant. They entered her dining hall, some plain food was spread before her, she took a small quantity; but soon all the servants entered, to be with their 'good mistress,' who so often told them it was the same God who rides on the vivid lightning, or speaks in the thunder's blast, as whispers in the gentle breeze, 'Hear ye my voice,' 'Repent and believe on the crucified Redeemer,' 'Call upon me while I may be found,' 'Knock, and it shall be opened,' and 'ye shall find rest to your souls,' for 'lo! I am with you always.'

In a few minutes, large heavy drops came pattering against the windows, the lightning darted from the horizon to the zenith, the thunder rolled in broken masses, as if struggling up the closed path

of its swift precursor, and with the effort shook down a torrent of rain; the boisterous wind leaped forth from the 'clambering clouds,' and swept along the sky, 'with hasty wing' and noisy scream; man and brute sought refuge from its violence and nought was heard but its echo in the mansion, and a few expressions of fear; while from the lips of Mrs Hamilton fell words of praise to Him who 'holds us in the hollow of his hand.'

The rain ceased; the sun shone again as if nothing had happened to screen that 'resplendant orb' from the gaze of the world. Each servant returned to his avocation, and the 'old woman' alone remained. She still appeared in deep thought, or rather devotion. 'Can it be she is a vagrant who now appears as if in prayer to the great Jehovah? I will ask her history,' said Mrs Hamilton.—The woman said her name was Alice Fletcher. Her story was awful:

'I had a mother once of noble birth, in Ireland, and who was acquainted with a lad designed for 'holy office.' This affection was mutual, but displeasing to their parents, and when 'only sixteen,' they eloped, and went directly to the presence of the King of England, and supplicated him to secrete and favor them, which he did, meanwhile educating and preparing them for usefulness. When they had attained a suitable age, he performed the marriage ceremony with his own lips, and they departed for America. In the city of 'brotherly love' my father preached during his years of 'active eloquence,' then he removed to this, then almost a wilderness, to end his days in retirement, I being his 'only child on earth.' Yes, there in yonder beautiful spot, where now stands the noble edifice of Esq. Worthington's, was my father's 'half cottage' with its 'gable roof,' the oldest dwelling in the place; there

'Where fountains sparkling the sunlight threw
A classic spell around,'

he died, I trust, the death of the righteous, and was received as 'a shock of corn fully ripe,' into an eternal rest.—There my mother and I continued to live happy, until 'a wolf in sheep's clothing' entered and 'destroyed me.' Yes, 'to my shame' I yielded to his fatal proposals, for the love of splendor and riches. Truly hath the apostle said, 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' No sooner had I complied with Mr Phillips's wishes, than he departed: he visited me no more; yet, I thought,

'Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.'

I sent for him: he came; but I found

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
She finds too late, that men betray.'

As he would not fulfil his sacred promises, my

'Heart for vengeance ached.'

I made myself a paradigm of Shakespeare's words—

'A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, and bereft of beauty.'

I determined that he should not enjoy the house of which he had said I should be mistress. And in those days of superstition, I soon contrived to make the neighboring people imagine

'No man can think to tenant there,
Unless he serve Saint Kennedie.'

'Twas a splendid mansion, not far from my own home; and at times I feared,

'If ill spirits had so fair a house,
Good things would seek to dwell in it.'

You see it now, with its broken glass and lattice, hanging clapboards and decayed pillars; there are nettles and thistles in the rose and amaranth beds; now the mullain and scabish blossom where the lilly and the commellina looked up so sweetly.' She sighed, long and deeply.

'What I am, I must now show,' at length she exclaimed. 'To accomplish my designs, I disappeared, leaving appearances of my having been drowned in the 'classic stream,' so near my mother's

abode, and telling her some of my plans, and that I would see her often, secretly, and in disguise purchase provisions when she could not. All search for me was fruitless. My mother mourned—not that I was dead, as the world supposed, but that I had digressed from the paths of virtue, and did not repent, but would be revenged.

'Woman may bear
Much from man, but cold neglect and scorn
Tell with a withering power.'

Strengthening power, said I, for

'I have a soul too proud to bend,
And seek for pity from the idle crowd.'

'I'll shrink
From human ken;'

there to curse him till he sigh for the sleep and quiet of death.

'Let a viewless one haunt him
With whispers and jeer,
And an evil one daunt him
With phantoms of fear.'

were my strong, heartfelt, passionate sentiments,' said Alice. 'Yes, to his dwelling I repaired; I played soft music on my harp when the winds blew; and at night, I carried lights in all directions, sometimes suddenly extinguishing them, or having placed several 'rows of candles' on the window, lighting them, and placing a pumpkin above them with eyes, nose and mouth cut, and a candle placed in it, which appeared like a 'strange mixture,' a 'demon of light' to the 'village gossippers,' then noises, screams, groans would be heard by the persons who ventured to approach, and if they entered, there was no appearance of an inhabitant. At other times, when I was sitting by the window, rocking my child, and saw any one coming, I would immediately take my chair into a closet, which was not seen by a 'casual observer,' and then would hear whispers: "'Twas the ghost of Alice and her offspring, that Mr Phillips murdered.' Sometimes when he, and a few who pretended not to fear ghosts, would 'club together' over 'their cups' and hire the most courageous to

spend a few nights there, that they might ascertain the real cause of fright, and drive them to 'other quarters' as in the 'days of smugglers.' For how could Mr Philips let his property remain uncultivated, unprotected, and be destroyed by 'the ruthless hand of time,' without resistance. One engaged for a large amount: he was 'frightened away,' and would never return. Another some time after said, for that sum

'I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with
weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den,'

if you, Philips, will share my perils.—
They came. In my 'hiding place' I heard their purpose. I let them sleep soundly, but took their weapons. Next night again they came; I was prepared to receive them; with my 'leadon glove' I attempted to take the pistols which they had lain 'neath their pillows, and with many groans and sundry mutterings in this language and others, I caused them to flee. The hollow sound of those threats ever were in Philips's ears, and soon

'Fretted his puny spirit to decay.'

Yes, he died, 'long years ago.'

I then began 'to consider on my ways.' My mother was now very feeble; she needed my care; I was with her long nights and days, but I feared being discovered; she forgave me, and prayed that Heaven might grant me pardon and peace in believing that my sins were cleansed 'in the blood of the Lamb.' She sold her house, and gave me what she would not need to reward a person for nursing her the 'remainder of her days.' Her stay was short. She was buried; and at night I visited her 'cold grave.' 'Twas there I first 'knelt at my Saviour's feet;' there I trust my ' manifold sins ' were forgiven; and in that house, that haunted house, have I prayed much, yes, long and fervently. Now it has no owner. I am old: shall survive little longer—ah!

am faint!" Mrs Hamilton rung the bell; the servants raised her; she died, also.

'And thus she fell
The martyr of her own consuming thoughts.'

Oh, reader, do not for a moment leave the paths of virtue for costly jewels or splendid mansions—'tis the 'high road' to destruction, to ruin, to everlasting death; but 'seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added,' for 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

ROMANCIA W.

INVITATION HYMN.

We're travelling home to heaven—Will
you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love—Will
you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blessed abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road—Will
you go? will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light—
Will you go? &c.
Where perfect day excludes the night—
Will you go? &c.
Our sun will there no more go down
In that blessed world of great renown,
Our days of mourning past and gone—Will
you go? &c.

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb—
Will you go? &c.
In rapturous strains to praise his name—
Will you go? &c.
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share—
Will you go? &c.

We're going where tears never flow—Will
you go? &c.
And sorrow we no more shall know—Will
you go? &c.
'Tis there the saints will die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Saviour to adore—Will you
go? &c.

We're going to join the heavenly choir—
Will you go? &c.
To raise our voice and tune the lyre—Will
you go? &c.
There saints and angels sweetly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring—Will
you go? &c.

Ye weary, heavy laden, come—Will you go? &c.
 In that blessed house there still is room—
 Will you go? &c.
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease—
 Come, believe! O believe!

Come, O backslider, come away—Will you go? &c.
 Return again to Christ, and say, I will go!
 Then he will thy backslidings heal,
 His love again he will reveal,
 And pardon on thy conscience seal—Will you go? &c.

The way to heaven is free for all—Will you go? &c.
 For Jew and Gentile—great and small—
 Will you go? &c.
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start—Come away! come away!

The way to heaven is straight and plain—
 Will you go! &c.
 Repent, believe, be born again—Will you go? &c.

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 'Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see—Come to me! come to me!'

O could I hear some sinner say—I will go!
 I will go!
 I'll start this moment—clear the way—Let me go! let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell;
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—Let me go! Fare you well!

Romance of Real Life.—Some years ago, the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor wood-cutter residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South seas, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death sole sovereign of his dominions. By an European vessel, which recently touched at the island, the poor wood-cutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value that he will probably be one of the wealthiest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse to summon him to her court.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

ELSEY TRELLIS,

OR THE TRIUMPH OF VILLANY.

—
 BY DANIEL WISE.

'Can you forget me? I am not relying
 On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth:
 Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth.
 But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
 When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
 When thoughts would sometimes take a tone
 of sadness,
 And then unconsciously grow glad again:
 Can you forget them?'

How sweetly calm is a life in the country! The angry din of business, the unceasing bustle of the city disturb not the mind, in those fair retreats that lie embosomed in the valleys, and that deck the mountain's slope. Quietude and peace—those lovely sisters of the realms above—there seek their abode and establish their reign. Pity the spoiler should be permitted to sow grief and wretchedness amid such hallowed scenes! But reckless of every tie, spell, or influence, he sometimes intrudes his presence, and the peaceful vale, the silent wood and the mountain tall echo the thrilling voices of anguish and despair. The following tale painfully illustrates these remarks.

On the bank of a rapid and turbulent stream—whose everlasting murmurings strangely contrasted with the silence of the neighboring wood—stood a neat, substantial farm-house. It was only one story in height, but occupied a large area on the ground; while its green blinds and a coat of bright red paint declared the inmates to be above the lowest class of farmers. Before the house was a large plat of greensward. At one end, an orchard and a well stocked garden, and, at the other, two barns with several sheds, and a barn-yard well fenced in with solid stone walls, told of the thrift of the owner.

And 'Good John Trellis,' as the neighbors called him, was a thrifty man. By his own unaided efforts, he had procured all his possessions. From a penniless

young man of twenty-one, he had become the wealthy farmer of fifty. One hundred broad acres of field and forest owned his sway; these, with the fair house already described, and a large stock of sheep and cattle, constituted him a man 'well off' in this world. To add to his comfort, he could introduce his friends to an amiable and industrious wife; two fine sons, just merging into manhood; and an interesting daughter of eighteen summers old.

It was the last day of harvest. Grain, corn, potatoes, pumpkins—all had been gathered in. Every spot had been filled with the abundance of a prolific season. The cellar, the garret and even the corners of the kitchen were crammed; while the spacious barns seemed ready to burst with the weight they held. The labors of the busy day over, Good John Trellis, his smiling wife, the pretty Elsey, and the two young Trellises were seated around a large and blazing fire, enjoying the rich feast of labor in repose. Within, every thing was cheerful; but, without, it was cold and stormy. After a severe gust of wind, which had violently shaken the house, had subsided, Mr Trellis remarked:

'This is a stormy night. We have finished harvesting just in time. Now we may sit very quietly and listen to the noisy wind, as every thing is secured, even to the potatoes. We have large crops, too, this season; every thing in abundance. I hope we shall not fail in gratitude to our great Donor.'

'I hope not,' said Mrs Trellis: 'God is good to us, and demands all our affection in return.'

'Good indeed!' responded the pious man. 'He has always been so to me.—What uninterrupted health have I ever enjoyed! What unmingled prosperity! Such blessings as I have, few possess! Plenty of this world's goods, a healthy and happy family around me, and a good

hope, through grace, of Eternal Life!—For these things, what shall we render to our great Benefactor?' and, as he spoke, his large flashing eyes seemed to gleam with the devotion that burned in his heart. Tears succeeded—not the tears of sorrow; but such tears as grateful virtue alone can shed. Yielding to the impulse of his warm heart, he sunk to his knees, saying to his willing family, 'Let us worship God!'

They did worship him. No pompous form or gorgeous language did they offer; but, bent on their knees, they presented the rare, but choice offering of obedient and grateful hearts. Angels smiled upon the scene, and the Omnipotent was pleased.

In innocent and profitable conversation, this happy family consumed the evening, until the hour for retirement arrived. The boys rose to retire. Opening the door, a flash of light dazzled their eyes. Surprised, they exclaimed together, 'What light is that?'

Elsey sprang from her seat, saying, 'Where? where?' The old lady grew a little pale, but was silent. The farmer glanced his eye towards the door, and at once discovered its cause. 'The barn is on fire!' he exclaimed, and rushing from his seat, he seized his hat, and bidding his wife and daughter be composed, he hurried out to the conflagration, while one of his sons ran to rouse the neighbors.

The fire had just broken out, but was too far gone to leave any hope for its extinction with the few means at hand in the country. The most that could be done was, to save as much as possible from the wreck. Aided by the neighbors, who now began to arrive, some of the cattle were got out, and driven off; carriages and farming implements were removed. That done, they could only look on in sadness. Happily the wind blew in a direction opposite to the house, and there was no danger in that quarter.

By midnight, the barns were a heap of ashes, and then, a heavy rain falling helped to extinguish the coals. After seeing two or three volunteers stationed to look after the smoking mass, the afflicted family retired.

The next morning, the family assembled at the breakfast table with cheerful, but chastened looks. Though afflicted, they were not cast down. After some conversation on the probable cause of the fire, they concluded it to be occasioned by some hay that had not been fully cured, but in the hurry of the harvest had been thrown in with the rest. 'And now,' said Mr Trellis, after some remarks on the necessity of care in future, 'as it is no use to cry for spilled milk, we must set about retrieving our loss as soon as possible.'

'Father,' said the eldest son, 'I have made up my mind to go out and teach school this winter. Squire Parker offered me his district the other day. The wages are fifteen dollars a month and board; so by spring I can furnish forty-five dollars towards a new barn.'

'And I,' said the other, 'will go and work in Joe Briggs's saw-mill. He wants a hand, and will give fourteen dollars a month; so I shall have fifty-six dollars towards it in four months.'

With a slight flush on her cheeks, the pretty Elsey remarked, 'And I, father, have determined to go to A—— and work in the mills a few months. Caroline Gilman is there, and earns good wages; and if I cannot get as much as brothers, I can get enough to buy another cow in place of poor Brindle, who was burned last night.'

The hearts of the good farmer and his wife were too full for utterance at these expressions of enterprise on the part of their children: and although they were pained at the idea of being separated from their children for the first time, yet they knew that effort was needed; therefore,

they quietly acquiesced in their plans, and the following Monday was resolved on as the date of their commencement.

Monday arrived. James, the second son, was the first to leave. With a tear struggling in his eye, he shook hands all round, and impressing a brother's kiss on Elsey's lips, departed. George followed; and then came the greatest trial of all. The stage drove up to the door for Elsey. The old lady wiped her eyes with her apron, and with a bursting heart bade her adieu; the old farmer, more composed, but deeply feeling, pressed his beloved child to his heart, and with a voice quivering in every tone, said, 'God bless thee, my child!' and in another minute their choicest treasure was on her way to A——.

We shall now confine the reader more particularly to the fortunes of Elsey, in whose subsequent history the happiness of all the rest of that fair family was inextricably woven; and who was destined to return to her home with far different feelings than those with which she left.

Reaching A——, she sought the only person she knew in the place, Caroline Gilman. Under her patronage she was soon installed in a boarding-house; and at a loom in the mills. Unfortunately for Elsey, this girl was the most unfit person she could have selected for a friend.—She was gay in her manners; rather loose in her principles, and excessively fond of gay company and fashionable pleasures. Alas for poor Elsey! she little knew to whom she surrendered herself when she submitted to her influence.

At first, her gay manner excited some surprise in Elsey; but her friend told her it was their way in that place; that she must get rid of her country soberness, and be merry and cheerful, or she would kill every body by giving them the horrors. Though not convinced; Elsey ceased to complain, and gradually yielded herself to the same trifling and giddy spirit.

Among the male acquaintances of Miss Gilman, and being a flirt she had many, was a young man of gentlemanly appearance and winning manners, who called himself George Stanley French. The simple beauty and lively conversation of Elsey forcibly arrested his attention. His fine appearance and suavity of demeanor had equally taken hold of the unsuspecting heart of Elsey. He began to pay her particular attentions. She received them with kindness, and ere a month had passed, Mr French was the accepted lover of Elsey Trellis. She had yielded this young man her affections, from what she had seen of his person and manners, without once stopping to inquire into his character and standing in virtuous society. Poor Elsey here committed a fearful error: an error, however, which has been committed a thousand and a thousand times by amiable and virtuous girls, notwithstanding the shores of death are strewn with wrecks of ruined peace and virtuous love.

In the wise sincerity of her heart, Elsey communicated her success in winning such a beau to her mother. Her letter was filled with the enthusiasm of a first love; for between her and her mother there had never been any secrets. The reply damped her ardor for a moment.—It breathed caution; it spoke of deception; it whispered of plausible seducers; it concluded with ardent wishes that she would step carefully in her intercourse with her newly-found lover. At first she cried; then grew angry at her mother, and finally showed the letter to her gay friend, Caroline. To a worse adviser she could not have gone. Caroline laughed at the letter; said these cautions were an 'old woman's' fears, and closed by advising Elsey to make sure of Mr French, by all means, for a husband. To a heart enthusiastically beating with the ardor of a first affection, the reader can judge which advice was most congenial. Like

many others, Elsey rejected the wise counsel of a fond mother who had never deceived her, for that of a silly, witless girl, whose only charm was gaiety and ease.

Mr Trellis also wrote his child a letter of caution. A clergyman, too, who had once known her family, faithfully warned her that there were suspicions abroad respecting Mr French. He was a stranger in the place; and although he had plenty of money, and gave out that he was the son of a wealthy Southron, yet many doubted him, and the clergyman begged her to be on her guard.

But Elsey was bewitched by the power of her affection for Mr F. A wizard influence seemed to surround her, and made her reckless of all advice. The more her passion was opposed by it, the stronger it grew, until she determined to marry him at any risk.

Three months only had passed since she had left her quiet home in the valley, and she was led to the altar, a blushing bride, by Mr George Stanley French.—The first weeks of her married life passed as such weeks always do—in joyousness and peace. Mr French was very attentive and very kind. Elsey in her triumph wrote to her parents, and told them how they and others had been mistaken; how Mr F. had *honorably* married her, and as *honorably* maintained her. She was happy, she said, and believed she had a life of happiness before her. Poor girl! had she never seen a fair morning, beclouded ere noon, and followed by a storm, before the day waned? She was destined to feel it; and that intensely.

One morning, some six weeks from the nuptial day, her husband returned very hastily from the post office. His manner was hurried; his features were excited, and he seemed scarcely able to look his lovely wife in the face. Alarmed at his appearance, she ventured to ask in a voice trembling with emotion, 'What is the matter, George?'

This question seemed to call her husband to himself, for he by a strong effort obtained the command of his feelings; and sitting down beside his bride, said, 'I have news which I fear will not be more pleasant to you than it is to me. A letter, which I have just received, informs me that my father is dangerously ill, and my presence at home is demanded instantly:' and he paused, while, watching the workings of her countenance, he listened to her reply.

'Yes, I am indeed sorry to hear of your father's sickness,' said she, with extreme artlessness of manner. 'When will it be necessary for us to leave?'

'Us! my dear. Not us! I must go alone, and must leave in the next stage,' was his cutting answer.

Elsey hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. 'It was the first shaft which had entered her heart since she became a bride; the wound it made was deep; but partly recovering herself, she said:

'What! part so soon, George! Must you leave me? Oh! why cannot I go with you? I cannot let you go so soon, and so far!'

'Elsey!' replied her husband, 'it is useless to resist. I must go, and you must stay! I will return in a few weeks, and we will then part no more.'

This reply was spoken somewhat harshly; and while its harshness sunk into her sensitive heart, a vague sense of suspicion stole over her, and with a tremulous voice she replied:

'George, will you show me your father's letter?'

The husband was confounded. He was not prepared for this. Pulling out his watch as in haste, he hurriedly remarked:

'There is no time now. The stage leaves in a few minutes. I must be gone. Here is my address!' and he threw her a card. 'I have arranged for your board until my return; as to money, I need all

I have by me for the expense of travelling, and you will need none for a few weeks! Now don't be sad, but wait patiently until I come back:' and seizing a valise which he had filled that morning for an intended tour with Elsey, he ran out of the house.

Elsey stirred not for many hours. She was thunderstruck! The stroke was cruel, heavy and unexpected; and she wept the day away with bitter, bitter tears. Hope, however, resumed its power, and trying to forget the harshness of her husband, she set herself to counting the hours of his absence, and to expecting his return.

A week passed. The lady with whom she boarded presented her bill as usual. Though surprised, Elsey concealed her feelings and asked if Mr French had not arranged for her board during his absence. She replied he had not. Having a few dollars of her own earnings in her drawer, she paid the bill and dismissed the landlady. But who can describe her feelings when she sat down alone, wringing her hands and giving vent to a flood of tears as she exclaimed, 'Can it be that George is a villain!'

Three weeks had passed, when a letter was brought to her with a southern postmark. It was from her husband; but its contents were far, very far from satisfying. His father, he said, was better, but he himself was sick with a broken leg, occasioned by a fall from a horse. It would detain him many months perhaps; and he closed by coolly advising her to go home to her father's until his return.

Poor Elsey! this was a terrible stroke for her already loaded heart; but the worst was yet to come. With all his show of wealth, Mr French had left the place considerably in debt. Soon after his departure, his principal creditor, already rendered suspicious by his sudden decampment, had written to the place whither he had said he was going; and being interested in the fate of Elsey, he

had inquired in respect to his general character. The same mail that brought Elsey her letter, also brought one for the merchant. It stated that French was a worthless fellow, was in debt to every body, and that he *had a wife and child in the South!* Alas! for Elsey: she had married a *bigamist!*

As droops the flower under the drought of summer, or as fades the rose when the worn feasts on its heart, so drooped the injured Elsey. She returned home. Sad were the spirits of that family when they saw her thin pale face and her swollen eyes. Sorrow had made fearful havoc there in a few weeks: but parents still, they pressed her to their bosom, murmuring a melancholy welcome to their child.

It was a rude day in autumn; dark masses of cloud fitted across the sky; the north wind whistled harshly among the half-bared branches of the trees, and the yellow leaves, careering in the gale, or strewing the hard ground, seemed fit emblems of man—when a procession, with slow and measured tread, entered the village graveyard: Sadly and silently they moved towards an open grave and deposited to its keeping the body of the once happy and pretty Elsey. With manly grief, 'Good John Trellis' stood over the grave and dropped a father's tear upon the coffin lid, while stifled sobs, that shook her whole frame, burst from the lips of Elsey's mother. Standing at the grave's mouth, she looked down; her heart swelled; sweetly sad remembrances of days departed came over her, and she cried in the fulness of her agony, 'Alas! my child! my child!'

Thus perished, untimely, Elsey Trellis! Should the reader ever pass the residence of her parents, he will see a venerable old man, grey haired and sad, who will tell him the story of his child's misfortune, and conclude by wishing she had lived; but, he will say, 'This family is God's garden, and he has a right to pluck

the flower he likes best.' While the mother, sorrowful as death, will frequently be seen at the cottage door as if in expectation of a visitor; but shaking her head, she retires, exclaiming, 'Poor Elsey!'

Does the reader ask, as he reads the preceding narrative, 'Why the virtuous should suffer, and the villain go unpunished?' I reply, **THERE IS A JUDGEMENT!** To the unmarried lady, especially to those who in manufacturing towns are beyond the immediate oversight of parents, my tale presents a useful moral. It bids them beware of forming hasty connexions either with males or females. Above all, it warns them against hasty and ill-advised marriages!

From Graham's Magazine.

ISRAFEL.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 'Whose heart-strings are a lute;'
 None sing so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon
 The enamored moon
 Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 Pauses in Heaven,
 With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
 That Israfel's fire
 Is due unto that lyre
 By which he sits and sings—
 That trembling living lyre
 With those unusual strings.

But the Heavens that angel trod,
 Where deep thoughts are a duty—
 Where Love is a grown God—
 Where Hours glance
 Imbued with all the beauty
 Which we worship in the star—
 The more lovely, the more far!

* And the angel Israfel, or Israfeli, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who is the most musical of all God's creatures.—*Koran.*

Thou art not, therefore, wrong,
 Israëli, who despisest
 An unimpassioned song.
 To thee the laurels belong,
 Best bard, because the wisest.
 Merrily live and long!

The ecstasies above
 With thy burning measures suit—
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
 With the fervor of thy lute.
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
 Is a world of sweets and sour—
 Our flowers are merely—flowers;
 And the shadow of thy bliss
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I did dwell
 Where Israëli
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,
 He might not sing one half so well,
 One half so passionately,
 While a bolder note than this might swell
 From my lyre within the sky!

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY,
 THE POLITICAL ENTHUSIAST.

BY DANIEL WISE.

'I have heard voices of immortal truth,
 Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
 That make the deep hills tremble. Shall I
 quail?
 Shall *Arman's* daughter sink?—No! He, who
 there
 Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,
 Will not forsake his child!"

The French revolution! How glorious and how terrible are those records of France, that relate to this fearfully grand epoch of her history! *Glorious*, in that they exhibit an oppressed and crushed people rising in revolutionary energy and bravely shaking off the feudal tyranny of ages, in defiance of the power of a rich noblesse, and of the crowned heads of Europe; *terrible*, as they relate the political ultraism, bloody excesses, ferocious assassinations and barbarous public murders that constituted the 'reign of terror,' into which the revolutionary spirit relapsed. Such a revolution could not fail to develope many varieties and many extremes of human character. Among

those characters, stands the name of Charlotte Corday, whose brief, but remarkable history we propose to lay before our readers.

This enthusiastic young woman was a native of St. Saturnin des Lignerets in France. She was educated in a convent, and very early exhibited strong powers of mind, and an ardent love of study. She united to a person of remarkable beauty, a mind of a strong and masculine order; her wit was brilliant and keen, and her feelings extremely sensitive: her character was pure and above reproach; but her mind, ever restless and active, constantly indulged the strongest emotions of political feeling and enthusiasm.

To obtain greater command of her time, she left the residence of her father, while yet a girl, and resided at Caen with a female friend. Here she formed an affectionate intimacy with M. Belzance, a major in the French army; and in all probability would have married him, but for his untimely death. Marat, the wolf of the revolution, denounced him in his journal, and in 1789, he was barbarously massacred by the creatures of the Jacobins.

The death of her betrothed had a potent influence on the active mind of Charlotte, and justly considering Marat as the cause of his murder, she conceived the most bitter hatred towards that most malicious man. Being deeply interested in the progress of the revolution, that hatred increased with the success of Marat and Robespierre's party, and the decline of the more moderate revolutionists. She had strongly believed and hoped for a republic in which law, justice and purity should prevail, but instead of this, she saw the prevalence of riot, bloodshed and anarchy. This she attributed to the influence of Marat; and thought, if he could be removed, moderate and rational republicanism might succeed. France, she thought, demanded his death, and she re-

solved to procure it at the expense of her own life.

Procuring letters of introduction, she proceeded to Paris. It was her intention to assassinate her victim in open convention, but his sickness caused her to change her plan. At the Palais Royal she purchased a knife, and driving to Marat's house, demanded a private interview with the terrible man. It was refused. She retired and wrote him a letter. 'Citizen,' she wrote, 'I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.'

She was admitted, and was left alone with her victim. She related what she knew of the deputies at Caen, who opposed Marat and Robespierre. Marat eagerly took notes of her communications, while she intently watched him and coolly decided where and how to strike.—After writing the names of the deputies, he replied with a malicious grin,

'Very good: they shall all go to the guillotine!'

'To the guillotine!' exclaimed she indignantly, and the next moment her knife quivered in his heart!

'Help!' cried Marat, and expired.—His piercing cry aroused his mistress, a young woman of twenty-seven, and a servant. They rushed into the apartment and found the fierce revolutionist covered with blood, while his beautiful murderess stood calm and motionless beside him.—Seizing a chair, the man knocked her down with a blow; the young woman trampled upon her; the crowd, hearing the tumult, rushed in, and, but for her firmness, beauty and decision, Charlotte Corday had been torn in pieces on the spot. She was conducted to prison.

The next day, she stood at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, as firm and composed as ever. They accused her, and bro't witnesses to prove her a murderess. She interrupted the witness by crying out:

'It was I who killed Marat!'

'What induced you?'

'His crimes!'

'What crimes?'

'The calamities he has occasioned ever since the revolution!'

'Who instigated you?'

'Myself alone!' said she proudly. 'I had long resolved upon it. I was anxious to give peace to my country.'

She was sentenced to the guillotine. The reading of her sentence excited no visible emotion, and a sweet smile played around her lips as they conducted her back to prison.

Here, she wrote to her father: 'Pardon me,' she wrote, 'my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the services I have rendered my country. For your sake, I wished to remain incognito; but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart.—Never forget the words of Corneille—the crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold.'

The day subsequent to her trial, she underwent the terrible punishment of death. As usual, at executions, the concourse of people was immense. A few of the rabble crowded round the cart and heaped insults and abuse upon her; but the mass of the spectators, touched with her youth, beauty, dignity and magnanimity, applauded her, and rent the air with acclamations. With a smile, she met both the abuse and the plaudits of

the people; and, when she stepped upon the scaffold, her face glowed with delight. In this state of feeling she calmly laid her head under the knife, the axe fell, and Charlotte Corday, the political enthusiast of the revolution, was no more!

That the assassination of Marat was a crime, however pure the motive of Miss Corday, none will deny. Her disgust at the atrocity of Marat was just; but her error lay in yielding to the impulses of a vigorous imagination and of strong feeling—an error too common to all her sex. While, therefore, we admire the fortitude and constancy of this young heroine, let us condemn and avoid her error, viz. unqualified submission to *feeling* and *imagination*.

MERCY'S FREE.

By faith I view my Saviour dying,

On the tree, on the tree;

To every nation he is crying,

Look on me, look on me.

He bids the guilty now draw near,

Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—

Hark! Hark! what precious words I hear,

Mercy's free, mercy's free.

A FRAGMENT.

'Dear Ellen, let me kiss you once more before we part,' said Edmund Ashton to Ellen Mortimer, as they stood at her father's parlor window.

'Well,' said she, 'I have no objection; perhaps it will be the last.'

'Oh, don't say so; you will break my heart. I hope we shall be happy yet.'

Mrs Mortimer was a widow, and had but two children. Charles, the eldest, was at Harvard University, and Ellen lived at home with her mother. Mr Ashton was a very wealthy man, and had forbidden Edmund to pay his addresses to a poor village girl, as he called her.—Helen Ashton was of the age of Ellen Mortimer. They were both beautiful girls, and had known each other from their childhood. Edmund and Charles were classmates.

'Well,' said Edmund, 'I must bid you farewell for at least six months, and I hope that by that time my father's passion will have a little subsided.'

We will leave the family of Mrs Mortimer, and return to that of Ashton. Af-

ter Edmund had gone to Mrs Mortimer's, Helen approached her father, and threw herself into his arms.

'Oh, my dear father,' said she, 'what have you done? You have indeed turned Edmund out of doors.'

'Well,' said Mr Ashton, 'then he should have obeyed me.'

'But, my dear father, you never saw Ellen Mortimer. If you would but consent to see her, I know you would love her—she is such a pretty girl—such a sweet and amiable disposition.'

'Well,' said he, 'I can't help it; so you must leave me.'

She arose in tears and left him.

Edmund had been gone about four months, when the family of Mr Ashton were sitting around the parlor fire, and Mr Ashton was reading the newspaper which a servant had just handed him.—He was about to lay it by, when his attention was suddenly arrested by three broad black lines; he looked more closely, and read as follows: 'Died, in Boston, Ms., Mr Edmund Ashton, in the 21st year of his age, formerly of Harrisburg, Pa.'

Mr Ashton immediately fell into convulsions, calling on the name of Edmund. 'Oh!' said he, 'if I could but bring him back, I would give him one half of my property!' Thus he continued to rave. In the mean time Ellen Mortimer had a letter from Edmund, in which he wrote that he had had his death purposely put in his father's paper. He returned in about two weeks, and repaired to Mrs Mortimer's. After the first salutations were over, and they were seated at the tea table, a servant entered and handed Ellen a note. She read it aloud; it was a note from Mr Ashton, requiring her immediate attendance. Edmund went to his father's; they entered the house where a servant waited for Ellen. She was ushered into an apartment where the family were sitting. Helen introduced her to her father. She and her mother then retired. When Mr Ashton and Ellen were alone, he thus addressed her: 'I have sent for you, my young friend, to ask your pardon before I die. Oh, heavy is the guilt that is now at my heart! If I could but recal six months of my past conduct, how different would be my feelings at this awful moment! If Edmund were but alive, I would give him, with half of my property, to you. You shall never want a father as long as I live.'

Ellen arose and went out of the room, but soon returned leading in Edmund.—His father fainted, but soon recovered, and demanded an explanation. It was soon told; and shortly after they were married, and enjoyed all the happiness in the world. Helen was married soon after to a young merchant, to whom she had long been attached. M*****A.

VERSES

ADDRESSED BY J. COPLEY TO THE MOST AMIABLE

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love,
I feel thy soft, resistless flame
Glide swiftly through my vital frame;
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul;
My faltering tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.
Condemned to muse eternal care,
And never drop the silent tear;
Unseen I mourn, unheard I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

Funny Incident: Reception of Prince de Joinville.—As the Prince de Joinville was passing up Fifth street from Walnut, in company with Mr Picot, the French consul, on Tuesday afternoon, a large crowd of boys followed them, anxious to catch a glimpse of a real Prince, the Police officers, standing at the lock-up house, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, seeing a concourse of persons coming up Fifth street, thought it was one of their brother officers bringing up a prisoner from the wharf. 'Clear that passage,' said one of the officers. 'Open one of those cells,' cried another, 'here's a Lev Smith with a pickpocket.' Great was their surprise when the crowd came up, to see a fair looking youth, smiling, talking and bowing to a very good humored Frenchman. A loud roar of laughter burst from all present at the disappointment of the officers.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

A Discovery for Housekeepers.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, says that a small quantity of green sage placed in the closet will cause red ants to disappear. The Worcester *Egis* adds, 'If this be true, how much ill-temper will be spared to careful housekeepers and nice

young maidens, whose sugar-boxes, bread-boxes, and cake-boxes, made to shut never so tightly, have been found infested with this vermin at the critical moment when their contents were wanted at the table.'

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys on a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy hesitated a little: 'What, sirrah,' said he, 'cannot you tell?' 'Yes, yes,' replied the boy, 'I have it at my fingers' ends.'

Editorial.

THE STRENGTH OF FEMALE ATTACHMENT.—The love of woman is proverbial for its strength, its tenacity, its endurance. Poetry and Fiction have exhausted their resources in describing it. History is full of instances of attachment, the most sublime the human imagination can conceive. One such instance we beg leave to present to our readers.

The revolutionary tribunal of France had nearly reached the pinnacle of its power and fame; and terrible were the deeds of its fury. Instigated by a savage enthusiasm, it hurried scores to the guillotine, and having passed a decree for the arrest of suspected persons, thousands of victims soon filled the prisons. 'At this period,' says Du Broca, 'the gardens of the Luxembourg every day offered a scene as interesting as it is possible to imagine. A multitude of married women from the various quarters of Paris, in the hope of seeing their husbands for a moment, at the windows of the prison, to offer or receive from them a look, or gesture, or some other testimony of their affection. No weather banished these women from the gardens—neither the excess of heat or cold, nor tempests of wind or rain. Some appeared to be almost changed into statues; others, worn out with fatigue, have been seen, when their husbands at length appeared to fall senseless to the ground. One would present herself with an infant in her arms, bathing it in tears in her husband's sight; another would disguise herself in the dress of a beggar, and sit the whole day at the

foot of a tree, where she could be seen by her husband. The miseries of these wretched women were greatly enhanced, when a high fence was thrown around the prison, and they were forbidden to remain stationary in any spot. They were seen wandering like shades through the dark and melancholy avenues of the garden, and casting the most anxious looks at the impenetrable walls of the palace.'

FEMALE OCCUPATION.—Why is it, that young women manifest such repugnance to domestic and household labor? Why do they crowd to the mills, to the stores for slop work, to shoe dealers for binding? Is it less honorable to engage in domestic labor than in other employ? We think not. The mill operative and the 'sew' both show their honorable dependence upon labor for a living; both gain that living by labor. Where, then, is the difference? Can that young lady tell, who, earning her living by the agency of the spindle, of slop work, or shoe binding, turns up her nose in proud disdain at a hired girl, and says, 'Do you think I would live out?' Pshaw! She cannot tell.

A LETTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO HIS WIFE.—Who would suppose that this great destroyer of nations—this reserved, misanthropic conqueror—could be the subject of those finer feelings of the heart that do honor to the conjugal relation? Yet such would appear to be the fact, if the following letter, written during his first, brilliant campaign in Italy, to his wife Josephine, is good authority. Happy for this elegant woman, and for himself too, had its sentiments always ruled his heart. But here is the letter:

'At length, my adored Josephine, I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honor are still in my breast.—The enemy is beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we will repair the blunders of Vanbois, who abandoned Rivoli. In a week, Mantua will be ours, and then, thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affec-

tion. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household, which is now somewhat dispersed. We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! Think of me often. When you cease to think of your Achilles—when your heart grows cold towards him—you will be cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, and I shall ever remain your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which sentiment, love and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses.'

THE MOTHER'S HOPE DESTROYED.—A mother held her first born in her arms. It was a sweet and beautiful babe. As she gazed upon its budding charms, and gently removed the sweet ringlets that clustered beautifully upon its brow, her maternal heart grew warm: she pressed it with all a mother's love, closer to her breast, and breathed a prayer for its safety. 'May no worm,' said she, and the flame of devotion gleamed from her pale blue eyes as she spoke—'May no worm be buried in this fair rosebud. May no untimely blast tear it from its parent stem! May no rude affliction scatter its opening leaves! Father of mercies, spare my child!'

But the Destroyer—the offspring of Sin—entered the room, and breathed on the unconscious infant! The color fled its cheeks; the light forsook its eyes; the laugh upon its lips died into a sweet, fixed, angelic smile; its limbs struggled, as if in agony, for a moment; and it lay, cold as a statue, in its mother's arms.

This picture is drawn from life, and its unpalatable moral lies on its very surface. It bids us hold the gifts of heaven with a perfect readiness to let them depart at a moment's notice: for thus hastily do our choicest treasures frequently take to themselves wings and fly away

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.

THERESA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was near the close of August, and the heat had during the whole day been unusually oppressive. Towards sunset, what little air there was died away, so that there was not enough to waft abroad the thistle's down, and the waters of Plymouth Bay seemed sleeping within its deeply indented shores. There was not a sound, save the shrill cry of the sea-birds, as they wheeled with rapid flight, which smote upon the hearts of the inhabitants as the precursor of a storm.— There was one house, the humble abode of a poor widow and her son, which being situated on an eminence, and nearer the shore than any other, commanded the prospect of the bay. Thither, as the shades of evening began to fall, a number of the more active and robust men of the community, as well as women and children, repaired, to watch the return of the boats which had departed in the morning, for a cloud like a man's hand was already visible in the western sky. One by one they arrived, and before daylight had entirely faded, the last had returned, and was with the others, carefully secured. By the time they had effected this, although the cloud was but little expanded, the wind with a low wailing voice occasionally swept over the waves, and a sudden shiver, now and then, ran through the tops of the trees.

Among the last boat's crew, was John Carwick, the widow's son, and they all hastened with him to his mother's dwelling, not for shelter from the coming tempest, but to procure boat-hooks and whatever else might be of use in rescuing persons from the waves; for they had descried a vessel in the offing, which if the wind blew as heavily as they had reason to expect, must be driven back upon some flats which it had already passed, and go to pieces. As they gained the inside of the threshold, a venerable, white-haired man knelt down in the midst of the little assembly, and in a few words returned fervent thanks for their safe return.

When it was known that a ship was in peril, all who were able prepared, at once, to go to the shore, for there was one point where the current set in so strongly for the land, that whatever objects came within its reach, must drift ashore, though the wind was in a direction to drive them out to sea. By the time they had arrived at the spot, the tempest had risen in its might, and blackness covered the heavens as a garment. But for the foam that crested the billows, the water could not have been distinguished from the land, except when illumined by the red glare of the lightning. At these moments every eye was fixed on the place of anchorage, between the capes of the bay, where the looked for object could be clearly discerned.

'If her anchors will only hold,' said John Carwick, 'she may ride out the gale.'

'That will be impossible,' said an old seaman.

His prediction was soon verified. Not more than five minutes had elapsed, when the lightning showed them, that the wind was driving her on to the shore. All knew now, that her destruction was inevitable, and awaited the event in silence. Once more, and only once, they beheld her driving madly on towards the spot that would seal her doom. A few minutes, and they imagined, though it might have been only the shrieking of the tempest, that they heard cries, such as are uttered by human beings in that moment of wild agony when they know that they must perish. Suddenly the wind shifted so as to impel whatever might be drifting upon the waves, towards the southern shore of the bay. All, except John Carwick, now hastened to place themselves at intervals along the shore: he still retained his station. The storm soon afterwards began to lull, and a few stars struggling through the skirts of the clouds, cast a faint light upon the bay.—Fragments of the wrecked vessel soon began to be driven upon the beach, together with several casks, boxes and trunks. As one of the latter darted forward almost at his feet, Carwick observed something lashed upon the top. On examination he found it to be a child apparently less than a year old. Cutting the cord which secured it with his jack-knife, he took the child in his arms and hastened home. The most approved means of resuscitation were resorted to, and in a short time the infant gave signs of life. She was wrapped in a large and elegant shawl, and her clothing, in every respect, was of that rich and tasteful kind which led them to conclude that she was the daughter of wealthy parents. A fine linen handkerchief which had been disposed in such a manner as to shield the child's head and neck, was marked with the initials, 'T. M.' Other bodies were

soon brought in; among the rest, that of a middle-aged female, whom some conjectured was the mother of the child; but every attempt to restore them to life proved ineffectual. Of all contained in the ill-fated vessel, the infant alone was saved. The ensuing morning, the contents of the trunk which had proved to it the ark of safety, were examined in presence of suitable persons. They consisted of several rich female garments of a foreign fashion, and an abundant supply of every kind of clothing necessary for the child; but what attracted the greatest attention, was the miniature of a very beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, which was set with gems of great price. On the back of the miniature was inscribed the name of Theresa. Next to the miniature, a letter addressed to Jeanette Monsigny excited the most intense interest, but as it was written in French no one could make it out, not even the school-master, who, although well versed in the Greek and Latin languages, knew none beside, except the vernacular. The name by which the letter was subscribed not being written very legibly, opinions differed respecting it.

Although Mrs Carwick was poor, depending upon the industry of her son, who owned a small share in a fishing-boat, for a livelihood, she felt determined to keep the child, and John, who was probably more attached to her from having been instrumental in rescuing her from the waves, warmly acceded to his mother's wishes. The beauty of the child, no doubt, at first, had its influence in winning their affection, which an uncommonly sweet and tractable temper, in the room of that waywardness often resulting from too much indulgence, was pretty sure to retain.

Efforts were made, from time to time, to obtain information concerning the wrecked vessel and crew, more especially the names of the passengers, which in

every instance proved unsuccessful.—Subsequently, Mrs Carwick and her son adverted to the subject with reluctance, for so attached had they become to the child, that the possibility of her being claimed by her friends, was exceedingly painful to them. Theresa being inscribed on the miniature, they concluded to call her by that name, to which Carwick was added as a matter of course.

One day, removing the trunk from which she had just been taking all the clothing to air, Mrs Carwick remarked that it felt remarkably heavy, and upon a careful examination she found that it contained a false bottom, beneath which were deposited four hundred Spanish dollars. This was indeed a prize for persons in humble circumstances, and the mother and son consulted together as to the best method of appropriating it for Theresa's benefit. They finally concluded to suffer it, for the present, to remain in its place of concealment, as the means of bestowing upon her a better education than persons of their class had the power of giving their children; for they felt persuaded that her relations were rich, and were desirous, should she ever be claimed by them, that they should have no cause to blush for her ignorance. At a proper age, she was placed at one of the best schools in the Old Colony, and by her application and improvement well repaid the judicious kindness of her friends and benefactors. When at home, she was a cheerful and ready assistant to Mrs Carwick in her household duties, and though it had been suggested to her, that could she find the station in which she was born, she would undoubtedly be a fine lady, she assumed no airs inconsistent with that in which she had been providentially placed.

At seventeen, she was extremely beautiful, but her style of beauty was entirely different from that of any of the young girls with whom she associated. There

was something foreign in her clear, olive complexion, in the luxuriance of her long, jet black hair, and in her eyes of the same hue animated with joy or swimming with tenderness, as well as in her firm, yet most feminine and lovely mouth. John Carwick was conscious that he felt for her more than the tenderness due to an adopted sister, yet he had the good sense to feel that she was not the person suitable to be his bride. The disparity between them was in every respect too great; and although, as has been already intimated, she cheerfully performed her part of the most servile household labor, he had ever felt a repugnance to see her thus engaged.

While at school, there was nothing she had been so desirous to attain as a knowledge of the French language, that she might be enabled to read the letter which had been found in the trunk. The first night after her return, she succeeded in making the subjoined translation, after she had retired to her room.

'HAVANA, April 10, 18—.

'By letters received by the Marie, I find that my sister Theresa survived her husband only a few months, leaving her infant daughter to your care until I could be consulted. It is my desire, as well as that of my wife, to adopt the child as our own. I have therefore made arrangements with the captain of the *Arcadie* to bring her to Cuba; for although when he returns from France, he will touch at one of the northern ports of the United States, as he is a particular friend of mine, I prefer that she should come in his vessel.—You will, therefore, engage a good and careful nurse to take charge of her, and should it accord with your inclination, I should be gratified to have you accompany them.'

The name of the writer, as heretofore, she was unable to decipher.

She did not inform Mrs Carwick and John, that she was now able to read the

outlandish letter, as they called it, for she knew that any prospect, however faint, of her going to dwell in another land, would be exceedingly painful to them; and she could not bear so soon to break in upon the enjoyment afforded them by her return.

She now no longer doubted that the miniature was the resemblance of her mother, and it being a lovely afternoon in June, possessing herself of the casket containing that and the letter, she stole forth unobserved to a spot near the sea-shore. She had seated herself in the shadow of a rock, and was just unfolding the letter, when a stranger who had been wandering on a part of the beach hidden from her view by a high headland, suddenly made his appearance. His broad-brimmed Panama sombrero, at sight of her, was instantly transferred from his head to his hand, while he apologized in perfectly intelligible, though somewhat broken English, for unintentionally interrupting her solitude. She replied with a voice in which a slight tremor might have been detected, for she had heard John Carwick remark that a vessel had recently arrived from one of the West India Islands, and she felt persuaded that the person now before her belonged to it. She imagined, although not probable, it was possible that he or some other person belonging to the vessel, might be able to give her some information relative to her connexions. For a moment she felt resolved to show him the miniature and letter, and relate to him the manner in which, when an infant, she was cast upon the shore where they now stood; but the look of admiration with which he met her glance, as she raised her eyes to put her design into execution, deterred her. By a person unacquainted with them, they might have been taken for brother and sister. He was apparently a few years her senior, tall and finely formed. His brow was high and clear, round which

hair black and glossy as her own, clustered in short, rich curls. His straight, finely chiselled nose too, was not unlike hers, except that it sprang more boldly from his forehead. He wore the broad Spanish shirt-collar turned back so as to disclose his throat; and the whole of his dress was of a picturesque style, calculated to set off his person to much advantage. Theresa now began to recollect that it was improper for her to remain longer in the presence of an entire stranger, and hastily courtesying, she turned and proceeded rapidly towards home.—He remained on the spot, following her with his eyes, till a turn in the path hid her from his view.

Two days elapsed, during which she neither saw him nor heard him mentioned. On the third, as they were sitting at dinner, John Carwick mentioned that he had become acquainted with a young man who had recently arrived in a vessel from Cuba, who was so very polite and civil, and who appeared so melancholy at being alone in a strange land, that he had invited him to come and take tea with them that afternoon. The color deepened on Theresa's cheeks, for she suspected that it was the handsome stranger whom she had seen near the sea-shore; and as Mrs Carwick put on her plain muslin handkerchief and her cap with its nicely crumpled border, she wondered what made her adopted daughter so very difficult with respect to the arrangement of her dress and her beautiful hair.

Her toilet being, at length, completed, they seated themselves in the parlor, which with 'its whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,' and fire-place filled with green boughs, answered well to the description given by Goldsmith of the one which graced the inn of Sweet Auburn. The hours wore wearily away till four o'clock, the time which John said they might expect them.

A single glance told Theresa, as she

saw the looked for guest, in company with John, winding up the path that led to the house, that her conjectures concerning him had been right. Carwick introduced him by the name of Velandez.

'If I understand aright, your name is Theresa,' said he, after they had conversed a while on indifferent topics.

'It is,' she replied.

'With that name,' said he, 'is associated a very painful incident which happened when I was a child of four or five years old, and which has been kept fresh in my memory by hearing it frequently recurred to by my parents and others.'

'Will you relate it?' said Mrs Carwick.

'There is little to relate,' replied he: 'I only know that the vessel containing the infant daughter of my father's only sister, Theresa Monsigny, who after her marriage resided with her husband in France, was lost, and that all on board perished.'

'Not all,' exclaimed Theresa, rising involuntarily.

'No,' said Mrs Carwick, 'strange as it may seem, while the strong man perished, the helpless infant was saved;' and she then briefly related the manner in which she had been rescued from the waves, and why they had given her the name of Theresa.

Velandez, in his turn, related the incidents which Theresa already knew by reading the letter addressed to Jeannette Monsigny, who was, as she now ascertained, a sister to her father.

Having closed his relation, 'Will you now permit me,' said he, 'to examine the miniature and the letter Mrs Carwick made allusion to?'

Theresa produced the casket in which they were enclosed. He eagerly drew the miniature from its case. 'This speaks at once,' said he. 'It is the exact resemblance of a portrait that has always, since my remembrance, hung in my father's library, which, he said, was painted a year

or two before his sister's marriage. Yes, Theresa, you are the cousin whose loss I so bitterly wept, when they told me that you were sleeping beneath the waves.—'This letter too,' rapidly glancing his eyes over the contents, 'confirms the same delightful truth. It was written by my father, but I am now, like you, an orphan.'

There was so much to say, that the usual hour for tea passed unnoticed; but when Mrs Carwick happened to observe that it was almost sunset, a fire was kindled, and the tea-kettle hung over a blaze that gave promise that the water therein contained would soon be raised to the desirable temperature. The last three hours had, however, been so exciting as to deprive them all of appetite; and Mrs Carwick's nice cakes and butter were scarcely tasted.

From this time, Velandez was a daily and a most welcome visitant. Even John soon succeeded in subduing the last pang of jealousy, which his presence at first awakened.

In about three months, a small party was assembled in Mrs Carwick's parlor, which presented the same appearance as when Velandez made his first call, except that a cheerful blaze enlivened the fireplace, instead of the green boughs, which in summer looked so bright and fresh.

By the side of the handsomest and noblest looking of the young men who were present, stood the loveliest and one of the youngest of the females, attired in a simple, but elegant bridal dress. A shade of becoming thoughtfulness overspread the countenance of each as they listened to the impressive words of the unostentatious ceremony that united them for life.

Having determined to make New England his home, the social advantages, in his estimation, more than compensating for a less salubrious climate, Velandez purchased a delightful villa on the banks of the Merrimack. Here, he and his wife received an annual visit from Mrs

Carwick and her son; they being, after the first year, accompanied by a very decent and comely looking person, no less welcome than themselves, whom John, after due deliberation, had chosen as a helpmate.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

In the calm stillness of the night,
When care and tumult rest a while,
When on the wave the moon shines bright,
How dear the light of Friendship's smile.

Now mem'ry's eye may scan those years,
When childhood's joys were bright as pure,
Ere cold misfortune urged our tears,
Or pleasures false displayed their lure.

Fair vision of those days, yet stay!
Why would'st thou hence so soon depart?
Now, while I watch the moon's pale ray,
Remain the solace of my heart.

Though sorrow oft may coldly gleam
Along my path—thence joy beguile,
Yet is it warmed by one soft beam,
Caught from the light of Friendship's smile.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE SACRIFICE.

An oriental sunrise is a glorious sight to witness. To see the 'king of day' enthroned in cloudless splendor upon the eastern hills, ready to pour a flood of golden light upon the wide stretched plains beneath, is a scene well fitted to awaken sublime emotions—emotions of joy, of praise and adoration.

But there was a morning, long to be treasured in the memory of mortals, when this glorious scene enkindled far different emotions in the human heart; and that heart wont to be full of pious and poetic feeling.

Throughout the awful night which preceded, no gentle sleep had refreshed his care-worn heart. No fair visions of coming years had led their bright dance before his troubled mind; but deep-felt anguish, heart-corroding care, his bosom heaved, 'a troubled sea of woes.'

Tell me, ye parents (who alone can tell)—tell me the nature of that tie which binds you to your first-born babe. Tell me, as memory bears you back to the blest hour when budding embryo blossomed into life, the anxious care, the sleepless eye, that watched its first existence. Recal the happy day when infant lips first lisped a *father's* name; the happy hour when first you watched its tottering steps, and caught it falling in a *mother's* arms. The anxious hour recal, when the fair flower, nipped by untimely frosts, on sickness' couch laid helpless, turned its glazed eye, and stretched its little hands, as if 'twould bid a long and last farewell; and from the cold brow you wiped the clammy sweats of death. Recal the last kind rites of christian burial, when forced to take the last lingering look, and drop the last burning tear upon the idol of your fond affections, and hear the deep-toned bell that seemed to strike the knell of your departed hopes, and see the slow procession move onward to the house appointed to the living, and hear the rattling clod fall heavy on the coffin, and follow back to your deserted home, and find the child has *really gone*—O then sad hours recal, and tell the strength of a fond parent's love. Then think a while of him, that *aged sire*, and drop the liberal tear of sympathy.

O were it his, to sit beside his dying boy, and wear away the weary night in watchful care, in silence undisturbed, save by the plaintive breath, or pain-wrung moan; and list to hear that breathing fainter grow; and hark to hear no more that gentle voice; then close those tender eyes in their last sleep—O that hard

task had been extatic joy, compared with his.

But no alternative awaits the faithful man of God. A plain command, not clothed, like ancient Oracle's response, in words ambiguous and of double sense, but plain as tongue can utter, a sacrifice. A sacrifice of blood—of *human, kindred* blood; bone of his bone; and the same blood that coursed the father's veins, coursing the son's. O what a trial this, for faith. To save his land, the patriot freely dies; to save his friend, the partner of his life, life is itself a meagre sacrifice. O worse than death one's second self to slay! No heathen mind e'er put to such a test! If human victims bled to appease enraged divinities, as Carthage saw, when on her altars bled her noble sons, or Hinnem's vale, where, bathed in lurid fire, his victims fell at Molech's impious shrine; priests trained to deeds of blood, the task assume, and parents turn away their weeping eyes.

What sorrows weighed, his heart alone can tell who felt their pressing weight. But did he turn and curse his God, charging *deceit* upon Omnipotence? Had he beguiled by promise, fair as false, of spreading lands, and people countless as the innumerable stars, or helpless, urged by some resistless fate, founded his hopes on air? In his old age to see them fall, blasted and shattered on his hoary head? And did he now curse God, his work for-sake, and worship pay to Baal? He had, unless supported by supernatural aid—unless sustained by the hand of heaven-born Faith—*she* lent her influence in that trying hour, and stayed his trust, serenely fixed on God.

With simple fare, the humble board was spread, which shepherds served in patriarchal days: a *father, mother*, and an only son comprised the frugal feast. On Abraham's brow unwonted sadness sat, and Sarah's face reflected back the gloom, which Isaac saw, and silent wondered at the mutual grief.

The servants cited and the beast prepared, laden with wood cleaved for the sacrifice, father and son reluctant leave their home. Two days they wind their journey through a land, desert as their own hearts. The destined hill the third morn's sun portrays, sketched in bold outlines on the western sky. Not yet had David's city reared its gentle sides, or temple crowned its lofty brow. A solitary mount unknown, save as the place where David reared an altar to his God in gratitude, when stayed the pestilence which swept from Israel's race full seventy thousand men, and brought to Israel's heart contrite remorse.

The hour has come. The awful tragedy bursts on his sight in dread reality. The sight of that dread mountain form falls like a death pall on his sinking soul. Long time in dubious contest strive contending passions there for mastery; till conquered nature, yielding up the fight, triumphant *Faith* bears off the victory.

His passions calmed, his spirits all resigned, on Isaac laid the sacrificial wood; the fire prepared, the knife in girdle hung, a naked, uncased blade, the patriarch bids the young men tarry in the plain, 'while we our worship pay on yonder mountain's brow.' In silence sad, father and son ascend Moriah's hill. All things prepared, save one, which Isaac missing, as if pert to whet the keenness of paternal agony, and call the passions into second strife, cries with inquisitive amaze, 'Lo, here's the sacrificial wood and fire, but where's the sacrificial lamb?' *That lamb himself.* The patriarch breathes a silent prayer, and *Faith's* strong language answers back, 'God will provide himself a lamb.'

Of uncarved stone, an altar rudely reared, the wood arranged, the passive victim bound; one moment more, the uplifted blade a father's hand had bathed in filial blood. But 'twas enough. 'Stay,' cried an angel's voice; 'O Abraham, stay thine hand, and spare thy child. Thy

faith is proved: thy dearest object not withheld from God, sufficient test? The father stood surprised—unspeakably surprised, and full of joy; unbound his son, and offered in his stead a sacrifice in truth, by God prepared.

The yielding air a second voice divides, pronouncing blessings on the patriarch's head: 'Because thou'st not withheld thine only son, I've sworn,' thus saith the Lord, 'that blessing, I will bless and multiply thy seed, as stars in heaven or sands upon the ocean shore, innumerable. It shall possess the gates of conquered enemies, blessing all nations in its Author's name, because my voice thou hast obeyed.'

Thus spake the angel heralds, and returned swift to the heavenly courts.—Slowly, with cautious step, Abraham and Isaac now descend the hill, before Moriah called; henceforward named, in token of God's providential care, Jehovah Jireh in the Hebrew tongue. D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

PRAYER.

'Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.'—Ps. lv. 17.

When rosy-fingered morning
Unlocks the halls of light,
And Phœbus slowly rising,
Dispels the gloom of night;
While plain and woodland smiling
Beneath his joyous ray,
In harmony uniting,
Salute the king of day;

O catch the inspiration
Of universal song,
With praise and adoration
The glorious strain prolong.
Before the day commencing,
Its duty and its care,
No earthly thought intruding,
Pour out thy soul in prayer.

When in mid heaven careering,
The burning steeds of sun,
And nature lies repining

Beneath the scorching noon;
While husbandmen reclining
Beneath the cooling shade,
And neighboring cattle lowing
Amid the forest glade;

When thine own spirit's drooping,
And languishing thy frame,
With humbler faith relying
Alone on Jesus' name;
Go seek the lonely arbor,
Where none but God doth hear,
And filled with holy ardor,
Pour out thy soul in prayer.

When in the west descending
Behind the ocean flood,
His lingering beams still gilding
The mountain top and wood;
His chariot still delaying,
Although his race is run,
Like holy Christian dying,
Retires the setting sun;

Join in the vespers rising
From every stream and wood,
And swell the natural anthem
Ascending up to God:
Thy grateful thanks returning
For providential care,
His future guidance craving,
Pour out thy soul in prayer. D.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE, A SOURCE OF IMPROVEMENT.—The individual who cultivates a contemplative mind, and who views the attributes of his Creator in all their simplicity and grandeur, not only regards the objects by which he is surrounded as subservient to the will of their Creator in performing the operation allotted to them in relation to the material universe, merely, but also as designed for his own moral or religious improvement. It is not necessary that the rising sun should shoot its genial rays over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns and shake the lofty forest, and raise the proud surges of the mighty ocean; nor that the

roaring and deafening cataract, the majestic river proudly riding in its beauty and peace; nor that the rushing storm, carrying havoc in its mad career: it is not necessary that these should proclaim to him the majesty of his God. There is not an insect in the material universe, however minute it may be, nor a vegetable of so low an order as not to be honored with bearing some marks of the existence of a great Creator—marks not only of his glory and power, but also of his wisdom and benevolence. When we behold the world which we inhabit so full of activity and life, decorated in the most beautiful garb which Nature can bestow; and then direct our eyes upward, and view those numberless luminaries which spangle the sky; and as science teaches us that they are suns lighting other systems, and like ours, surrounded with a glorious retinue of worlds, and teeming with life and beauty, what time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that great and Eternal Being! Can a man who, by divine meditations, so familiarizes himself with the laws by which the universe is governed, and is admitted, as it were, into conversation with this ineffable, incomprehensible Being, by whose power it was created and is sustained, think days, or years, or ages too long for the contemplation of so ravishing a glory and dignity? Shall man absorb the noble powers of his intellect in the trifling amusements and palling pleasures of this world, when those powers which are now dormant might be exercised in studies so high, so glorious, and so important? No! but let him, as a rational and accountable being, rather attempt to fulfil the object for which he was created; and when he looks abroad upon the world, learn to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God.'

W.

The only test of the utility of knowledge, is its promoting the happiness of mankind.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

They say that life's morning is always serene,

That its sun rises free from dark clouds,
That no thick mists of sorrow or gloom intervene,

That no shadow its beauty enshrouds.

And they say that a strange gay bird' of light,

Warbles notes of all music most sweet,
And its song of enchantment and plumage so bright,

Of ten times their still wavering feet.

And they say that a rainbow each flower adorns,

Which blossoms so fair round their path—
They see but the rose blighted not by the thorns,

For then there's no tempest to scathe.

But oh, is this true? Is youth's spring thus fair,

Is it always so sunny, so joyous, and bright,
Is the heart ne'er filled with forebodings and care,

Does it not feel oftentimes sorrow, the blight?

Ah yes! the young heart oft with anguish is torn,

Its cup of deep bitterness full,
And though a bright smile on the face may be worn,

Clouds of darkness hang over the soul.

But there's a real joy the unhappy may know,

The brightest, the truest, to earth ever given,
A joy which is found not, is known not below,

It descends from the glories of Heaven.

JANE.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

HOPE.

This is a faculty of the human mind, without which man would be compelled to spend his life as upon a vast desert, where he must travel without one ray of hope to cheer his drooping spirits, without one solitary spot to rest his weary foot, and without one cooling drop of water to

allay the burning thirst of his mouth. It is this which prompts the mariner upon the mighty ocean, when his bark is driven to and fro upon the boisterous waves, when the thunder's peal rends the elements in twain, when the forked lightning darts across the sky, when heaven and earth apparently meet to join in dark and tempestuous war, then it alone can prompt him to put forth all his efforts and exertions by which he may outride the fury of the storm, and reach in safety the destined haven of rest. Animated by the same innate principle, the student is enabled to put forth all his intellectual faculties, and by his unremitted efforts, gradually to ascend the mount of knowledge: and though the road be rough and the ascent be steep, yet Hope spreads forth to his assistance her almost supernatural powers, and enables him to triumph over every obstacle, and points out to his fainting vision the temple of glory 'shining afar,' as a reward which will richly compensate for all his trials and difficulties.

The true essence of a well founded hope shows itself most conspicuously, and dressed in its most beautiful and lovely garb in its influence upon the man of God as he departs from the mortal state. He perceives the glimmering of the taper by which he has been guided through the trials of life, fast sinking into oblivion, and the sun of his mortal career fast sinking, never to rise again, and he is fast entering upon eternal realities, yet *Hope*, that alleviator of our sorrows, comes riding upon the chariot of Faith, eradicates the gloom which has been fast gathering around his wearied senses, and bids him look forward to that state upon which he is about to enter, as eternally glorious, and will far more than remunerate him for the labors which he has been called to undergo.

W.

There is a pleasure in tender sensations which far surpasses any that ill-natured ones are capable of creating.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE STRICKEN FAMILY.

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

FACTS are the foundation of my story—only I omit *real* names for reasons which will appear obvious to the reader. Mine is not a romantic "love tale;" though there may be some romance, and a spice of genuine *love* connected with it; yet it is one, the remembrance of which vibrates a chord in the very centre of my soul.—It chastens the flowing feelings of my heart, and checks the gushing tide of worldly hope and ambition. It eloquently proclaims the uncertainty and instability of earthly good, relations, and prospects: it affords something of the *bright*, and much of the *dark* side of the picture of human life;—it proves the oft demonstrated fact that many "suns go down at noon."

In the town of N., co. of Franklin, Mass., there is a district of highland known by the name of "South Mountain." It is so called, I suppose, because it lies in the Southeast part of the town. A part of this district lifts itself above the surrounding creation, and swells into an oblong mountain some three or four miles in length. At its southern extremity there is a sudden break in the arrangement of Nature, and the mountain rises several hundred feet perpendicular, and sends down from its ragged, rocky summit, upon the beholder at its base, a menacing look—a savage frown; and really seems to threaten to let loose upon him a swinging block of granite, which for ages has hung in that position, we know not how. The upward prospect is wild and startling in the extreme; and one instinctively shrinks back from contemplating it in its immediate vicinity. When, however, despite the acclivity we have gained the summit, the prospect is beautiful, grand, glorious, enrapturing! and the excitable beholder quite likely will leap, and shout,

and clap his hands for very joy, because of the rich, radiant beauties—the charming loveliness—the elevating sublimities which lie scattered o'er all the sweeping distance around him. On the west, deep in the valley, roll the placid waters of Connecticut river, which winds itself through verdant lands and fertile meadows, crooked as the darting serpent when threading his lightning way in the thicket.

Farther still in the west, rise in gentle acclivities and easy gradations the Green mountains—sending up their loftiest ridges and peaks to hold communion with the clouds. Grandeur sits upon their summit as a throned monarch,—pleased to play with the zephyrs of a summer's morning, or to quarrel with the wild winds of a winter's day. Away in the north and northwest rise in verdant rivalry the “everlasting hills” of New Hampshire and Vermont. They also swing themselves round into the northeast, and so form a strong and beautiful amphitheatre; braced and secured on its southern termination by one of Nature's finest pyramids,—the Monadnock mountain. If we turn to the east, we shall see “Mount Grace,” peering up to salute the eye, a huge pedestal, on which the gods might safely build their earthly habitation; and if we look farther on, farms and forests, cottages and villages, and now and then the glittering spire of a Church will multiply on our vision, until the prospect ceases and is lost in the limits of the horizon. In the mellow, radiant south, loveliness holds her enchanting empire; and whichever way we turn “gazing wonder lingers” around the contemplation of the varied works of nature's God—paralyzed with delight. Such is the inspiring view from the highest ridge of South mountain. On either side of the mountain run two “country streets” parallel to it, and constitute two pleasant and social neighborhoods, made up of the yeomanry, the “bone and sinew” of the land. In the

street which hangs on the western side of the mountain lived, some years since, a man whom I will call JOSEPH ELLENWOOD. He was a short, close-built, jolly little man, of but little education, and simple in his habits. He was sometimes called “Uncle Joseph;” and sometimes saluted as “Deacon,” in consequence of an office which he held in the Church in his riper years. His manners, of course, could not partake of the artificial refinement of the higher walks of life—yet he was bland and courteous; and in his intercourse with the world, honest and upright. His spirits were buoyant and elastic; and though sometimes clouds gathered thick and heavy upon Uncle Joseph's prospects, and the tempests of misfortune howled furious around him, still a kind or jocose remark would kindle a smile on his sombre countenance, and explode the troubled elements of his soul in the rapturous laugh of joy. I loved the little old man for his jovial temper, and kind attention to children, and have spent with him, in my boyhood, many a happy day—around which memory still loves to linger, and to gather up the pleasing incidents of childhood and youth.

Uncle Joseph was never rich in this world's goods, but he inherited the “poor man's blessing,” or wealth, to a large amount: he had a numerous family, consisting of a wife and twelve children; for all of whom he possessed the highest degree of paternal love and solicitude. To make temporal provision for the many and multiplying wants of so large a family can certainly be considered no ordinary task. It must cost wisdom, anxiety, labor, toil; and then, perhaps, the fond parent must be compelled to sigh over his inability amply to supply the necessities of his confiding, dependent wife and children. None but the poor, or those who have been poor, can sympathise with the children of poverty. The rich can know nothing about it; no; not even by

contrast. A man must actually measure with his own footsteps the naked vale of *want*, before he can duly appreciate the circumstances of the sons and daughters of destitution.

* * * * *

Francis Ellenwood was the oldest son of Uncle Joseph,—a bright and active lad as ever was raised among the mountains. In earliest childhood he enacted innocent roguery to perfection; in boyhood he was the cunning peeper-in at all the key-holes—the curious examiner of all things he could lay his hands on;—and in the ripeness of youth he was the best musician and mechanic among all his young competitors. In person, Francis somewhat resembled his father—only he was stronger and handsomer. He was one of the fairest and noblest of the sons of poverty.—His spirits flowed in abundance, and without interruption; and glee never exerted its exhilarating influence on his exuberant nature more than when he was pacing some public thoroughfare to the sound of martial music, and with military exactness. Poverty of circumstance compelled Francis to “earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;” but in this he knew he was only treading in the unpropitious pathway which had been measured by the tardy footsteps of thousands before him. He would be up with the sun—out, and commence his daily task amid the dewy influences of the morning—or into his shop, singing and whistling joyous as a songster of the wood!—and then, in the twilight he was far more constant in sending forth on the balmy air the charming music of his mellow voice, or the startling roll of his well-beat drum, than the nightingale or whippoorwill.—Francis loved the sport of his evening drum in particular, and by its hoarse and martial sounds kept alive the chivalrous and daring spirit of the “old revolutionary war”—not only in his own bosom, but in all the hardy sons of “South moun-

tain.” Many have been the summer evenings, after the glowing heavens had been pouring their molten light on the earth, and while the red hot, retiring sun yet shot a few burning rays from behind the Green mountains—have I walked the lonely lane or field while, despite the falling shadows of the mountain which spread a mantle of gloom o’er all the sweeping vale below, my young heart leaped for joy as the rapturous roll of “Frank’s drum” came booming over the fields! Nor was I alone; other eager spirits caught the “flying joy,” and the watch-word for the night was—“Fun and frolic!”

Frank spent the season of his youth joyfully, but as he verged on to manhood he laid aside “childish things,” and applied himself most industriously to his business and soon accumulated a handsome amount of property,—more than any other young man in all the place could boast. He did this beside the assistance which he rendered his honest, hard-working father, and those kind attentions he bestowed on his mother and sisters.

The earthly prospects of Francis Ellenwood were never brighter than at this time; for he had not only become a member of the aristocracy of ‘forehanded’ mechanics, but had won the heart of LAURA CARLTON—a beautiful girl—fair as the mountain rose, and daughter of a rich farmer and neighbor of Mrs Ellenwood. Francis and Laura were schoolmates in childhood, and the respectful attachment they then formed for each other had increased and strengthened with each succeeding year, and was now ripened into the holy affection of *love*. Their vows were plighted to each other; and though they postponed, for a while, the ‘tying of the nuptial knot’—yet, the anticipation of the propitious hour which they already saw down the vista of twenty months, luminous as the morning star, was their chiefest source of enjoyment. While the intervening days, as the rippling rill mar-

mured slowly on, they spent and killed the hours in meditating on the rich enjoyments of conjugal and domestic life.

Young Ellenwood possessed an athletic body, and a proud, ambitious spirit, and ample ability to accomplish whatever he undertook. He considered himself 'second best' to no man, and determined, in process of time, to show his townsmen that the bonds of poverty and humble origin were not so strong but they could be snapped asunder; and the soil of want's dreary vale so positively sterile as that it could not be clad in the green drapery and rich verdure of plenty and wealth.

In keeping with these manly sentiments were all his movements and operations. He left the neighborhood of his father and purchased a situation in the lovely village of N., right among the dons of the town, and whose aristocratic democrats affected to look down upon their neighbors, unblest of wealth, with 'perpendicular contempt.'

The tardy months had almost rolled away, and the time was coming on apace for the consummation of the fondest hopes of Francis Ellenwood and Laura Carlton. The day, even, for the matrimonial union had been fixed upon and appointed; and all was joyous bustle and hurly burly in making preparation for the happy time.

That day arrived; but it brought with it other scenes and circumstances than had been anticipated, and other emotions than had been deemed possible to be realized. Its sun arose; but it was enveloped in clouds! It went up the steep of heaven; but dismal gloom intercepted all its rays!—It set as usual; but it was in the blackness of a starless night.

On a Monday morning, some three weeks before he was to receive the hand of Laura Carlton, young Ellenwood rose early to transact his business, but found himself ill. The pulsations of his heart were quick and intermittent; darting

pains pierced his temples, and languor came stealing upon his whole frame.—His appetite and happy flow of spirits were gone, but not his ambition. He put on his hat and cloak and sallied forth in the direction of Mrs Carlton's, but soon returned. He started again; but paused upon the threshold and took his last-lingering-farewell look of nature's scenes! returned again—retired to his room—threw himself on his bed from which he arose no more!

A malignant fever had seized upon his system which baffled all human skill, and raged with unabating fury until it had burned up the vital principle. If love and the unwearied assiduities of friends could have saved him, he would have been restored to health in an hour. But alas! the unequalled archer had pursued him until he had lodged the fatal arrow in the sanctuary of life! The decree had gone forth, and grim Death would not be turned aside! "Death loves a shining mark," and in selecting young Ellenwood the monster displayed the wisdom of choice.

***** After paying my sick friend one or two visits my business demanded my absence from the place a week or more, and I left him, with regret 'tis true, but expected on my return to find him, at least, 'out of harm's way,' and convalescent. But my expectations were vain. On my return, I descried from an eminence a funeral procession entering the 'burying ground' which lay but a short distance from Mr Ellenwood's, and the melancholy conviction settled upon my mind as a cloud that Francis was no more—was dead—and about to be committed to the silent dust! Heavens! thought I, can it be so? I gazed, and gazed upon the reluctant movements of the long line of relatives and friends until they had fairly entered the depository of the dead; and the bearers had actually committed the cold remains of the noble, yet unfortunate Frank Ellenwood to the grave!—

Oh! how unwillingly did Uncle Joseph, and his wife, and surviving children, and the hereft and beautiful Laura too, turn away from the open grave of the child—the brother—the lover! Grief became irrepressible, and the passing breezes caught up the wail of anguish and bore it far into the distance!

That night I hastened to the afflicted home of Mr Ellenwood, to speak, if I were able, a word of consolation in the ear of the good old man and his heart-broken and weeping family. I entered his door, but oh! how changed the scene! Joy—peace—prosperity! Where had they fled? The old man's heart was full—his utterance choked, and so of all the rest; but sighs, and tears, and throbbing bosoms, proclaimed in strains of melancholy eloquence the unutterable bitterness of the hour! The hand of God had 'touched' us all, and with chastened spirits we bowed before the 'Judge of all the earth,' knowing that He had done all things *right*, though He had wrapped His dispensation in 'clouds and darkness.'—This unlooked for bereavement was to Uncle Joseph as a cloud doubly charged with electric power! It gathered, deepened, expanded, and hung portentously on all the horizon of his earthly prospects; and ever and anon the deep-toned thunder uttered its angry voice, and the lurid lightnings played athwart the measureless gloom which settled upon his soul! Poor man! How I pitied him, as he bent beneath the crushing load of his afflictions! The furrows grew deeper on his care-worn cheek, and the locks whiter on his head; and the language of his broken heart was like that of the bereft monarch of Israel—"Oh! Absalom! my son! my son!"

But this was but the setting of the sun of Uncle Joseph's domestic affairs—the twilight of the deep, dark night of sorrow through which he must wade, nor find a blissful morning beyond it. In a few

weeks his wife—the companion of his youth—the mother of his children—sickened and died. Mr Ellenwood was severely wounded in his spirit by the sudden demise of his son, but now the iron struck to the centre of his soul! His loved son and affectionate consort now slept side by side in the palace of Death, and himself and three small sons and seven daughters were left to struggle with the adverse scenes of a heartless world. How remorseless the King of terrors!

'He enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell!'

Who can endure the torment of silence, and the plague of loneliness? Mr E. could not; and he arraigned his affairs and in about a year from the decease of his wife, removed to a town on the Connecticut some thirty miles distant.—Here he found abundant and profitable employment for himself and children in a manufacturing establishment, and a pleasant situation, and many kind friends—*Christian* friends—to sympathize and condole with him in his multiplied afflictions. He did not, and *could not* forget the stormy sea of sorrows on which his worldly hopes had been wrecked; but now, in a measure, the winds had ceased their howl—the waves their tossing—and were settling away into a calm; and the parting clouds intimated their consent again to let the rays of the sun fall on his gloomy pathway; but for Uncle Joseph there were no more cloudless days in this world, and the sun of his own life was about to set behind eternity!

On a blooming September day, in 1834, Uncle Joseph was employed, with several others, in making the "second crop" of hay, and met with an accident which terminated in death before the bright sun which he greeted in health in the morning, had sunk away to his nightly retreat in the west! So true is the language of the poet:

"With noiseless tread Death comes on man!
No plea—no prayer delivers him;
From 'midst of life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him!
And ready, or not ready—no delay!
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away."

The mortal remains of Joseph Ellenwood now repose beside his wife and eldest son—where, let them rest in hope "till the heavens shall be no more." The wild winds now sweep unceremoniously over their grassy bed, and sigh a plaintive requiem as they pass—the dirge of departed friends!

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid.

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep."

In this inscrutable stroke of Heaven *ten* ORPHANS were thrown upon the capricious benevolence of the world; but to them the promise has been amply verified—"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up"—Those orphans yet live, and I sometimes see them—the remnant of the Stricken Family of JOSEPH ELLENWOOD.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE DYING YEAR, ETC.

The dying year! the dying year!
For it we weep the silent tear,
And heave the bitter sigh;
Its days, how soon they flee away!
Nor will its passing moments stay,
But hasten on to die!

If back we turn our moistened eyes,
And gaze upon the winter skies,
When first the year begun,
Oh, how our hearts are pained to see
The change in human destiny—
The race of thousands run!

The parent, father, loving, loved;
Affectionate, and kind, and good,

With joy commenced the year:
But now he rests beneath the ground,
In sleep unbroken and profound;
And 'small and great' are there.

The mother, too, believed and loved;
So tender-hearted, pure and good,
Compassionate and mild,
Has met the monster—felt his stroke;
The 'silver cord' is touched, and broke:
From earth she's now exiled.

The son and daughter, too, are fled—
Are numbered with the silent dead,
And all their work is done!
Their youthful fire has ceased to burn;
Their ashes moulder in the urn;
The grave they could not shun.

Sisters and brothers there repose,
The shades of death around them close,
And hide them in the tomb:
Why could not *these* the tyrant spare!
The bud and blossom, sweet and fair,
By frosts, how soon benumbed!

Friends, too, are gone the darksome way;
For us no more they weep and pray—
Their throbbing hearts are still:
In death's cold arms secure they lie;
Their spirits rest above the sky,
Released from every ill.

The great and good, the just and wise,
On earthly scenes have closed their eyes,
And entered into rest:
They've passed the dreary vale of death,
Resigned to God their fleeting breath,
And sing among the blest.

All o'er this wide and babbling earth,
The revelling song of guilty mirth
Has changed to sighs and moans:
Sweet music's voice we cannot hear;
No echoes wander far or near,
Except in dying groans.

Oh, Death! proud monarch of the tomb,
Thy home is deep in dismal gloom,
Down in the lonely grave;
And we are hasting to that home,
As swift as we are borne along
On Time's incessant wave.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.***A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.**

Who can tell a Mother's influence ;— Gentle as the genial shower ; yet its effects on the moral world are not less than those of that on the natural. Silent as the distilling dew, yet potent as magic. As the love of home in the breast of the Swiss emigrant sometimes lies dormant, until a native air, or song awakens an irresistible desire to revisit the rugged sides of his snow-capped mountains ;—so a Mother's influence may seem to lose its power, until some casual circumstance calls up the fire-side scenes of youth, and all the Mother's care and tenderness —and then, like an out-gushing fountain it flows over the whole heart, and governs every emotion of the soul.

I have an incident to the point. Near my youthful residence lived an old lady who had a son, then in my boyish days, almost grown up to manhood—an only surviving child—his father also having died some years before. The old lady was poor in this world's goods, having only the little cottage in which she lived, to which was attached a small piece of land, though she managed, with the assistance of her son, to obtain a comfortable livelihood ; yet she was pious and devoted. I recollect her the more vividly, because I used to pass directly by her door on my way to angle in the stream which ran near by, and occasionally called to have a social chat with her, especially on my return, if I had caught a larger trout or more in number than common. I loved to visit her not only for the purpose of boasting of my success in angling, but I loved also to come in contact with such a relic of antiquity ; she seemed like a delegate to represent a former generation in the midst of the present ; and moreover her conversation was spiced with strong good sense, surely, a most rare quality in these days.

In a few years she passed away from

earth, and her last remains were placed in the silent tomb ; and her son, though she had taken much pains to make religious impressions upon his heart, and implant virtuous principles there, and had spent much time in praying for and with him, yet was rather a wayward child, though not openly vicious. His Mother on her dying-bed had called him to her, and with all the pathos and eloquence which a death-bed can give a dying mother, besought him to lead a virtuous and pious life. Soon after his mother's death, he went west, and all the pious instructions, and godly warnings he had received were forgotten, or ceased to exert any influence over him. He evidently grew worse, and never thought of keeping the Sabbath holy or entering a place of worship. He married, and suffered his rising family to grow up around him more like heathen than the citizens of a civilized and christian country.

Years passed on in this way, and he seemed beyond the reach of all religious influence ; but there were feelings dormant in his heart, soon to be aroused, and to lead to circumstances that would change his entire character. One evening in the month of October, having made a call at one of his neighbors a mile or two distant, somewhat late, he was returning to his dwelling. The evening was uncommonly beautiful, the weather being very mild for the season, whilst not a cloud obscured the sky, which was adorned in the eastern part and over head, with the most brilliant constellations which bespangle the heavens ; and to cap the climax of the glory of the scene, the moon almost full-orbed was throwing her mantle of silvery light over the fading beauties of the year.

'The gloom of Autumn,' the silence and sublimity of the scene, together with its loneliness, contributed to dispose his mind to contemplation and sober thought. And while he gazed on those stars, the

moon, and all the glories before him—his mind was forcibly recalled to his youthful home: they were the same he had often admired there when enjoying a mother's kindness, love, and pious counsels. Especially did it remind him of one evening, when in the same season of the year, with the same moon and stars keeping their vigils in the heavens; he returned at a late hour to his mother's cottage; and as he drew near the door he heard within the voice of prayer—it was his mother. And fearing to disturb her, he remained to listen, and heard her praying most feelingly and fervently for him. Many times before *with* him had she prayed for him, but never did it so effect his heart as at present; and with streaming eyes he knelt on the ground and vowed to heaven that he would lead a better life; and, for sometime there was a marked change in his appearance and conduct. The present circumstances brought all this,—the solemn vows he then made—with force to his mind; and all the history of his life spent in his mother's cottage, and especially the closing scene of her life passed suddenly through his thoughts. He was effected to tears—the deep fountains of his soul were broken up, and again he sincerely and solemnly vowed, that, in the strength which heaven ever affords the truly penitent, he would break off his former habits and lead a new life. This was Saturday evening; and on the next morning he asked his wife to go to meeting with him, telling her his new resolutions; and that day, the first time for many long years, the sanctuary of God echoed to the sound of their footsteps. It is sufficient to say that his resolutions were faithfully kept; that his wife followed his example—and that, instead of permitting his family afterwards to grow up like heathen, he taught them to reverence the Sabbath, and love the sanctuary. Such is a Mother's influence.

N.

12*

From the Boston Miscellany.

A young Florentine is attached to a lady of higher rank, to whom he is personally a stranger. One night he dreams that he has been presented to her; the next day he meets her in the street, wearing a garland of the flowers called *Belle-de-Nuit*, which implies consent. On the strength of this coincidence he sends her the following verses:

Oh, fairer, fresher than the face
Of morn, when first, in maiden grace
With half-averted eyes,
O'er lawns, besprent with dewy drops,
Or on the misty mountain tops,
She sees the sun arise!

Say, why those radiant locks enfold
Within their mazy threads of gold
The pale-faced bells of night,
When Flora's most resplendant glow
Would hardly match that marble brow
And eye of sapphire light.

Ah, might I hope that mystic flower,
Which suits so ill thy beauty's power,
Were meant to be the sign
Of some fond time, when twilight pale,
Sweet saint! shall lift the virgin veil
From Love's propitious shrine!

Too daring thought! then let me rest,
Content on fair Illusion's breast
To slumber life away;
Content, (perforce,) at least by night,
To clasp in dreams the vision bright
I worship all the day.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*THE VALLEY—THE HILLS.
A Tragic Tale.

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

How many admiring lovers of nature, and wandering pedestrians in their perambulations have exclaimed—'Noble Connecticut! Its beautiful valley!—What far-wandering river surpasses it in grandeur, or what sweeping vale exceeds in loveliness and beauty the winding course and alluvial meadows of the monarch stream of New England?' Such is the kindling rapture of all who love natural or rural scenery when they pass up and down Connecticut river. Among the northern hills of Vermont this stream is comparatively insignificant; but as it

dashes along its eddying course, it widens and deepens, till finally it swells into a majestic sheet, pellucid too, as ever whirled itself in a zig-zag line among 'perpetual hills' or 'everlasting mountains.' Its current is restless and swift; and in its impatience to mingle with the Atlantic waters, it plunges with a thundering shout through deep ravines, foaming with wrath at the contractedness of its pathway, till anon it leaps with tremendous roar from crag and cliff—forming wild, yet beautiful cascades which image forth the grander exploits of Genesee or Niagara Falls. And then the meadows, the rich and lovely meadows, which extend from the margin of the river to the base of the mountains. Who ever looked out upon them on a May morning, or a sunny day in June, or a mellow day in September or October, when the athletic yeomanry are 'shouting' the corn 'harvest home,' without imagining himself in some fairy land, the retreat of the gods, or within the precincts of primitive Eden? The warbling songsters, and violets, and roses in May; the green grass, herbage, and embryo crops in June; and the golden harvest, and ripe, rich productions of the soil in September and October, emptied into the lap of industry with a prodigality characteristic of Nature herself, create an interest and enchantment all along the 'winding way' of the limpid thoroughfare of the hardy sons of New-Hampshire and Vermont, which can be realised in but few places on the round sphere we inhabit.

Scattered farm-houses, beautiful villages, busy towns and bustling cities, are seen all along down the sweeping valley of the Connecticut. These have all sprung into being within one hundred and fifty years.

Among them may be mentioned Belows Falls, Brattleborough, Greenfield, Northampton, Amherst, Springfield, Hart-

ford and Middletown, as places of unsurpassed romance and loveliness. One must be a perfect master of himself to witness the neatness, beauty, order, and enterprise of these places and not be completely enamored of them. Here nature and art engage in constant rivalryship. Here too are learning and religion. Primary and high schools, colleges, universities and churches, all proclaim the intellectual and moral character of the inhabitants—all show that the sons and daughters of the 'Connecticut Valley' are not a whit behind the chiefest of the descendants of the Pilgrims in mental and religious cultivation.

We may pause here and turn back on the past—far back, when nature's sceptre was stretched from the Atlantic coast to the distant West—from Long Island Sound to the northern extremity of Vermont; when the giant forests had never felt the levelling force of civilization; and the silence and solitude of all this country had not been broken, save by the yell of the savage, the scream of the eagle, the hoot of the owl, or dismal howl of the forest beast. But even then might be heard the murmuring waters of the Connecticut while pursuing his undirected way to the great reservoir. On his banks—in all his green carpeted valley, could then be found no cultivated fields, smiling gardens, flourishing towns or cities—but one wide, solitary waste—occupied only by ferocious beasts, or the fiercer North American Indian! Aside from these wild associates, solitude herself sat all alone; but her loneliness was not doomed to perpetuity. The night of savageism could not last forever; its deep, Egyptian darkness was not impervious to the rays of the rising sun of civilization, freedom and religion! In a winter of the 17th century, (1620,) the MAYFLOWER appeared off the New-England coast with a band of self-sacrificing adventurers, determined on the security and enjoyment of their

religious rights and civil freedom. They rounded the extreme point of Cape Cod, entered its Bay, passed the 'Gurnet' on Duxbury beach, touched at Clarke's Island, thence dashing through the dangerous 'horse race,' planted their weary feet on PLYMOUTH ROCK, and then and there formed a nucleus for the settlement of the whole country. The dangers and difficulties of the new colony were many and appalling; but they struggled through them, and ultimately prospered, and explored the coast from Sandwich, Mass., to Portsmouth, N. H., and then wheeling in a westerly direction they travelled away into the interior until they stood on the enchanting banks of a splendid river. Was this another Jordan?—another Canaan? They went up into the tops of the New-England Teneriffes to see, and lo! as far as the eye could wander they beheld 'a land of corn, of wine and oil,' and the serpentine course of the murmuring waters, talking in nature's dialect to the vista of evergreens, maple, sycamore and elm, through which they passed. They looked deeper still into the southern distance, and the prospect grew richer and lovelier, and here at once they resolved to form new settlements, and scatter themselves all o'er this 'goodly land.' 'No sooner said than done.' Husbands, wives, and little children soon entered the highway of the pathless wilderness and patiently labored on till they set themselves down in the 'beautiful valley.' And now the axeman made war on the forest, and the sound of his heavy and oft-repeated blows pierced the deep and universal silence, and laid the mute monarch in the dust. The shout of agricultural and domestic joy rang among the hills, and the wandering echoes lost themselves in the recesses of the mountains. From far up into Vermont and N. Hampshire, down to Saybrook, Conn. the uniformity of nature was despoiled. The rough, yet busy hand of industry cut

down the woods; planted gardens and fields; erected rude, yet comfortable houses—and in some sections, grouped so many of them together as to dignify them with the title of 'villages.' The murky clouds which had hung so long and heavily on the horizon of the 'new world,' began to break into fragments, and through their deep chasms the anxious eye of the 'Pilgrims' could see the azure heavens smiling upon them, and rejoiced in the anticipation of sunny days, happy months, and peaceful years! Had they forgotten the language of the poet:

'We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.'

Whether they had or not, danger did not sleep around them. The cautious and jealous Indian had been no idle spectator of these incipient measures of civilized life. He walked through glen and glade with a melancholy heart; he paced the eminences and hill-tops with savage emotions, and in the retreat of the mountains, covenanted with the wild ghost of his ancestors speedily to revenge this intrusion of the white man into the sanctum of the sons of the wilderness. The demon of the woods kindled within him the fires of indignation, and in the thick underwood of the forest he collected and arranged the elements of a terrible storm, and only waited for an opportunity to pour its merciless contents on the confiding ones who had too incautiously ventured within his power.

Time passed on, and brought the wished for opportunity—a calamitous day for the settlers. They had seen the 'smoke' coiled in the eye of the Indian, and tho't too little of it; but when, in the silence of midnight, from the chosen ambush, the savage hordes sent forth the startling war-whoop—terrific as the yell of demons—the emigrant could no longer remain ignorant of the conflict in which he must engage, or the fate which awaited him. Himself, his wife, and children,

must *then* die, or go into a long and perilous captivity.

There is scarcely a town on either bank of the Connecticut, but has been invaded, perhaps burnt, and many of its inhabitants cruelly murdered by the red, barbarous, primeval 'lords of the soil,' and on the plains, to this day, are seen the crushed bones of our fathers who fell beneath the tomahawk or scalping-knife of the infuriated savage; nor can one pass the lone pyramids which stand here and there by the highway, erected to the memory of some daring 'son of the pilgrims,' without shuddering with the thought that to possess this 'land flowing with milk and honey,' our venerable sires steeped it in their blood.

Those trying days have gone by; those 'perilous times' have long since fled away, and are lost in the mighty ocean of 'duration past;' and the sun of domestic, civil, and religious freedom, joy and safety, appears, full orb'd, in the heavens; and silver-tongued hope yet talks of *richer* joys, *greater* possessions, *happier* days. No red man is left to roam the forest—no screech of the panther or howl of the wolf startles the peaceful flock, or timid inmates of the cottage: these are all gone; their last echo has been lost in silence for more than half a century.

On the western bank of the Connecticut lies a chain of hills and mountains, lifted in gradations above each other, until their summits kiss the clouds. They have been christened the 'Green Mountains.' From the base of their loftiest ridge gush forth a variety of streams, large and small, which go leaping, roaring, dashing on to some resting place in the vallies. Some of these limpid rivulets swell into quite important rivers, and rush with wildest fury among the hills until they find a level, and then march civilly along, under the chastening influence of more equal circumstances, till they shake hands and intermingle with

some larger body of the 'pure element.'

Among these streams, Westfield, Deerfield, and Green Rivers hold a respectable and equal rank. Their sources are found far up in the heights of the Green Mountains; and from these elevated points they sweep through dark and narrow defiles, down into the smiling valley of the Connecticut, as if impatient to ripple along the meadows, or sleep quiescent in some alluvial bed.

There are three branches to Green River which unite at the foot of the beautiful 'hill country' of Colerain, Franklin county, Mass. The main branch rises among the highlands of Guilford and Halifax, Vt., and starts off like a race-horse through a deep cut in the mountains, and over a limestone and granite pathway, to see how 'men and things' appear in Greenfield, Springfield, Hartford, and Long Island Sound. The banks of this stream are overhung with beach, birch, maple, ash, &c., and 'here and there the 'long, sweeping fingers of the willow' touch a chord in Nature's harp, and add affecting loneliness to the scene. The towering hemlock too spreads his evergreen branches to the 'breeze which wantons o'er the billow' at his roots, and becomes a secure retreat for the squirrel, the raccoon, the hawk and owl, where, alternately, may be heard their chatter, scream, hoot, and ominous bark—ominous of the 'coon's' pilfering expedition to some neighboring cornfield. In other days, this must have been an excellent retreat for the hunter's game; for even now if a fox, or lynx, or bear, or wild-cat, determine to butrow in their old homes despite the encroachments of civilized aggressors, they may be found in this section.

On either side of the river high hills rise with gentle activity so as to be easily brought under cultivation as 'dairy farms;' and here and there may be seen the comfortable, neat, and often splendid

cottage and mansion of some thrifty yeoman. The greatest portion of the primitive forests have been laid prostrate, and the oriental gloom and sombre character of these 'everlasting hills' have passed away; and so have Indians, wolves, and bears; and beauty, peace, plenty, and luxury, have come down to dwell with the happy proprietors of the soil.

The interest and romance of rural life is unsurpassed. The great, the rich, the *Dons* of the land know nothing about it. Let the gouty epicure, and the pallid dyspeptic, heart-sick voluptuary live in the glory of idleness and ease—finding fault with 'all creation' round them; but give me a 'grazing' agricultural portion, among the plough-boys and dairy-maids of western Massachusetts, Vermont, or New Hampshire. The young men, if they cannot turn a college somerset, or ape some democratic lord, or straggling 'highness' from over the waters, in accomplishment and etiquette, yet they possess the rare trait in intellectual character, 'common sense; a little learning; sometimes a real fund of mental acquirements; and 'good manners' enough to make them respectable members of society; and passion and principle sufficient to render them agreeable companions for the ladies!—ay, and beaux too, before *companion-day* arrives.

(Concluded in our next.)

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Bend, heavenly muse, and teach my lay
To celebrate this happy day,
Best day which ever dawn'd.
Auspicious day of grace and love,
Fraught with sweet blessings from above,
Though much by sinners scorn'd.

Tune all your strains, ye bliss-born throng,
And echo that delightful song
Which heralded the hour
That did the saints in Zion bless
With rich imparted righteousness,
And everlasting power.

Well might you shout—well might you sing,

For unto us was born a king,
An infant king divine!
Lift up your heads, ye highest gates,
For lo! a vast hosanna waits,
And glories round him shine.

Ye saints, come ope your lips to praise,
And notes of heavenly rapture raise,
To crown the Prince of Peace;
His throne *all thrones shall overthrow*,
And make expiring nations know
He ever will increase. OLEANDER.

Christmas Evergreens.—Tradition says, that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs, and that the disciples adopted the plan as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the monks built their temple in that manner, probably to imitate the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak. The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and, as the oaks were then without leaves, the monks obliged the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreens; and Christians, on the twenty-fifth of the same month, did the like—from whence originated the present custom.

Fortune's an empty void, and hoards but air,
Till use lends weight to wealth, and tart to care.
Thus shine the rich man's joys: when shared, they flow;
He that would well possess, must wide bestow.

Lawyers and Painters in Heaven.—A sign painter carried a bill to a lawyer, once, for payment. The lawyer after examining it said—'Do you think any painters will ever go to Heaven, if they make such charges as these?' 'I never heard of but one that went,' said the painter, 'and he behaved so bad that they determined to turn him out, but there being no lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment, he remained.'

'If those bright orbs that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom fate has torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.'

We may always find occasion to utter what we have to say—and it is generally more acceptable after we have heard what others have to say.

Editorial.

INGRATITUDE OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.—No crime is more to be abhorred than ingratitude: it is of all the vices, the most debasing to the mind; it exhibits the mere selfishness of human nature treading down those nobler sentiments which elevate their possessor to the proper rank of men; and it fosters a meanness of soul that renders the ingrate the detestation of his neighbors, and the avoided of all virtuous men. An ungrateful man is instinctively scorned by all the good who know him.

Especially do these remarks apply to ungrateful sons and daughters; to those youth who forget their innumerable obligations to the authors of their existence, and treat their grey hairs with neglect and disrespect. Their conduct is unnatural and revolting. It is graphically illustrated in the following beautiful figure by Michael Menot, a French Divine. He says: "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the cares which they want."

Let the reader picture to his fancy the minstrel monarch of Palestine flying like a fugitive from his royal palace in Jerusalem, in consequence of the intrigues of the beautiful but unprincipled Absalom. Let him picture the heavy gloom that sits on that aged brow where the silvery hair hangs straggling in wild disorder; see the silent tears that flow down his wrinkled cheeks! mark the paternal despair that shadows his noble countenance! hear the gushings of parental fondness, charging his faithful warriors, in touching tones of sorrow, to '*deal gently with the young man Absalom!*'

Now picture the heady, rebellious young prince at the head of his insurrectionary forces. Remember, he is the child of his

father's truest affections. See his long luxuriant hair flowing in the breeze; the flash of restless, fiery excitement burns in his brilliant eyes; ardor and passion show themselves in every movement of his person: his sword is drawn; he harangues his followers; he breathes his purpose into their maddened souls! What is it? Hear it—IT IS, TO CRUSH HIS VENERABLE FATHER!

Despicable young man! Contemptible wretch! Unnatural child! are the expressions which we imagine to rise spontaneously to the lips of the reader, as the sketch of Absalom's infidelity to his father rises before the mind: and these are just expressions in view of his conduct, for all they contain, and more besides, pertains to the memory of that unhappy young prince.

But are they less applicable to those of our times who are guilty of like offences? To that young lady, for instance, whose conduct is a source of perpetual care and anxiety to her parents; or to that one, whose aged mother, depending on her for sympathy and help, receives sourness for the former and neglect for the latter? We opine not; and it is for the special benefit of such young ladies that this article was penned. Let them look into it, as in a mirror, and reform.

DRESS OF THE LADIES IN JAPAN.—As the ladies are generally interested in matters that pertain to dress, we presume the following description of the dress of the Japanese ladies will not be unacceptable. 'It consists of a number of loose wide gowns worn over each other—those of the lower orders made of linen or calico, those of the higher generally of silk—with the family arms woven or wrought into the back and breast of the outer garment, and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are enormous in width and length, and the portion that hangs below the arm is closed at the end, to answer the purpose of a pocket; subsidiary, however, to the capacious bosoms of the gowns, and to the girdles, where the more valuable articles are deposited; among these are neat squares

of clean white paper, the Japanese substitutes for pocket-handkerchiefs! which, after being used, are dropped into the sleeve until an opportunity offers of throwing them away.' 'The women usually wear brighter colors than the men, and border their robes with gay embroidery or gold.'

Besides these gowns they wear on public occasions a cloak, and trousers of peculiar structure. The latter 'seem to be formed of an immensely-full-plaited petticoat, sewed up between the legs and left sufficiently open on the outside to admit of free locomotion.'

No shoes are worn within doors, but only socks. The shoes they wear when abroad are made of mere soles of straw, matting, or wood, which are fastened to the foot by a pin or button, which is held between the two largest toes, an aperture being left in the sock for this purpose.

Their hair is very luxuriant, and is arranged in form of a turban, and ornamented with costly pieces of finely polished tortoise shell, fifteen inches long. The more of these that project from a lady's hair, the better is she dressed. They paint their faces red and white, and stain their lips with purple with a golden tint. Married ladies have their teeth blackened, and the hair of their eye-brows extracted.— They wear no hats, except when exposed to rain, but always carry a fan, which serves to screen them from the sun.

Such is the dress of the ladies of Japan. If any of our readers fancy it, they have our full permission to adopt it, with the privilege of being heartily laughed at by the whole community, whenever they appear with it in public.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION DECIDED.— The color of Satan has long afforded matter for learned disputation. White men, of course, pronounce him black; for it would be unpardonable for so desperate a personage to wear the color of the virtuous pale face. But black men insist upon the whiteness of his satanic majesty: and who shall decide between them? Perhaps the following veritable item from the chronicles

of the high and mighty kingdom of Japan may help us to a conclusion.

Once upon a time, the renowned theologians of the ancient empire of Japan were warmly engaged in the discussion of this grave matter. Four opinions were sustained by as many parties. One party said he was white; another affirmed he was black; a third declared he was red! while a fourth gravely pronounced him green! The dispute waxed hotter and hotter between them; but, as in most such cases, the more they argued the farther were they from settling the knotty question. At last, they debated themselves out of temper, and were on the eve of a civil war, when some sagacious wiseacre suggested that it was best to submit the question to the emperor for his decision. To this all parties agreed, and wondered how they had been so stupid as not to think of it before, for surely, they all said, the emperor must know.

Accordingly, it was submitted to his most serene highness. After deliberating with all the care necessary in resolving so profound a problem, he boldly declared that all the parties were right, for the devils were of all four colors, some being white, some black, some red and some green!

This wise conclusion satisfied them all, and they subsequently held their respective opinions in the utmost harmony and good feeling.

A PEDANT is thus described by a French poet:

'Brimful of learning see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puffed
with pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read
And with their maxims stuffed his empty
head:

And thinks that without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.'

He that easeth the miserable of their burden, shall hear many blessing him; fill the poor with food, and you shall never want treasure.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

RESURRECTION. 7s. 8 lines.

BREWSTER.

1. { Ma - ry, to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the ear - - ly
Spice she brought, and rich perfume, — But the Lord she loved had
Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing

dawn,
gone;
eyes. } For a-while she lin - gering stood,
Filled with sorrow and sur - - - prise;

2.
But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead —
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make —
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3.
He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear:
Though you now are tempest tost,
On his arm your burden east;
On His love your thoughts employ:
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

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THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. II.

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NO. 7.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

—
BY DANIEL WISE.

CHAPTER I.

—
'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form.—But without further bidding,
I will proceed.'—*Wordsworth.*

A few years since, circumstances led me to pass a few days in one of the most beautiful and flourishing of our New England villages. Its whereabouts cannot be of the smallest possible consequence to the reader; while its mention might give umbrage to the parties not unfamiliar with the subjoined narrative. I had spent a day or two at the hospitable residence of a respected friend; and had just finished reading the columns of a country paper, when, my friend having closed his office, came into the parlor and proposed a walk through the village and its environs. To this I willingly acceded, and in a few minutes we were in the principal street. There was nothing peculiar to the place meriting particular description: a fine grass-grown square, surrounded with large white houses; and streets leading from its four sides, composed the village proper; while a few clusters of houses gathered round a mill or manufactory, formed its suburbs.

Passing along the square into one of the streets, we came to a very old build-

ing standing back a few rods from the road. It evidently had belonged to the ancient occupants of the soil, the sturdy pioneers who braved the forest and the foe to carry civilization and liberty where barbarism and ignorance had reigned for ages. But it was now sadly dilapidated: its huge stack of chimneys had partially fallen; the roof was broken in; the shingles lay in heaps on the ground, and the old clapboards, splintered and torn, seemed to be the sport of every wild breeze that passed; its windows were all woefully shattered; the fences were destroyed; and rank thistles filled the garden in front. Surrounded by neat, white buildings on all sides, it looked like desolation in Paradise; and I could not avoid pausing to heave a sigh over a scene of ruin, where, thought I, as bright hopes have dwelt and as merry voices rung as in the gayest houses of the village. After indulging my own reflections for a few moments, I remarked to my friend: 'This old house is but an emblem of ourselves: once, it was the object of admiration; the abode of bright hopes and warm hearts; now, it is a pile of unsightly ruins, desolate and forsaken by man: a condition its ancient owners probably never imagined, when, elate with prosperity, they raised its massive beams from the ground and gathered round its capacious hearth, to spend the winter eve in jocund merriment.'

'True,' replied my friend, 'it is a fitting emblem of our frailty; of our early hopes,

and of our end; but there are sad memories connected with this old pile: could its worm-eaten timbers find a tongue, they would tell tales of bitter anguish, that would make the thoughtless passer-by stop and tremble for his own destiny.'

'Indeed!' said I, my curiosity being awakened by my friend's remark; 'but are there none who have preserved its history? Can none of your elder inhabitants acquaint us with the troubles of its now quiet owners?'

My friend smiled sadly, and answered: 'To know the history of the Dantons is, I suppose, impossible. Their sorrows were chiefly of a domestic character; and they were too proud and too reserved to make confidants of their neighbors. The leading facts, however, are known to me, for I have always taken a melancholy interest in their fate, and with the history of the last relics of this family, I am familiar.'

'Then,' said I, with considerable eagerness, 'a truce to our walk; let us return, and, seated in your parlor, I will listen to the story.'

'Nay, not now,' replied he; 'let us rather finish our walk: to-night I will read it to you.'

'Read it! What, is it in print then?' I exclaimed.

'No, sir; but I have gathered up the facts, and, for my own satisfaction, committed them to the keeping of a manuscript; if I may trespass on your patience until evening, I will read it to you, and to my family, who have not yet heard it?'

Of course, I readily assented, and we continued our walk. Immediately after tea, my friend produced his manuscript, and read the following story.

At a very early period in the history of New England, Richard Danton, Esq. emigrated from Great Britain. He purchased a large tract of land in this town; and he and his heirs and successors were for many years the principal men of the place.

By degrees, however, their numbers declined. Misfortune entered the family, and it experienced many very serious pecuniary losses. The last Mr Danton, notwithstanding all this, inherited a very pretty estate, consisting of the Danton house and a fine farm of more than two hundred acres. But he was a very profligate and idle man, addicted to every species of vice, and especially to gambling. Out of a fine family of six sons and a daughter, all the sons fell victims to a father's example, and perished untimely. The father himself, after impoverishing his estate, died at the age of fifty, leaving a widow and one daughter, named Maria.

Except these bare facts, little is now known of the Danton family; but the sorrows of 'poor Dame Danton,' as she was familiarly called, are better understood. It is her sufferings, therefore, that are chiefly matter of record in this manuscript.

The good dame found herself stripped of nearly every thing, at the death of her husband, by his rapacious creditors. All that remained to her was the ancient homestead, with its garden in front, and a small orchard behind. The troubles of her past life, had chastened her spirit, and led her to seek consolation under her misfortunes in the truths of christianity. Upheld by their influence, she bowed under the stroke; resigning herself to her condition, she devoted herself to the care and instruction of her daughter Maria, who was about ten years of age at her father's death.

Perhaps, the first nine years of her widowhood were the happiest of her life. Her orchard and garden, together with her labors at the needle, supplied her with the means of comfortable existence. Her life, which had been like the uneven course of the boisterous torrent, now flowed smoothly and tranquilly like the deep, broad river; and she promised her-

self a quiet old age and a peaceful death. Alas! hope is always a mocker; a misguiding *ignis fatuus*, alluring us onward by its lustre, into spots which no force could have compelled us to traverse; yet, who would consent to part from the gay deceiver?

Maria Danton, now nineteen summers old, had grown to be a fine, handsome girl. She had thus far devoted herself to her mother with unwearied assiduity: kind and cheerful, she enlivened the good dame with her pleasant conceits, and seemed to be happy in the happiness of her mother. Of course, the dame was excessively fond of her child; indeed, she almost idolized her; and, it is to be feared, that the daughter usurped the place of the Deity in the old lady's heart. There was, however, one drawback upon her peace; one trouble that gave her occasional uneasiness. It was this: Maria was excessively fond of dress. She had always been so; in her childhood she used to deck herself with the choicest flowers in the garden, and a wreath of roses on her brow filled her with extreme delight. Whenever she had a few cents at her disposal, they were sure to be expended in the ribbon store for some trifles to decorate her person. Unfortunately, the old lady was too proud of her little girl to check this childish vanity; she rather encouraged it, for it delighted her, she used to say, to see her Maria look so pretty.

Thus flattered, her love of show had increased with her growth, until it had become the ruling passion of her heart. At last, it even rose in opposition to her love for her mother, and became the source of little domestic bickerings between them. These, however, had, thus far, been seldom, though, in the sequel it will be seen that even worse, far worse, results followed this strong affection for dress.

One afternoon, in the autumn of 18—,

Maria returned from paying a few visits; seating herself at the work table, she seemed busied with her own reflections: at last, she broke silence by saying:

'Mother! I have been thinking that I must have a new bonnet this fall. Mine is horribly out of fashion, and I have had it cleaned and altered so many times that I am ashamed to be seen in it. Besides, all the girls in the village are going to have winter bonnets, and I must have one too.'

'Child!' said the old lady, looking up from her knitting with a sorrowful air, 'I am sorry to hear you speak so pettishly. You know, Maria, it is next to impossible to spare enough from our slender purse to buy you a bonnet. The winter is coming, and we have to buy our wood and other means of comfort to keep us from suffering during its long and weary months.'

Maria looked cross, and replied, 'I thought how it would be. Here I have to slave at my needle all day long; and when I want a bonnet cannot have it, because you must have your comforts! I declare, it is too bad!'

This was the cruellest speech Maria had ever addressed to her mother. She was vexed, and her vexation stifled all her better feelings. The good dame felt its cruelty, and more than one tear stole down her cheek as she replied:

'Maria! is it for this I have nursed you, watched you, and made every sacrifice for your happiness? Did I not bear enough from your father and brothers? Must my darling child, my Maria, too, become the instrument of my misery?— Oh, it is too much!' and the agonized widow sighed deeply in the bitterness of her grief.

Maria was alarmed. She did not mean to proceed so far. Her mother's anguish restored her better feelings to the ascendancy; and hastily dashing aside her work, she threw her arm round her mother's neck, exclaiming:

'Dear mother, pardon me! I did not mean to wound your feelings; indeed, mother, I did not! I spoke thoughtlessly, and in a wicked passion. Do not weep so, my mother, and I will never grieve you again.'

It was not in the widow's heart to resist these appeals. She kissed her erring daughter, and strove to recover her serenity of mind. Still, this little outbreak was a source of many heart-achings in her lonely moments; and in spite of her sorrow, Maria succeeded in getting her new bonnet, at the expense of many little comforts her mother loved and needed.

Such another scene did not occur at Dame Danton's until the spring, when Maria wanted a new dress, of a very fashionable pattern, just brought into town by Mr Redding, the merchant. Her mother, who had seen the necessity, when too late, of checking this inordinate love of dress, met her request with a decided refusal; reasoning with her, at the same time, on the slender state of their finances, for, as Mrs Danton's health was much enfeebled, their united efforts were now barely sufficient to maintain them in comfort and respectability.

Maria listened in sullen silence to her mother's remarks. Since she had witnessed the strength of her feelings, and the air of melancholy her parent had occasionally worn after the outbreak between them the last fall, she had feared to see her so excited again; and therefore she chose to indulge her disappointments in sullenness at home, reserving the expression of her feelings to her interviews with some young ladies to whom she was much attached.

Accordingly, that evening the young and thoughtless party met in a sort of sewing circle. After a few commonplace inquiries had passed, one of them, named Peterson, addressing Miss Danton, said:

'Well, Maria, are you going to have a dress of that beautiful pattern at Mr Red-

ding's? Ma says I shall have one next week. It is a very sweet, sweet pattern, and I wouldn't go without a dress of it for the world.'

To this silly twattle, Maria sullenly replied: 'No; my mother is pleading poverty again, and she says I can't have it.'

'It is too bad, I declare!' exclaimed three or four voices at once.

'Yes, it is too bad indeed,' said Maria, crying. 'My mother used to be very kind, and I used to love her, but she is very cross now, and refuses to let me have any thing nice. I only got my bonnet last fall by teasing and sulking: I won't bear it—I declare I won't.'

'Nor would I,' said a little, cross-looking girl, with a squeaking voice. 'If I worked as you do, Miss Danton, I would have all the clothes I wanted, in spite of a squeamish old mother.'

'Yes, that's what vexes me,' answered Maria, half choked with passion: 'I work like a slave all the time, until my eyes are dim, and my fingers sore; and after all this, my mother says I must be content with cheap calico gowns, and bonnets that cost only one or two dollars! I won't submit to it! I will have what I want, if I die for it.'

'That's right, and spoken like a girl of spirit,' said Miss Peterson, 'and if my mother should serve me so, I'd go and work in the factory somewhere, and take care of myself.'

'The factory! What, could you get work in a factory? How should you know how to do the work?' asked Maria.

'To be sure I could. How do you suppose any of the girls get work there? They all have to learn, and so could you or I. Besides, Miss Etherton is at Cherrvale mills. She wrote to me only last week, and said wages were high and girls much wanted.'

'Miss Etherton! She used to live here, didn't she?'

'Of course she did; and a fine girl she

is too. I wish I was at Cherryvale with her.'

'So do I,' said Maria: 'I would then buy what I pleased and hear no lectures from my mother.'

Thus these foolish girls talked; thus did Maria blind herself to all her mother's fondness and feed the wicked pride of her heart. Yet Dame Danton had been struggling hard to gratify her wishes: she had denied herself of even necessary articles of clothing and food for her child's sake; and she only refused to purchase her the desired frock because their funds would not allow it. Still, like all ungrateful daughters, Maria could not, or rather *would* not, see these things; but constantly persuaded herself, that she was not indulged as she might be.

The above conversation was closed by Maria's saying emphatically to her companions, 'I will go to the factory at Cherryvale:' with which remark she hurried homewards.

CHAPTER II.

'Some men I saw their utmost art employ
How to attain a false, deceitful joy,
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,
And at a distance fixed their ravished gaze,
But nigh at hand it mocked their fond embrace.

When lo! again it flashes in their eyes;
But still, as they draw near, the fond illusion dies.—*Thomson.*

Maria's decision occasioned the deepest sorrow in the tried heart of 'old Dame Danton.' The blow was more severe because unexpected. Since her husband's death, she had promised herself, that Maria would be her companion until the grave should shut her from the power of the troubles of this lower world. For a long time, the constant affection of her daughter had confirmed her wish to certainty, that she would be her latest solace, and that she should breathe her spirit out at last in her arms. True, those hopes had been dampened by the development

of so much selfishness in her child's nature; but, a mother still, she hoped her child would become less selfish as she grew older. Alas! it is not thus with the vices of human nature; they acquire strength and firmness by age and gratification;

'Like the mountain oak,
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,
'Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast.'

How thrilled with agony, then, was her aged heart, when her proud, thoughtless child boldly and decidedly announced her intention of going away. The tidings came upon her as the first roarings of the distant avalanche falls upon the ears of the goatherd of the Alps, warning him that the Spirit of Evil is nigh. So felt that 'excellent lady.' The knell of her last hope rung in her ears; and the hand that tolled it, was that of her own dear child. Still, she said little, for she knew it would be vain to think of restraining the rashness of Maria by entreaty.

Preparations for her departure were soon made. The day came as swiftly, and the tramp of horses announced the coming of the stage. Mrs Danton was sitting in the middle of the room; her cheeks pale with sickness, and her eyes wet with weeping. She dropped her work, raised her spectacles, and gazed steadily at her child, while the big tear-drop rolled down her face to the floor.—

Maria stood at the window, her face yet flushed with excitement, but evidently in a very thoughtful mood. She was about to leave her home for the first time in her life, and it is no wonder if some slight misgivings flashed upon her heart; but when she turned round, and met the fixed, tearful gaze of her mother—that look, so tender, so painfully touching, went to her heart. It brought up images of the past—of that mother's unwearied love, through the nine lone years of her widowhood—of the sacrifices she had made for her—of her own ingratitude. She wept! Her

mother beheld those tears, and rose, exclaiming:

'My child! my child! Do we part thus?'

They rushed into each other's arms; that mother, and that erring daughter.—Sobbing, rather than speaking, Maria exclaimed:

'Oh, my mother, forgive me yet again! I have used you ill—very ill indeed: can you once more pardon so obstinate a daughter?'

'Enough, child of my heart! I forgive; and may heaven forgive thee too.'

Just then, the coach stopped at the door, and the hoarse voice of the driver was heard, crying:

'Stage ready! Stage ready, ma'am.'

'Oh, mother,' said Maria, 'I must go; but I will not stay long. Before winter I will return, and I will send you money every month.'

Again the cry, 'Stage waiting, ma'am,' interrupted them; and with showers of tears, they parted—FOREVER!

Buried in silent grief, Mrs D. sat for hours in her chair: thoughts, that went like ice through her veins and lightning through her heart, filled her with apprehensions of the future. At last, awaking, as from a trance, she remarked aloud: 'Tis just, O my God! I have idolized that child, and she is taken from me.—My sins are visited upon me in righteousness. But O, whilst thou appliest the rod, remember that I am but dust.'

Just then, a little flaxen head, containing a pair of the softest blue eyes in the world, intruded itself into the old dame's lap, while a sweet, musical voice said to her:

'Don't cry, Mrs Danton, if Maria is gone: Amy will be your child now.'

It was the voice of little Amy Drew, a sweet girl, some nine summers old; the child of her next door neighbor.

* * * * *

The summer had departed; autumn

had turned the green leaf to 'sere and yellow,' and the moaning of the winds gave warning of approaching winter.—Maria was still in the mills at Cherryvale, and had become a gay and dashing girl. For some time after leaving home, she had made remittances to her mother; but these had decreased both in frequency and amount, as her love of finery increased. Lately, her mother had written an earnest request for her return; as she was fast failing in health, and had been several times attacked with fits. With great reluctance, Maria was preparing to obey, intending first to purchase a new cloak for the winter.

'This is a very fashionable article for cloaks, Miss Danton, and very cheap,' said a gay-looking clerk, as he exhibited the texture of a piece of broadcloth.

'How much is it a yard?'

'I will sell you a cloak from it for five dollars a yard. It is very cheap for so superior an article.'

'What is the price of fur, for trimmings?'

'We have it at all prices, Miss, from fifty cents to three dollars and higher.—Here is one I can recommend for two dollars—a very excellent article.'

Maria paused to deliberate. The cloak would cost her nearly forty dollars. She had but half that sum on hand. It would take her until midwinter to pay for it.—'But how nice it will look when once paid for,' she thought. 'There is only one thing in the way. My mother says I must go home—It is hard that a young woman like me must be tied to the lap of a grumbling mother—I don't believe, she is so sick as she pretends to be, after all—A few weeks won't make much difference—I'll have the cloak, and risk it.'

Having concluded this wicked soliloquy, Maria arranged for the purchase of her cloak, and retired. She had deliberately sacrificed her mother—that weeping, suffering mother—for the gratifica-

tion of her pride; and Heaven meted her a just reward for her ingratitude!

CHAPTER III.

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child.'

'Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as if this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?'—*Shakspeare.*

It was midwinter. Mrs Danton sat in the old arm chair, beside the hearth, in a back room of Danton house. She was pale and thin, an air of languor was spread over her fine features, and feebleness had usurped the place of strength in her still somewhat majestic person. This afternoon, she seemed peculiarly anxious; every footfall roused her attention, and caused her to turn her eyes toward the door. At length, the latch was raised; the agile form of Amy Drew bounded into the apartment.

'Have you any letter to-day, Amy?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Did the post-master look, my child? Are you sure?'

'Yes, ma'am, he looked at all the letters, and said there was none for you.'

'Oh, Maria! Maria! you know not what pain you inflict on your poor, dying mother! What can be the reason you don't write? Oh, my poor, breaking heart! Here a flood of tears came to her relief.

The simple-hearted Amy stood for a moment in a thoughtful attitude, as if puzzled how to comfort the good dame. She had become familiar with these scenes; for many times had she trudged to the post-office on a vain errand. Maria had not written for more than six weeks! Approaching the distressed old lady, she kindly placed her little fingers in her hand, and looking up, with the artlessness of innocency said:

'Don't cry any more, ma'am, about

Maria. Amy loves you, and she will be your daughter. Don't cry; it makes me want to cry too, to see you look so sad.'

'Sweet child! I will not cry, if it pains you.' And Mrs D. forced a smile to her lips, as she impressed a kiss on Amy's cheek. After using every childish art her affection dictated, to make the old lady cheerful, as the day closed she returned to her home, promising to call early in the morning.

Scarcely waiting for her breakfast, this young angel of mercy tripped lightly as the fawn to Dame Danton's door. It was fastened, and supposing she was not up, she returned to her mother's: again and again, she tried in vain for admittance. Growing alarmed, she told her mother, who, taking a neighbor with her, went to the house, and yet, at ten o'clock, it was fastened. The neighborhood was now effectually alarmed, and many persons gathered round the house. After consultation, the door was forced: with heaving hearts and cautious tread, the timid crowd entered. Reaching the back sitting room, a most melancholy spectacle met their vision. The old lady lay dead on the floor, with her face buried in the ashes on the hearth! Her features were so disfigured by ashes and fire, as to be undistinguishable; and, but for her dress, no one could have identified the begrimed, blackened countenance before him, as belonging to the once pleasant, cheerful, good-looking mistress of Danton house.

It was supposed, that sitting in her chair, as was her custom, to a late hour, she was attacked by a fit, and thrown forward by her convulsions upon the burning coals; and that in such an unconscious state, she perished.

Maria had just paid the last dollar due for her cloak, and was resolving to stay another month in Cherryvale and then go home. Passing the post-office, she carelessly inquired for a letter, when she received the following:

'My dear Miss Danton—

In great haste, I inform you of your mother's death. She was found dead this morning in her parlor, and will be buried to-morrow.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID REDDING.'

This laconic note, written by the village storekeeper, came like an avalanche upon Maria. Her first impression was made by her accusing conscience. It said to her, in a voice of thunder: 'Your neglect has murdered your mother;' and this stinging accusation rankled like the bite of an asp in her bosom; it wound round her heart like the convolving windings of the serpent, and wrung sighs of bitterness from it, such as she had never heaved before. At first, she was completely stupified, and wandered heedlessly through the streets until she had reached a lonely road in the suburbs. The absence of the street lights brought her to her senses, and she hurried back, fancying that every sound was the rustling of the form of her mother, who in dim shadow seemed to follow her guilty steps.—Reaching the town, she secured a place in the morning stage, and then retired to her lodgings—not to sleep, but to pass the night in bitter self-reproach and unavailing remorse.

Towards evening, after two days' travel, the stage-sleigh drew up at Danton house. Maria alighted. Silence and darkness reigned there in proud, unquestioned dominion. Finding the doors fastened, she retreated to the house of a former friend, and spent the night. There, she heard the harrowing particulars of her mother's death; her heart still urging its charge of murder with tenfold authority and power. Unrefreshed, she arose in the morning, and in spite of a newly fallen snow, sought her mother's grave. Here the bitterness of her grief knew no bounds; its extravagance exceeded the limits of reason, as with frantic despair she clasped

the senseless mound and filled the unconscious air with her cries. In vain did her acquaintances beg her to retire; in vain did they point out the danger of exposure in the cold, damp grave-yard: it was only by constraint that she was taken away.

This paroxysm was followed by extreme exhaustion, and that, by fever. For thirty days, she remained poised between life and death. Delirium attended her sickness, and it was truly awful to sit and listen to her ravings. 'Do you not see her?' she would say. 'There she sits! How pale and sorrowful she looks! See! how she cries! Don't you know her? It's my mother! My dear mother, who used to weave garlands of flowers for my head!' Then changing her tone and manner into that of phrenzy, she would cry, 'There! look at that bruised, burned head! The eyes are gone!—Take it away! Take it away, I tell you! I won't see it! It's my mother's head, and I murdered her! Oh! do take it away!' With these and similar ravings, she shewed how deep the fangs of remorse had laid hold upon her heart. After thirty days, the fever approached its crisis. She had fallen into a deep, quiet slumber, and all around hoped she would awake out of danger. Vain hope! She was destined to wake no more on earth. It terminated in death!

Two days afterwards she was buried in the same grave with her unfortunate mother, and that spot is marked by a simple stone on which is inscribed this brief memorial: 'Here lies a widow and her daughter,' with the names underneath. It was placed there by a distant relation of the family. Since then, Danton house has fallen to decay, and will probably be permitted to crumble to dust like the bodies of its former occupants.

My friend here concluded his manuscript, and as I retired to rest, I reflected with deep seriousness on the moral of his story. I saw clearly how one improper

affection may grow into a master passion, and in its destructive inroads upon the character trample down the finer and holier attributes of our nature, and lead us to actions fraught with the most unhappy consequences. Here, I saw a young lady actually destroying her mother and herself, by the love of dress—a love, which might with ease, have been checked in its incipient stages, but which at last reigned like a tyrant, and ruined her; and as I courted the downy influences of sleep, I firmly resolved to allow no master passion to lead me astray. If my readers—especially the devotees of fashion—are led to the same conclusion, the simple tale of the widow's daughter will not have seen the light in vain.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
THE OCEAN.

BY HORACE PHELPS.

Unfathom'd deep, unfettered waste
Of never silent waves,
Each by its rushing follower chas'd
Through unilluminated caves;
And o'er the rocks whose turrets rude,
E'en since the birth of time,
Have heard amid thy solitude,
The billows' ceaseless chime:

Through what recesses' depths unknown
Dost thou thy waves impel,
Where never yet a sunbeam shone,
Or gleam of moonlight fell!
For never yet did mortal eyes
Thy gloom-wrapt depths behold,
And nought of thy dread mysteries
The tongue of man hath told.

What though proud man presumes to hold
His course upon the tide;
O'er thy dark billows uncontrolled,
His fragile bark to guide:
Yet who upon thy mountain waves
Can himself secure,
While sweeping o'er thy yawning waves,
Deep, awfully obscure!

But thou art mild and tranquil now,
Thy wrathful spirits sleep,

And gentle billows, calm and slow,
Across thy bosom sweep:
Yet where the dim horizon's bound
Rests on thy sparkling bed,
The tempest cloud in gloom profound
Prepares its wrath to shed.

Thus mild and calm, in youth's bright hour,
The tide of life appears,
When fancy paints with magic power
The joys of coming years:
But clouds will rise and darkness bring
O'er life's deceitful way,
And woful disappointment fling
Its blight on hope's bright ray.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
THE VALLEY—THE HILLS.
A Tragic Tale.

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

[Concluded.]

And then for the milk-maids!—the young ladies of the hills! Pray what can be said of them? Verily, much every way. They possess most of the good traits in female character, and but few of the bad. But do they attend boarding and dancing-schools, and learn French, Spanish, Italian, and waltzing? Can they play on the piano, receive and dismiss company, and grace the parlor with their accomplishments and appropriate carriage, or trip through some public thoroughfare like the promenaders in Broadway or Washington street?—Or, what can they do? Why a variety of things which some "pretty girls" cannot do however great the necessity. They can get up in the morning with the sun, put on the tea-kettle, swing the polished pail on their arm, out and frisk in the dews with some domesticated pet, milk the cows, prepare the milk for butter and cheese, cook and serve up the breakfast, wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, parlor, chambers, and all other places which need it; make their own beds, and others' if necessary; and spin, weave, make farmer's frocks, pants, jackets; knit and 'darn' stockings when required: vault into a saddle with the agility of a soldier, and bound over the rough roads with the swiftness of the an-

telope, and with notes pathetic and touching as the songsters of the wood hie away again at night to perform the milkmaid's duty; read, write, learn geography, arithmetic, philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, history, mental and moral science; sometimes Latin, French, music, painting, and to finish the catalogue of accomplishments for a young lady of the mountains, we add dancing too. They can 'show off' to excellent advantage in the saucy or flower garden; the wash-room, kitchen or parlor; and as for sweetness of temper and beauty of complexion, there's none can rival them. The symmetry of their bodies is perfect, and kept so by simplicity of manners and healthy exercise; the 'paint' upon their cheeks is real, Nature's own preparation, and the red, or raven, or chestnut-colored curls and ringlets which float upon their shoulders and bosoms, are realities too. They know nothing of your 'false curls' made to insult 'decaying nature,' and kept at ladies' 'furnishing stores' in New York and Boston. They have no occasion to resort to these artificial helps to 'fading beauty,' but pass them by in scorn, and most benevolently pity the town and city belles who lead such lady lives as to induce disease, loss of appetite, teeth, hair, rosy complexions, and finally sink away into premature old age—faded—neglected—forgotten! These calamities never come upon the 'sweet girls'—pardon me—the fine young ladies of the hills! They wear the tint and bloom of the rose through the whole round of the year. The flush on their beautiful cheeks is but the glow of the most perfect health. The fire in their bright, laughing eyes is kindled, fed, and sustained by a vigorous constitution. They never dip their lady hands in 'rose water,' or manufacture crimson for their full, blushing faces by drinking champagne or wine, but drink the crystal element which gushes in the glen or glade of their home, and lave in the limpid stream which comes dashing from the mountain. And then their sympathy, charity, kindness, virtue: in these respects they stand preëminent—lovely as the blushing morn! Yes, indeed,

it takes our honest-hearted, uncorrupted, intelligent, beautiful mountain girls to answer the beau ideal of female loveliness and excellence. None can see them but to admire; none can mingle in their society but to be happy; none can possess them as wife and mother but to rejoice in the acquisition of an invaluable treasure. In their worth, they are solid as the hills among which they live; in virtue, they are pure as the unclouded sky; in fidelity, constant as the revolutions of the globe; and in beauty, they are rich and radiant as the corruscations of the rising sun. In addition to all this, thousands of them are pious, and devote themselves unreservedly to all the labors and crosses of religion. Their time, talents, charms, influence, soul, and body's powers, are laid on the altar of the Redeemer, a willing sacrifice to Him who 'purchased' them with his life and 'blood.' Heaven bless them with long life, inflexible virtue, lasting beauty, good husbands, happy children, and a peaceful transit to the 'spirit land'!

'Variety is the spice of life' has come to be considered a true maxim, and lest we should violate the principle it inculcates we will start from the beautiful village of Greenfield, and again wend our way up into the mountains on the banks of Green river. We must thread our way four or five miles, among hills, broken rocks, avalanches, thick underbrush, loneliness and gloom, and then we shall emerge once more into daylight, and the vicinity of a 'grazing' district. Ours will be an 'up hill' course, and we shall scarcely be able to 'hear ourselves think,' such is the roar of the waters whirling and leaping over the rocky bed of the river. On our right, the highlands of Leyden lift themselves to the clouds; and on our left, the delectable hills of Colerain are quite as successful in finding their way to the skies; and on either side are some excellent farms, fine houses, barns, and out-buildings, whose hanging position seems actually perilous; at any rate, if any of the 'milk maids' chance to discover us from their windows, they can look down upon us with 'perpendicular contempt.'

If we pursue our path, by the margin of the river, a little farther, we shall discover, peering up in the distance, one of Nature's pyramids—on the summit of which stands a beautiful white cottage, surrounded with an excellent orchard and a variety of necessary buildings for the accommodation of the farmer's 'flocks and herds,' and commanding a delightful prospect of the adjoining hills and valleys. At the base of the mountain rush the excited waters of Green river, whose music is always heard in gentle murmurs, or wild and furious roaring, just according to the season of the year. In spring time, when the equinoctial storm has poured its contents of sleet and rain upon the mountains and into the valleys, and the solar influences begin to make sad and soft work with the drifted snows, it swells to uncommon dimensions, rages and foams, till maddened by its own efforts, it plunges on with resistless force, shouting destruction to whatever may come within its fearful influence. South of the cottage, there is a slope of the mountain, which terminates in a beautiful glen filled with forest trees—from which, in the dawn and twilight, the cottagers are serenaded by the mountain birds—the robin, the bluebird, the thrush and the whippoorwill.—The scream of the henhawk may sometimes be heard in this 'lonely retreat,' and at noon or night the hooting owl from the same orchestra proclaims the fact of his shy existence to all who are not under the influence of Morpheus, the god of slumber. The prospect west and north is very fine. The eye rests on innumerable hills and little mountains fantastically arrayed, especially in May and June, in the rich and exuberant drapery of Nature. This location, though very much elevated, and, on that account, somewhat difficult of access, is very good. To those who love retirement, no place could be more inviting, particularly in Spring and Summer, and Autumn even. Those who lived in the neat, white cottage on the mountain did, doubtless, love their retired situation, and some of them love it still; but not as they used to, for other emotions mingle with the in-

stinctive attachment to the place of their birth, and the home of their childhood.

Mr B. was a robust son of the mountains, and received, in his boyhood, such a training as fitted him, in riper years, to hold a front rank among the cultivators of the 'upland farms;' and his was the plantation and cottage we have described. He had himself cut down the woods, and, by dint of hard labor, turned the wilderness into fruitful fields. He struggled with difficulties, bid defiance to poverty, practised the strictest economy, and finally amassed such an amount of wealth as lifted him above the fear of want, and invested him with the proud consciousness and airs of independence and superiority. He became a husband, and in due time the fond father of three lovely daughters, and a tender son, the image of himself. We shall call the son Philo, and the daughters, Udoxia, Ellen and Julia.

Mr B. was a matter-of-fact, utilitarian man, and, of course, had but little taste for that sort of manners and education which some parents deem indispensable to the accomplishment and respectability of their children—particularly daughters. He had no ambition that his Ellen or Julia should become an admired mistress of the pianoforte, the organ, or even an accordeon; and as for Udoxia, she was too much her father's child to wish in the least to ape the artificial young ladies in aristocratic life, who, if they ever become *wives*, must marry *fortunes* as well as husbands, or else, through sheer mortification and inability to help themselves, shake hands with death prematurely. Mr B. wished to educate his children in those solid branches of ordinary science which would be of real use to them when grown to man and womanhood, and render them happy and useful members of society; and thus to qualify them for domestic and social life, he spared no pains. Mrs B. too, was the affectionate and faithful wife—the indulgent, the loving and loved mother, whose views perfectly coincided with those of her husband. If she could see her children grow up virtuous, intelligent, healthy and pious, she would

then enjoy the fruition of her desires and hopes.

Udoxia grew up the healthy, happy girl, without much personal beauty; but in lieu thereof, possessed a vigorous constitution and benevolent disposition: just the right sort of a woman to take a firm and cheerful hold of the 'heavy end' of life, and become a real 'help-meet' for an honest-hearted, industrious leveller of the forests and 'tiller of the ground'; nor did she ever have to sigh in the lonely shades of 'single blessedness,' but early found a hand to guide, and a heart to love her.

Ellen and Julia were healthy and handsome, diligent and frugal, kind and courteous, obedient and thankful, modest and retiring, and were loved and respected by all who knew them—the pride of their father, and the joy of their mother.

Philo, too, was a child of promise, though occasionally his playful temper and roguish leer excited a little concern in the minds of his parents and sisters in reference to his future character; but, on the whole, he was a 'fine young fellow,' and heir to a proprietorship, such as few lads could boast in all the country.

Such was the family of Mr B. when half a century had rolled over his head. Thro' a long series of years, he had encountered no ebbs in the tide of fortune; no clouds lowered around him; no fitful gusts of anxiety and alarm swept across his path; nor was there a cloud in all his horizon to intercept the rays of the sun of prosperity! Peace, health and joy, reigned in all his borders, and plenty swelled as the ocean on his premises. His wife and daughters stood before him a circle of loveliness; and their smiles, their beauty, and affectionate caresses were a rich reward for the toils and hardships of by-gone years; and his son—his only son—his very self in miniature—he looked upon as a scion which might blossom when the stock from which it was originally taken should be leafless, sapless, prostrate—lost in the oblivion of years. This was a blooming family, whose hopes and interests were identical; whose hearty beat in unison; and whose eyes

looked deep into the future, and counted off many happy years, and rapturously said, 'They are ours!'

This is an uncertain, changing world, labelled with the pathetic words of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'—The heavens may smile joyfully on the earth for a season, and the earth send back a laughing shout to the skies; the elements may appear to slumber quiescently, and the day of storms to lie deep in the womb of coming months; but the explosions of the tempest and roar of the elemental thunder will soon undeceive us, and proclaim the fermenting process which was going on even in the most joyous of our days.

And so it was in the family of Mr B.—The 'flood tide' of prosperity at last ceased its inundations, and began its swift and fearful ebb! The smiling sun of fortune, which had for so many years gone up and down the glowing heavens, and never met a cloud, at last sunk into a 'long, dark, starless night, which had no moon beyond it.' The stars, too, the sparkling gems in the domestic horizon, went out—ay, were lost in the gathering clouds of adversity.—The light became darkness; joy changed to sorrow; songs, to lamentations; the shout of vigor and hope, to the wail of anguish and despair. Peace, health and expectation plumed their pinions for a measureless flight, and the conflicting elements of a terrible storm came roaring down on the family circle and quiet habitation.—The unruffled sea of rural and domestic life, smooth as the polished mirror, became the stormy ocean—the theatre of infuriate winds, muttering thunders, gleaming lightnings. Misfortune arrayed herself in horrors, and took unwelcome 'lodgings' in the once prosperous dwelling. DEATH, the remorseless tyrant, came striding over the hills, and demanded immediate payment of the levied tax on mortality. He would take no security; but, with a ghastly smile, pointed down into an empty vault of an adjoining tomb, and furiously swore, by the curse of sin, it was his right to fill the untenanted abode. He laid his chil-

ing hand on the fond mother, as if conscious that he then touched a chord that would vibrate in tones of misery through the affectionate hearts of surviving friends. Mrs B. sickened and died. Not skill, or sympathy, or love, or breaking hearts and flowing tears could save her. One wanton flourish of the finger of the monster snapped asunder the 'silver cord,' and broke in pieces the 'golden bowl.'

Uniformity was no longer a characteristic of Mr B.'s family circle. One of the 'great lights' of his domestic 'system' had set behind the shades of death. A dense and expanding cloud of gloom hung over all his prospects: only now and then a ray of light streamed athwart the darkness of his soul. Whither should he go? What could he do? If he walked in his fields or orchards, the fair form and mellow voice of his devoted wife met not his eye or fell on his ear; and if he returned to his beautiful cottage, loneliness and silence crushed his manly heart. *Ichabod* flamed forth on its very walls.

And then, 'What shall become of the children? Whose hand of love shall guide and restrain them through the tempting vistas and fascinating avenues of childhood and youth? To whose care and educational tutorship shall they be entrusted? And who shall be the solace of my old age, and share with me the infirmities which accumulate in declining years? Who shall soothe my anxious spirit in the chamber of death, and impress the farewell kiss of affection on my furrowed brow? Alas, or the wife of my youth! Why should she first be called to encounter the 'swellings of Jordan?' How affecting these questions!—how full of pathos! They breathe the emotions of a troubled spirit. But there is a difference in human grief. In some minds it is like a mountain stream when swollen by the Spring or Autumn rains; it goes leaping, roaring, dashing on, over cliffs and crags, until its shouts and murmurs are hushed in the plains and meadows below. Its source is small and shallow, and one half the year sends forth no murmuring rill—no foaming, shouting tor-

rent to swell the notes in Nature's anthem. In other minds, it is like the deep, flowing river, without a ripple on its surface, or the majestic and resistless swell of the ocean, when its undulations reach its coral bed. Old, steady-moving Time, too, is a rectifier of the world's mistakes, and a modifier of its ills and pleasures also; and this, on the whole, must be considered a wise and happy arrangement in the natural economy: else men would sink in floods of sorrow, or drown in rivers of pleasure and dissipation.

With Mr B. the storm of affliction was unlooked-for, and he was unprepared to meet it; but after it had spent its fury, and his feelings and views had been sufficiently chastened, he once more began to calculate for himself and children in reference to future years. He resolved on a second marriage, and the person selected for consort and step-mother, was a sister of his deceased wife. She resided in S., N. Y., where Mr B. determined, at a proper time, to proceed and consummate the sacred union. The time fixed on was Sept., 1837. The season arrived; and Mr B., the rich and venerable rustic of the hills, simple-hearted and unsuspecting, wholly unused to the 'wide world,' having never, to any great extent, mingled in the whirl of the 'travelling public,' started on his journey, having furnished his *wallet* with between one and two hundred dollars to defray expenses. He stepped on board a stage in W., Vt., on the great thoroughfare between Brattleboro' and Troy, and soon the high-mettled steeds, prancing to the crack of the driver's whip, plunged deep into the forests and defiles of the Green mountains, and wound their crooked way among everlasting hills, until they reached Bennington, and thence dashed furiously on till they reached Troy and Albany, N. Y.

How little we know of what awaits us in future days! We travel thoughtlessly the highway of danger, and sing joyously on the frightful verge of the precipice.—The envenomed serpent spins his 'death-note' beneath some 'quivering brake' which overhangs our path, or coils himself in our very track,

'Just in the act, with greenly venomed fangs,
To strike the foot that heedless o'er him hangs.
Bloated with rage on spiral folds he rides;
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
His parched and hissing throat breathes hot and dry;
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye;'

and yet onward we rush, ignorant of our danger, until we feel the fangs of the monster struck deep into our veins,

'And through our bounding heart,
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.'

This was the case with our rustic friend. He left his home, his son, his daughters, to see it and them no more; to return not again until the 'heavens shall have passed away with a great noise,' until the resurrection of all human dead. He went away to die—not naturally, or in some quiet chamber, surrounded with friends, or friendly strangers—but in the gloomy morass, by the hand of violence. He went away to find a foreign grave, but found it not until the wild winds of seven months had swept over his unsheeted, unsepulchred body! On board the stage Mr B. entered, was a young man, one of those desperate cosmopolites who, lion-like, travel up and down the world seeking whom they may devour. He fixed his eye on Mr B. and marked him as a victim—concluding, of course, that he was a 'rich old farmer,' who, if he never returned home again, would be but little missed in the world.

He kept in Mr B.'s company to Albany, and then with him went on board a packet on the Great Western canal for S. The packet, as is usual, passed leisurely along until Mr B. had arrived within six miles of his destination, when, soon after daylight in the morning, he stepped on shore to take a walk along the canal in advance of the boat. The young desperado professed his company in the walk, and was accepted; and on they paced at so rapid a rate as to leave their sluggish craft 'pout-

ing in the distant vale.' They entered a dismal swamp—fit for the habitation of devils and murderers—crossed the canal, and about ten rods from its bank the young veteran in crime perpetrated the horrid deed! He deliberately, coldly, wantonly, for the sake of a few dollars, took the precious life of his unsuspecting fellow traveller, and left him in his blood, a prey for beasts or vultures.

A few weeks passed away, and friends became anxious. He had not been in S.—he had not reached home—where could he have gone? The terrible thought, like a burning avalanche from Etna, rolled upon the hearts of friends: he has been murdered! And so he had; but though diligent search was made, his body was not found until March, 1838! The winds sighed his requiem; the raven, wheeling over the spot where he reposed in death, screeched the only dirge over his frozen clay; the drifting snows were his winding sheet; and the saplings of the forest bent in sympathy, instead of the weeping willow, over the lone place where he lay.

At home, suspense, anxiety, distress, held their iron sway. The children could go to their mother's grave and weep; but what had become of their father? The cloud of uncertainty at length passed away, and it was clearly ascertained that Mr B. had met his fate in a tragic manner. He had fallen by the steel of the assassin.—Thus perished the remnant of his days; and in an untimely manner he went to meet his God. His children are left to inherit his riches, but not to enjoy them—for they must ever reflect that they are the earnings of a MURDERED FATHER.

For the Ladies' Pearl. FRIENDSHIP.

When God from nothing formed the earth,
And all the stars received their birth;
The sun his splendor shed at noon,
And first at midnight shined the moon;
And beasts o'er earth began to roam,
The fishes sought their ocean home,
Through valleys ran the purling rill,
And forests crowned the rising hill;

And trees and shrubs were seen to grow,
From lofty oak to lily low ;
A carpet green on earth was spread,
From meadow low to mountain's head :
Then Eden bloomed in beauty rare,
And shed her fragrance on the air ;
And man then walked her bowers among,
Whilst birds around their music flung.
Among the flowers, so rich, so fair,
Which spread their glories to the air,
There none was found to solace man,
Throughout life's short and mournful span ;
In every hour of storm or calm,
Prove to his soul a healing balm ;
And when he left fair Eden's bowers,
Support him in his darkest hours—
But God in mercy sent above,
His angel—moved by tenderest love—
And brought from Heaven's own soil and
clime,

A flower to grow on shores of time,
Which planted then, rich flourished there,
Requiring kind and constant care :
And when by sin man lost those bowers,
With all their lovely blooming flowers ;
This one alone, by Heaven's free will,
He took to cheer his footsteps still ;
Which o'er the world its influence spread,
To bless the crown'd and lowly head ;
And light the world by its fair bloom,
Which else had been o'erspread with
gloom,

And when the earth with fire shall burn,
And God shall place her in her urn ;
This plant shall then o'er ruin'd time,
Arise to seek its native clime.

What is that flower that ne'er shall die,
But bloom in fairer world's on high ?
I'll tell thee ; 'Tis sweet Friendship's tie.
N.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Cicero, in the first book of his Tusculan questions, truly exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life, compared to eternity. In illustrating his argument, he quotes a passage of natural history from Aristotle, alluding to a species of insect on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never outlives the day of its birth.

To pursue the thought of this elegant writer, let us suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself ; that he began to exist at the break of day ; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution, he has been able to show himself active through ten or twelve hours. Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way from observation and experience. He looks upon his fellow creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age, and can perhaps recount to his great-grandson a surprising tradition of actions before any records of their nation were extant. The young swain, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse.—Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will seem to be the whole duration of time ; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great era of their creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nester of Hypanis, should, a little before his death, and about sunset, send for all his acquaintance, friends and descendants, out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and to admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious shelter of a mushroom, and the dying sage addresses them after the following manner :

'Friends and fellow citizens, I perceive the longest life must have an end ; and the period of mine is now at hand ; neither do I repine at my fate, since my great age has become a burthen, and there is nothing new under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country, the manifold private misfortunes to which we are all liable, and the fatal diseases incident to our race, have abun-

dantly taught me this lesson; that no happiness can be secure nor lasting which is placed in things which are out of our control. Great is the uncertainty of life!—A whole brood of insects have perished in a moment by a keen blast. Shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze!—What wasteful deluges have we suffered from a single shower! Our strongest holds are not proof against a shower of hail; and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest hearts quake. I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size, and stronger make, and I must add, of greater virtue than any can boast of in the present generation.—I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words when I assure you, that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, in my remembrance stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me if I affirm that glorious being moves. I saw his first setting out in the east; and I began my course of life near the time when he commenced his immense career. He has advanced along the sky, with vast heat and unparalleled brightness, but now by his declension and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigor, I foresee that all nature must fail in a little time, and that the creation will be buried in darkness in less than a century of minutes.

Alas, my friends, how did I once flatter myself with the hope of abiding here forever. How magnificent are the cells which I hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and the strength of my pinions! But I have lived enough to nature, and even to glory; neither will either of you whom I leave behind, have

equal satisfaction in life in the dark, declining age which I see already begun.

So much for fiction on the thought of Cicero. It will not seem extravagant to those who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant; and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the covetous, who seem to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little insects on the banks of the Hypanis.—Let them consider their transitory state and be wise.

THE NEW YEAR.

A year—another year has fled!

Here let me rest a while,
As they who stand around the dead,

And watch the funeral pile:
This year, whose breath has passed away,
Once thrill'd with life—with hope was gay!

But, close as wave is urged on wave,
Age after age sweeps by;
And this is all the gift we have,
To look around, and die!
'Twere vain to dream we shall not bend,
Where all are hast'ning to an end.

What this new waking year may rise,
As yet is hid from me:
'Tis well, a veil which mocks our eyes
Spreads o'er the days to be;
Such foresight who on earth would crave
Where knowledge is not proud to save?

It may be dark—a rising storm,
To blast with lightning wing
The bliss which cheers—the joys that
warm!

It may be doomed to bring
The wish that I have reared as mine,
A victim to an early shrine!

But, be it fair, or dark, my breast
Its hope will not forego;
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest
As on the clouds of woe;
And seen with her phosphoric light,
Even affliction's waves look bright.

But I must steer my bark of life
Towards a deathless land;
Nor need it fear the seas of strife:
May it but reach the strand
Where all is peace, and angels come
To take the out-worn wanderer home!

For the Ladies' Pearl.

TIME.

What is time? I asked an aged man, a
man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and gray with hoary
hairs.

Time is the warp of life, he said: O tell
The young, the gay, the fair to weave it
well.

But what is time? Some answer by
saying, it is duration measured by the
heavenly bodies; others, it is the impression
which a series of objects leave upon
the memory, and of which we are certain
the existence has been successive; others,
still, say it is a fragment of eternity,
broken off at both ends.

We may, then, consider it in its most
unlimited sense, that space included between
the singing of the morning stars,
the shouting for joy of the sons of God,
and Gabriel's placing one foot on the sea,
and the other on the land, and declaring,
in a voice not to be misunderstood, to all
the past, present and future generations
of the earth, that 'Time shall be no
longer.' Short as this period may seem,
when compared with that, far, far behind,
when time nor change knew no existence,
before stars or sun appeared; when
the Eternal Mind, all perfect, infinite and
alone, possessed within himself the source
of all happiness; or the eternity into
which all will be merged when time shall
cease; yet generation after generation of
the human family have come into existence,
and passed away again.

We see, then, that the time allotted to
individuals is but an inconsiderable portion
of this space. Numbers but open
their eyes upon the scenes of earth, and,
as if appalled with the view, close them
again forever, having even the alphabet
of their knowledge to acquire in eternity.
Others, like some morning flowers which
spread their beauties to the eye of the
beholder, and promise at least a day in
which to be admired, droop at the sun's

first ray, and show themselves, too frail to
continue inhabitants of this vale of sorrow
and vicissitude. Many are permitted
to enter the arena of public life, and like
the opening rose-bud, begin to diffuse the
fragrance of their wise and pious examples,
when in maiden sweetness or dignified
manhood, they are summoned to give
an account of their stewardship. Others
there are still, who live on till three score
and ten summers have bleached their
locks, blanchèd their cheeks, and furrowed
their brows deeply, and yet time, in
the retrospect, dwindles before them.—
They can easily connect the sport and
buoyant hopes of their boyhood with their
tottering days.

What said the patriarch, though he had
lived to prevail with the Lord; had spent
fourteen years of servitude in unpleasant
circumstances, to obtain her whom he
loved; had mourned his long lost Joseph
as dead, and was finally brought, after
suffering severely for fear of the dangers
which must attend his beloved Benjamin
and other children, in preserving him in
advanced life from the ravages of famine,
to enjoy the blessings of abundance, and
the society of all his children. After all
these reverses; he was constrained to say,
'Few and evil have been the days of the
years of my pilgrimage.'

But if we subtract for the enjoyment
of the 'sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' one-
third of the three score and ten years al-
lotted to man, we shall find but forty-six
and two-thirds remaining. Making a still
farther deduction for the time necessary
to supply the wastes of nature and the
protection of our bodies from cold and
heat, how brief a space indeed is left for
the great purposes of probation: yet, how
often do we see people resorting to this
and that amusement to pass away time.
Any way, say they, to kill old Time. Ah!
little do they think Time is immortal till
his work is done; and instead of killing
him, he will appear in the day of final

retribution as a swift witness against them for not having made better improvement of the precious *morceaux* measured out to them.

Many are deceived by the noiseless manner in which Time does his work, and think he lingers for them to execute their purposes. But though they may listen ever so silently, and hold their very breath to hear the flapping of his pinions, or the sands of his hour-glass drop grain after grain, yet he speeds on,

'Still as the morning sunbeam, as it kiss'd
The blushing flower, but shook not e'en
the tears

Of night from off its leaves, nor woke
The wild bee slumbering in its folds.'

Having considered the nature and brevity of Time, we will now notice some of the changes which it produces. If we look into the earth and examine its geology, we shall find, that since Time began its course, important changes have been produced in it. Where once the mighty deep was assigned its place, and the finny tribe sported in all their joy and vivacity, man now probably cultivates the soil and rears his habitations. The forest tree, where the feathery family hover and answer to each other's notes, has taken the place of the sea-weed where the dolphin and seahorse had their gambols; and the diamond is now secretly concreting where the coral might have formed its specimens of beauty. But if we turn our eye at the human family we shall find changes in its history equally great. For instance, the ancient, chosen people of God, once so highly favored, now in fulfilment of prophecy, have become a hyword among all nations. Those countries, once the nurseries of the arts and sciences, are now groping in the darkness of barbarism. Egypt has lost the art of embalming, and many others of more special service to the nation, and her Cyprian charms her sons no more.—Greece had her Pruden to sing. Athens her Solon to give laws, and her Demos-

thenes to rouse. Sparta her Lycurgus. Rome her Cicero, and Syracuse her Archimedes.

Happy we trust for those countries, that the principles which her bishops, poets, orators, lawgivers, and mathematicians taught, are not buried with them. We expect Time will yet see Egypt, Ethiopia, and Seba ransomed, and christian America exerting herself to redress their wrongs. Our own country presents in this respect a happier picture. The arts and sciences are not waning but becoming more mature. Almost every department of labor is receiving benefit from their aid, and it is not unlikely that the advantages derived from the power of steam, may greatly accelerate the spread of the Gospel. In retrospecting our history as a nation, we find many humiliating facts at which our cheeks are mantled with a blush, and our hearts wither by a burning shame. Time, probably will behold these stains erased, and hear those now under oppression's galling yoke, sing the triumphant song of release to the captive. But we must have observed more particularly, the changes produced in our own circle since the days of innocent childhood, when the hearth was made cheerful by our father's presence, our mother's smile, the counsels of elder brothers, and the sympathy of kind and attentive sisters. But our fathers, where are they, and our mothers, do they live forever? Ah, no. Long, long since we were able to rise up and call them blessed. The insatiate archer marked our brother for a victim, and he takes us by the hand no more. We saw our sister's eye bright, and we thought her cheek still rosy with health; but no, it was consumption's own deceiving flush. She too is gone to the spirit land, and her music charms us no more. Since we were last greeted by our friends with a happy new year, perhaps some of us have seen our blooming hopes cut off, their

children of peculiar promise lie, withered and dead. Or some may have consigned to the tomb a beloved companion, in comparison to whom all the friends of earth might be dispensed with.

While thus musing, on the changes produced by Time, we are ready to exclaim—

‘What does not fade? the tower that long
had stood

The crash of thunder and the roaring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer,
Time,

Now hangs in doubtful ruins o’er its base,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk,
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own
weight.

This huge rotundity on which we tread,
grows old,

And all those worlds that roll around the
sun—

The sun himself shall die, and ancient
night

Again involve the desolate abyss.’

A few reflections on the right improvement of our time. Time is our spring, Eternity our harvest. And as we have no security that this spring will be protracted beyond the present, and a successive one can never be enjoyed, shall we not sow our seed in the morning. And as we are to reap what we sow, shall we not attend to the nature and quality of the seed thus sown? Shall we sit down in ease hanging as weights upon those who would nobly acquit themselves in every good work, and leaving to our children no better inheritance than a bad example? I trust not, viewing as we do, the extreme brevity of time. Let us be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—doing what we have to do in our families, our business, the cause of humanity and of christianity with our might. In many instances the lapse of a few hours has deprived multitudes of all probationary privileges. The burning of the Lexington and Erie, are melancholy examples. A few moments the air was rent with cries of agony, and

all was over. The peaceful waters rolled on as they had rolled before. But the destiny of those deathless spirits was sealed forever. What would they not have yielded for a privilege like ours at present. Before the new year’s day of 1843 shall be ushered in, how many hearts now throbbing high with hopes of future bliss, will have forgotten to beat, and lie congealed in their own current in yonder cemetery. How many a step now decided and firm, will become feeble and faltering—and the hand now penning these lines, may have become motionless forever.

What changes of a political, moral and religious character may take place, we are unable to predict. But it is conceded by all, that the present and future is a period of momentous interest. Who then will be about their Master’s business of doing the will of their Heavenly Father, and snatching perishing souls from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched? Who that has been on the back ground in personal piety will this year calmly buckle on his armor and prepare for victory? Who that have heretofore made their minds sickly and dwarfish by feeding them with works of fiction and vanity, will leave them for more solid reading, and especially for the word of God, which is able to make them wise unto salvation? Who that has been engrossed with the fashion of the world that passeth away, will stand forth arrayed in the righteousness of christianity to walk with him in white? Who that have been accustomed to frequent dangerous places of amusement, fascinated with their songs of revelry, will choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, and swell the songs of the redeemer, for a sinner saved by grace. Reader, it is for you to determine what report shall be borne of you to Heaven this year.

‘Time past is gone, thou canst not it recal,
Time present is, improve the portion small,

Time future is not, and may never be,
Time present is the only time for thee.

It is the glory of Time, though short,
to display to the wide universe more of
Him, who made it, than was known be-
fore it began its round.

'Yes Time! to thee the wondrous theme
belongs,

That shall exult seraphic songs,
The heavenly hierarchy see
With hallowed admiration,
The glory of the ransomed church; their
tongues,

Their lyres respond to loftier notes of
praise,

And love, redeeming love, shall raise
Devotion's raptured ecstasies,
To their sublimest, sweetest key,
While saints or seraphs live, or rolls Eter-
nity.

Go then, swift traveller! nor stay
Thy silent, yet continuous flight;
Spread thy broad pinions! haste away
Toward duration infinite!

Fulfil thy round of years!
Let human hopes and fears
Depress or gild thee with illusions bright.
Soon as the shadowy visions of the night,
Before the bursting beams of morning flee,
This earth, these heavens, shall vanish
from the sight!

But God, the Eternal One, the Almighty
Three,
Shall live, shall reign in immortality!

M. ALOES.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE TEAR OF PENITENCE.

Hast thou seen the tear of sorrow
Falling from the fair one's eye;
She who fell from paths of virtue,
Heaving the repentant sigh?

Hast thou still refused forgiveness,
Sternly driven her from thy door,
Far away from thee to wander,
And, perchance, return no more?

Hast thou? Think, oh, think of Jesus,
He has heard her prayers and sighs;

He can feel—for, when a pilgrim,
Tears bedew'd his gracious eyes.

Hast thou driven her from thy dwelling?
She has found no place of rest;
Breathed her last, but now reposes
Far away in Jesus' breast.

ALIGUIS.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

A LEAF FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

Oh! there are times when the spirit,
worn, and burdened with care, droops
within. There are times when this cor-
poreal casket sinks to earth, that noble,
deathless part to which it is wedded:
times when bitter and corroding thoughts
press into the mind and wrap life in ut-
ter desolation. The past only reflects
back its painful images, while the joyless
present, veils itself in darkness, and sable
clouds gather thick around to obscure the
future. Then fond hope almost departs;
lofty aspirations, with their ardent long-
ings after something better, are quenched.
So intense is the bitterness of soul
that words and tears are but a faint index
to the depths of its anguish. At such
times, I would leave the crowd and wan-
der forth among the beauteous hills, and
strive to forget my cares, while commun-
ing with sweet nature, as she whispers
in her shady forests, and by her sounding
streams,—mysteries, which delight and
exhilarate the soul. Here, while gazing
on nature's varied loveliness, oblivion of
our griefs and cares is won. Her low
and soothing voice, reaches and inspires
the soul, which, freed from its fetters, un-
folds once more its pinions, and in its
native element, again soars on high.—
There is something in the boundless and
free air, which, while it makes the pulse
beat quick and strong, breathes new life
into the drooping spirit.

The invigorating breeze, pure from the
mountain's summit, quickens the step,
causes the heart to exult, and breathes
a new life into our whole being. Our

spirits are joyous, when, free and unloosed from earth, they roam on high, like the winds, those chainless, viewless messengers of the skies. SOBRIETAS.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
WEEP NOT FOR ME.

BY AN UNDER GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing:
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me—
Weep not for me;
Yet though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever:
Weep not for me.

Anecdote of Dr. Young.—As Dr. Edward Young was one day walking in his garden, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married), his servant hastened to inform him that Lord ——— had called, and was then waiting to speak with him. 'Give my duty to his lordship,' said the doctor, 'and tell him that I am too pleasantly engaged at the present moment.' 'What! not attend upon your friend, your patron, your every thing!' exclaimed the ladies; 'you must go—you shall go,' and so saying they led him to the garden gate, pushed him out, and shut the gate upon him, when the doctor, turning round and casting his eyes full upon them through the lattice work, addressed them in the following beautiful extemporaneous effusion:

'Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
Thus disputed orders sent from heaven:
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
His case was hard, but mine's still more resigned—
His Eve went with him, mine stays behind.'

THE OPENING YEAR.

Another year has winged his airy flight,
Still wrapt the future in mysterious night;
An eager haste we feel;
We long, we hope, and e'en swift time
seems slow,
Inquiring ask, while yet we would not
know,
What may this year reveal?

A year may bring the wounded mind re-
pose,
O'erwhelm the happy with unnumbered
woes;
May ease the captive's doom;
A fleeting year, ere it is passed and gone,
May add fresh beauty to the form of one,
Decay another's bloom.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

PIETY AND SENSIBILITY.—One day, a poor pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who received her with christian affection, regardless of her poverty, and sat down in the drawing room, to converse with her on religious subjects. While thus employed, a brother, a dashing youth, by chance came in and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus situated and employed. One of them instantly started up, saying, 'Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet got on her fine clothes.' R.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

ON PARTING.

The time of parting is the time of pain
The weeping minstrel sings,
'Perchance we ne'er may meet again!'
And thus the pathos brings.

The time of parting is the time of love,
Affection's soul aroused;
The throbbings in the dark mind move,
In sympathy unloosed.

The time of parting is the time of dread,
When fancy's mirror shows,
Through dark distress and sorrow lead,
The hope of life in woes.

The time of parting is the time to prove
The sinews of the heart,
When all the constancy of love
Is summoned alert.

The time of parting is the time to muse
On providence and grace ;
This points the way of life to choose
That shields from sad disgrace !

The time of parting is the time to weep—
The last farewell be thine !
Thy sick'ning recollection keep
The agony that's mine. J. A.-M.-G.

Cheerfulness superior to Mirth.—Cheerfulness is an act—mirth, a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient ; cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such exquisite gladness, prevents us falling into depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.—Once more we make our best bow to the thousands of our fair readers, and wish them a happy new year. We congratulate them on their entrance upon another annual revolution of Time. We thank them for their goodly society through the past year. We trust our intercourse has been mutually satisfactory, and we hope our fellowship through the new born year may be unbroken. On our part, no pains shall be spared to furnish them with a monthly feast, sufficiently rich to satisfy the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. All we ask, ladies, in return, is your smile and, pardon our selfishness, your faithful regard to our subscription list.—Give us these, and we are content to drudge on in patient toil for the prosecution of your happiness.

But we are too fast. We do want something more. We believe it is customary, in many places, at 'New Year's,' for friends to pay visits of ceremony. Now, we are *ambitious*—ambitious of a larger circle of acquaintance ; therefore, we solicit our

present friends to honor us with an introduction to their peculiar circles. Who will do us the honor ?

CORSETS.—Pardon us, gentle fair one, for mentioning this mystic name out of your *boudoir*. For, really, we wish to communicate some important ideas on these plausible enemies of your sex—these deceitful enemies, whose *embrace* is death. The following paragraph, from the lips of Dr. Green, a physiologist, demands your most sober thought.

'An adult man, if *unconfined*, takes in forty-six inches of air in a breath, but a great difference is found even when in his *ordinary dress*—then, he takes in only *thirty-two* inches. If, then, in a man in the expansion of his chest, a coat and vest cause one-fifth less, what must be the effect of the lacings and paddings now so generally employed by females ? There is not a medical man who is not a daily witness of the consequences. We look for the bright and beautiful beings we have known in our youth, and where are they ? Alas ! they have listened to the *dictates* of fashion, and life has been literally crowded out of the room. We look on an emaciated form, the light garland seems a burden on her brow—the bright color is faded, and a look of decay has taken its place ; thus a life, the morning of which began so brightly, is ending in sadness and gloom. This is no fancy sketch ! Beyond all doubt, corsets are exerting a destructive influence on the health and lives of our families. In my opinion, ALCOHOL IS NOT MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO MEN, THAN CORSETS ARE TO WOMEN !'

VASTLY IMPORTANT TO LADIES!—A new fashioned bonnet ! is announced in the Lady's Book, under the imposing title of *AMAZON BONNET*. Its material is a fine East India grass ; it is parti-colored, and resembles a rich silk ; is light, durable and exceedingly pretty ; and it may be worn at all seasons. As to its price, deponent saith not. We predict its destiny : it will be very fashionable.

A QUESTION. Where is the prettiest, brightest, sweetest spot in all the earth ? We opine our readers will all respond alike—My Home !

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—MUSIC BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Andantino Espressivo.

Fare - well, mother! tears are streaming, Down thy

tr

mol.

pale and ten - - der cheek; I in gems and

ro - ses . . . beaming, Scarce this sad fare - well may

tr

3

speak. Fare - well, Mother! now I . . . leave thee,

3

Hopes and fear my bosom swell— One to

trust who may ^{tr}de - ceive me: Fare - - well, Mother!

Fare thee well!

2
Farewell, Father! thou art smiling,
Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
Winning me from that beguiling
Tenderness to which I go.
Farewell, Father! thou didst bless me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell,
He w^hy wound! who can caress me—
Father! Guardian! fare thee well!

3
Farewell, Sister! thou art twining
Round me in affection deep,
Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
Farewell, brave and gentle Brother!
Thou more dear than words can tell.
Father! Mother! Sister! Brother!
All beloved ones, fare ye well!

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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Moral Tales.

From the Lady's Book.

FALSE FRIENDS AND TRUE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'You do not seem happy, Julia,' said Mrs Hartly to her daughter, who, half an hour before, had come home from a visit to one of her young friends. 'Nothing unpleasant has occurred, I hope.'

'I wish I could say no,' Julia replied, looking into her mother's face, while a crimson glow overspread her own. 'But I cannot.'

'I am truly sorry to hear you speak thus, Julia. I hope your friend Anna has not given you cause for painful feelings.'

'Indeed she has, ma! I never could have believed it; but she spoke to me this afternoon in a cruel way,' and Julia burst into tears, and continued to sob for some moments.

'I am really grieved at this,' Mrs Hartly said, after her daughter's excitement had in a measure subsided. 'But I am sure, from what I have seen of Anna, that there must have occurred some strange misunderstanding between you, or she never could have uttered a word that would have given you pain. Tell me what she said to you, and why she said it.'

'We were talking about the party to be given by Mary Williams, next week,' Julia replied, 'and differed about some trifle, too unimportant to mention, when Anna got angry because I could not agree with her, and said I was always obstinate, and fond of disagreeing. If any one else had said so to me, I would not have cared so much; but for Anna Miller to have talked so to my face, is too bad!'

'But Anna is no doubt sorry for what she said. Certainly she apologized on the instant, for her unkind remark.'

'I didn't give her a chance,' Julia said, indignantly, 'for I picked up my bonnet, and was out of the house in two minutes.'

'There you were wrong, my daughter. Hasty and impulsive actions are hardly ever such as reason, in sober mood, would dictate. When Anna spoke as she did, she was, in a certain sense, beside herself, and did not speak her true sentiments towards you. You should, in justice to yourself and her too, have given her the opportunity of recalling her unkind words. And that she would have done so, I have not the least doubt.'

'But even if she had,' urged Julia, 'it would have altered the case but little. If there had not existed in her mind, previously, the thought which she uttered, it would not have been clothed in words while she was under excitement. And I have no idea of being on terms of intimacy with any one who thinks me obstinate and fond of disagreeing with every body.'

'If such an idea really exists in her mind, Julia, I doubt if it could have found a place there, unless something in your character, had caused her, even against her will, to think so. This being the case, is it not much worse for you to have a fault, than for her to perceive it, involuntarily?'

'But I don't think I am obstinate, or fond of differing with every one.'

'As to that, Julia, said Mrs Hartly, 'it is a fact that you are rather too much given to expressing differences of opinion, where there is no use in appearing to differ. Your father and myself have both often noticed this peculiarity in your disposition, and regretted it.'

Julia colored deeply, and hung down her head in silence. But her state of indignation against Anna Miller, prevented her from seeing the fault just pointed out by her mother.

At about the same time that the brief

conversation just referred to, took place between Mrs Hartly and her daughter, Anna Miller sat weeping bitterly, in her own chamber. She was a kind-hearted girl, and loved, with a warm, sisterly affection, the young friend she had, in a moment of excitement, so deeply offended. But she was not blind to Julia's faults, though always disposed to excuse them, notwithstanding she was not unfrequently annoyed by her too evident inclination to differ in opinion about the merest trifle, and not only to differ, but to make the difference of importance.

While thus indulging the grief of an affectionate heart, an elder sister came in, and seeing her evident distress, said,

'Why, Anna, what does ail you?'

Anna looked up, with her cheeks all suffused in tears, and after a moment's hesitation, replied,

'Why, sister, I have let my hasty temper get the mastery over me, so far as to talk very unkindly to Julia Hartly, and she has gone home deeply offended.'

'I am sorry for that, Anna. But what did you say to her?'

'We differed about some trifle, and she as is usual, you know with her, made a matter of considerable importance out of the difference. Somehow or other, I felt irritated at this, and said to her, more sharply I expect than I intended,—Julia you are strange and obstinate, always differing with some one!—At this she picked up her bonnet, and was out of the house before I had time to apologize or prevent her.'

'Well, Anna, I am sorry for you; but it cannot be recalled now. You must profit by this lesson, painful as it is, and endeavor to exercise more control over yourself, and forbearance towards others. When you next see Julia, you can explain it all, and there, I hope the unpleasant part of the affair will end.'

'I must see her in the course of to-morrow, and apologize to her, and have the whole affair settled; for Mary Williams' party takes place on the next evening, and we must be on good terms again by that time, or there will be no enjoyment for me.'

'That is a good resolution, Anna,' said her sister, 'seek an explanation, and reconciliation as soon as possible, and you will be well again.'

Shortly after Julia Hartly had explained to her mother the cause of her unhappiness, Emeline West, a mutual acquaint-

ance of Julia and Anna, called in, and the two young ladies soon retired to Julia's chamber, to talk about certain matters and things which are not considered appropriate themes for discussion in the presence of mothers.

'O, Emeline!' said Julia, after the door had been closed upon them, 'I've been treated most shamefully to-day, by Anna Miller.'

'You don't say so, Julia! How in the world did that happen?'

'I wouldn't have believed it was in her to say to me what she did! We were talking about Mary Williams' party, when I differed with her about the length of a flounce, and gave her my reason for it. At this, she flew into such a passion, and said that I was an obstinate girl, and was always differing with some one!'

'It aint possible!'

'Indeed it is, then! I never was so hurt in my life.'

'And what did you do?'

'Why, I put on my bonnet, and was out of the house in a twinkling.'

'That was right! I like to see every one act with a proper spirit.'

'She's mistaken, I can tell her, if she thinks to trifle with me in that way! I never take an insult, tamely, from any one,' responded Julia, excited and indignant.

'I always knew her to be a passionate and insulting girl. This is not the first instance, by half a dozen, that I have heard of her outrageous violations of lady like deportment towards her friends,—and in her own house, too!'

'Well, she'll never have a chance of insulting me again, I can tell her!' said Julia, feeling more and more indignant, as the 'mutual friend' went on to widen instead of endeavoring to heal the breach that had been made between two, who had really been fond of each other.

'You would be a fool if you did,' Emeline replied significantly. 'I, for one, have no idea of tolerating these constantly occurring violations of good breeding and good feeling. If we allow them to pass unnoticed, or forgive them as soon as perpetrated, we will soon have a pretty state of things. No one, after a while, will feel free from the danger of insults in any company. For one, I have long since resolved to set my face against them; and I am glad to find that you have shown a proper spirit of resentment against Anna Miller; who is, any how, to

say the least of it, a vulgar, and forward girl.'

In this way the 'mutual friend' went on to confirm Julia's unkind feelings towards Anna, and thus to extinguish the hope that had already begun to spring up in her mind, that she would seek an explanation.

On that same evening Emeline West called to see Anna Miller.

'You look serious, Anna,' she said, after they were alone.

'Do I? Well, I must confess that I feel a little sober,' Anna replied, endeavoring to smile.

'What is the matter?—has any thing happened?'

'Nothing of much consequence,' Anna said evasively.

'I saw Julia Hartly this afternoon,' Emeline remarked after a pause.

'Did you, indeed?' Anna said in a quicker tone.

'Yes, and she seems to be in rather a queer way. What has happened, for she was as tart as a damson when I mentioned your name?'

'I was rather rude to her this afternoon,' Anna replied, 'but she went away before I had time to explain myself; and apologize.'

'She's a tetchy kind of girl, any way.'

'I don't know, I have sometimes talked very plain to her without giving offence. But, to-day, I gave her just cause for being displeased. I only regret that I did not prevent her from going away, until after I had asked her forgiveness for what I had said.'

'I don't think it would have been any use,' Emeline responded. 'She says that you insulted her downright in your own house, and that she is determined to set her face against all such unlady like conduct in any one. I told her that she must forgive if she expected to be forgiven,—but she said that if she did forgive, she would never forget; and that, any how, she would not forgive you, until she had punished you well for having so grossly insulted her.'

Anna's face colored deeply, and her eyes became suffused with tears. But she made no reply. Ever since Julia had left the house, she had been pondering over various forms of reconciliation, and had fully made up her mind, that early in the morning she would call upon her and make overtures of kindness. But the information given to her by Emeline, of

Julia's state of feeling towards her, dispersed at once her fond anticipations, and aroused in her mind something of resentment towards her estranged friend.

'What was the mighty offence given, Anna?' inquired her visiter, affecting ignorance of what had passed between the two young ladies.

'There is no denying, Emeline, that I was a little rude to her,' Anna said, 'for I made so free as to tell her that she was an obstinate girl.'

'Well, and so she is. But, in the name of goodness! was that all the wonderful insult, she is so full of indignation about?—Upon my word!'

'Yes, that is all; and, to tell the truth, that constant differing with you in any opinion or preference, which she indulges in, is, to say the least of it, very annoying.'

'Indeed it is! Many a time she has worried me so, that I could hardly keep from telling her a piece of my mind in right plain terms.'

'I did intend,' remarked Anna, 'to go and see her to-morrow morning, and offer an acknowledgement for what I had done. But, if she thinks and talks as you say she does, I'm afraid there will be no use in it.'

'No, I'm sure that there would not be a particle of use in it. And, since she chooses to make such a mountain out of a mole-hill, if I were you, I would let her have her own way about it.'

'Still,' Anna said, 'Julia has many good qualities, and I always was fond of her. How foolish it was in me, to suffer my impatient temper to cause a separation between us! This breach must yet be healed; and I am satisfied that I ought to make the first advances.'

'You must, of course, judge in the matter for yourself,' Emeline replied, tossing her head, 'but I make it a point never to humor folks that cut up such tantrums with me. She knew well enough that you spoke hastily, and as she provoked you to speak so, it is for her to consider your peculiarities of character, as much as it is for you to consider her's. Any how, she didn't show off so very well, to huff up in a minute, and flit away before you had time to say a word. I wouldn't take all the blame to myself, if I were you. It's a maxim, you know, that where two have a falling out, that one is as much in fault as the other; and I am sure, I can't see why you should vary the adage to your own disadvantage.'

Thus the mutual friend of the young ladies, from the strange pleasure she took in seeing others at variance, extinguished in the mind of Anna, the determination she had formed of going on the next morning to seek a reconciliation with her friend.

The night for the party at Mary Williams' came round, and yet Julia and Anna had not seen each other, and each was oppressed with painful feelings, when the idea of meeting at the party presented itself.

'I really feel like staying away,' Anna said to her sister; 'I know that I shall not enjoy myself, and my presence there, must mortify, in a good degree, Julia's satisfaction.'

'But why not, even there, offer her a friendly hand, and ask to be forgiven for your unkindness toward her. No one need understand what you are saying to her. I am sure that she will gladly respond to your offer of reconciliation.'

'I should have done this before now, had I not learned from Emeline West, that she was so much incensed against me.'

'Emeline acted very wrong in telling you.'

'That may be, sister, but now that I know her real feelings, how can I go forward, under the certainty of being repulsed and wounded.'

'Such a certainty, I am sure, does not exist; the worst persons can hardly repulse one who comes, confessing a wrong, much less a girl who has the many amiable qualities possessed by Julia.'

'But, you know what she said to Emeline.'

'Yes, and I know, too, how easy it is to convey an erroneous impression of what another has said. The very tone of voice and expression of countenance used in repeating any thing, may so modify it as to make it seem very different from what was intended to be conveyed, when it was uttered.'

Anna was silenced, but not convinced. The idea, that Julia intended, if she forgave her at all, to keep back the forgiveness for some time, in order to punish her, wounded her pride a good deal, and she could not get it out of her mind, nor subdue its influence over her. It seems so cruel, and so much like trifling with the feelings of one who had loved her, and who still, she must know, entertained for her much true affection.

Anna was among the latest who came to Mary Williams' party that evening. She did not observe Julia when she entered the brilliantly lighted room. But that young lady saw her, of course, and so did their mutual friend, Miss West, who sat beside Julia.

'She didn't even look at you!' whispered Emeline.

Julia did not reply, but a deep and oppressive sigh struggled up from her bosom, yet without affording her any relief from a weight that seemed bearing down both mind and body.

'She has a guilty look, hasn't she?' again whispered Emeline, as Anna, on taking a chair, turned towards Julia. The latter dropped her eyes beneath those of her estranged friend, while she felt the blood rising into and burning on her cheek. Even in the brief, fittling glance she had of Anna's face, she saw in its expression that which drew her towards her, and made her heart ache for the estrangement that kept them asunder. It was anything but a guilty face. But there was in it something of tenderness and sadness, and the reflection of a heart that yearned towards her friend.

'I wonder if she will speak to you?' Emeline again said, breaking into the thoughts of peace that were crowding into the mind of Julia.

'I don't know; but I am resolved to speak to her,' Julia said.

'Don't do that for the world!' said Emeline, looking Julia in the face with an expression of surprise upon her countenance. 'It's her place to make advances towards you: and, if you were to speak to her, from what I heard her say, I am sure she would pass you with contempt. You will not, certainly, run the risk of being so mortified before the whole company.'

Thus urged, the hastily formed good resolution was dismissed, and Julia determined to await, in painful suspense, the accidents of the evening, hoping that something would occur to break down the partition that separated them. Her very heart yearned within her to be reconciled. She loved Anna, and had forgiven the hasty words she had used, and only wanted an opportunity to tell her so. And had not their officious mutual friend interposed her offices, the breach would have been healed, through overtures from Julia, before the evening of the day after the offence had been received.

It was not long after Anna entered the room, before Emeline managed, 'by accident,' to get along side of her.

'You have not made that little matter up, I see,' she remarked, after chatting for a few minutes, glancing at the same time towards Julia, who, on being invited, had taken her seat at the piano.

'No, but I hope we soon will,' was Anna's prompt reply.

'It is to be hoped so,' the mutual friend said dryly.

Just then Julia's fingers fell lightly upon the keys of the instrument. She had a sweet voice, and Anna always loved to hear her sing. She now listened with interest. The first line warbled in pensive sweetness, drew tears to her eyes, and it was only by an effort that she could keep down her feelings as the song progressed. It was the following:

'We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

'We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests,
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

'We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there,
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now ?

'Beautiful! — beautiful!' 'Tender!' 'Touching!' 'Sweet!' were the gratified expressions that ran round the room, as Julia's voice trembled sweetly, and with emphatic tenderness on the last line. A half-stifled sob which escaped the lips of Anna, attested the influence of the words just sung, upon her feelings.

'She is still the same, affectionate, warm hearted girl!' she mentally exclaimed.

'Did you ever see a finer piece of trifling than that in your life?' said Emeline West to Anna.

'Trifling, Emeline?'

'Certainly! I hope you don't think there is any thing sincere in all that. No, no, it's a precious piece of acting! If

she really felt the sentiments of the song just sung, she would never expose them here. She could not!'

There was the semblance of truth in what Emeline said, and this clouded and confused Anna's mind. Doubts again arose, and the impulse she felt to go up to Julia and whisper in her ear, as she sat on the piano stool turning over the music book, 'A light word *shall not* part us,' was allowed to subside. She now felt more unhappy than ever.

During the evening, the two estranged friends were frequently thrown so together, that a word, if only uttered, would have healed the rankling wound. But whenever there was an opportunity, their evil genius seemed to know it; for Emeline was always prompt to drop a warning word, or draw an uncharitable inference, and thus prevent a reconciliation. Anna retired at an early hour, and after she was gone, Julia felt but little inclination to stay; for while Anna was present, she could not help feeling constantly, the hope that she would speak to her, and then all would have been forgiven on the instant.

She was sitting alone, gloomily, about half an hour after Anna had left, pondering upon the painful state of estrangement that existed between her and her friend, when a lady sat down by her side and said, kindly—

'You do not seem happy, Julia?'

Julia started, and looked into the face of the person who had addressed her, with a momentary expression of surprise, and then replied, with a faint smile lit up her face,

'I cannot say that I do feel very happy, Mrs Moreland.'

'But you need not feel so, Julia. I have just learned from Emeline West, that there is a difficulty between you and Anna Miller. I know the reason, now, why neither of you seemed as lively as usual to-night. Both of you are distressed about the same cause. Now, surely, you can forgive each other.'

'I do forgive her with all my heart, Mrs Moreland,' Julia said, the tears filling her eyes.

'Then I know that forgiveness will be mutual.'

'I fear not,' Julia said. 'Emeline West tells me that Anna thinks and speaks very unkindly of me. If it hadn't been for this, I should have gone to her before now.'

'To say the least of it, then, Emeline

is very much to blame for telling you so,' Mrs Moreland said gravely.

'That may be true enough, as far as she is concerned; but having heard as much, how can I run the risk of being repulsed. That would wound me more than the first offence.'

'I am sure, Julia, there is no danger,' Mrs Moreland said, encouragingly.

'I could hope not; yet I fear to run any risk. And, besides, the offence was against me, and committed by Anna in her own house. It is for her to come to me.'

'And you will not repulse her?'

'Repulse her! oh, no! I could not do that, Mrs Moreland! I would be the happiest creature in the world, if she would only come and say, 'Julia, let us be friends again.'

On the next morning, Mrs Moreland went early to see Anna Miller.

'Well, Anna, how were you pleased last night?' asked the visiter, after a few remarks succeeding the salutations of the morning had passed.

'It was a very pleasant company, Mrs. Moreland.'

'But you didn't seem happy, I thought, Anna, and I have taken the liberty of a friend to call on you this morning, in the hope that I can say something, or do something to make you feel pleasanter.'

Anna looked up into the face of her kind friend, with something of surprise in her countenance; and after a few moments' silence, said,

'When we are conscious of having acted wrong, we can find but little external comfort.'

'That is true, Anna, in one sense. But if a friend can aid us in correcting what is wrong, then a friend can help us much, even under such circumstances.'

'I should be glad to receive any aid, even in that way, Mrs Moreland. But do you know the cause of my unhappiness?'

'I think I do, Anna.'

'Well, what shall I do?'

'I think you ought to go and see Julia.'

'I am afraid that she will not receive me kindly.'

'I am sure that she will, Anna.'

'But Emeline West told me that Julia had resolved to keep me at a distance, for the purpose of punishing me for my offence against her.'

'It is very strange, Anna, that Emeline West should be as ready to preju-

dice the mind of Julia against you, as she seems to have been to prejudice your mind against Julia.'

'Surely, Mrs Moreland, she has not acted thus!'

'I do not like to censure any one, but I am afraid that she has.'

'Can it be possible! But do you think Julia would receive me kindly?'

'Anna, I know that she would. I have conversed with her, and she told me, with the tears in her eyes, that if you would only come to see her, she would be the happiest creature in the world.'

'Did she, indeed, say that, Mrs Moreland?' Anna asked, eagerly, catching hold of that lady's hands and clasping them in her own.

'Yes, Anna, she did; and she meant all that she said.'

'Then I will see her before another hour passes over my head.'

'Do so, Anna, and all will again be well,' Mrs Moreland said kindly.

'But will you not go with me?' Anna asked.

'Certainly, Anna, if you wish me.'

'Then I will accompany you at once.'

On that morning, soon after the breakfast hour, Emeline West dropped in to see Julia Hartly.

'Ah, good morning, Julia! How do you do after last night's party?' said that young lady, in a sprightly tone.

'Pretty well, Emeline; how are you?'

'Oh, lively! I'm glad to see you brightening up a little. You looked too sad and woe-begone last night, for any thing.'

'I did not feel very happy then, Emeline, and cannot say that I am in very extraordinary spirits this morning. But as I have some hope of a reconciliation with Anna, I cannot but feel a little better than I did then.'

'You are not going to humble yourself to her, I hope?'

'No.'

'Then she is not going to do it to you, I know! Catch her doing such a thing?'

'I don't wish her to.'

'She can't make the first advances without stooping, though.'

Before Julia had time to answer, the parlor door opened, and Anna, accompanied by Mrs Moreland, entered.

The two friends looked at each other for a brief moment, and then, without uttering a word, rushed into each other's arms.

'Am I forgiven, Julia?' Anna said, at length.

'Oh, yes, a thousand times!' she responded warmly.

'And may no hasty word ever again separate you,' Mrs Moreland said. 'But should such an event again occur, I sincerely hope our friend Emeline here, will exercise her influence as a mutual friend with more discretion and kindness. Had she acted a true part, your estrangement, I am convinced, could not have continued up to this time, short as the period is; and how much pain you would both have been spared, I need not say.'

Emeline looked surprised and rebuked for a moment, and then hung down her head, while her face was crimsoned with burning blushes of shame. Then suddenly rising, she hastily retired.

'And now, my young friends,' said Mrs Moreland, 'beware of uttering an unkind or hasty word. But should either of you again fall in temptation, let not the sun go down upon your anger; and above all, do not listen for a moment to any one who shows a disposition to widen the breach. Harken, rather, to the voice that pleads for reconciliation; it is the voice of truth and nature. And, moreover, let the causes that produced this temporary alienation be searched out and put away; causes there must be for it, existing, too, in the minds of both. Remove these, and you remove the danger of any future misunderstandings, and disarm evil minds and evil tongues from all power to hurt you. Thus will you be enabled to extract good from what seemed a most painful occurrence. As for Emeline, she is but the representative of a very large class. Some act with more address and caution than she has acted, but the 'poison of adders' is under their tongue. Beware of them!'

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Young maiden, let the lilly be
An emblem of Life's flower in thee;
Pure as its bud ere sun or dew
Have oped its leaves of virgin hue.
So now thou rear'st thy tender form,
A bud of beauty in life's storm.

Young maiden, when in beauty bright,
Its silver leaves spread to the light,
Spotless and pure upon its stem
It hangs, the type of virtue's gem;
So may thy years, of later date,
Show like the lily's glowing fate;

And when the lily bonds its head,
To mingle with the garden's dead,
Though beauty's gone, yet still the flower
Yields fragrance in its dying hour;
So, lady, when thou sleep'st in death,
Rich be thy deeds with virtue's breath.

Records of Women.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY DANIEL WISE.

"The fairest hand I ever touched,
O Beauty!"—*King Henry, in Shakespeare.*

In this article, we invite the attention of our readers from those fairy regions of fiction to which they are accustomed to wander, with unmixed, and we hope not unprofitable, delight; to the contemplation of a matter-of-fact character—of a beautiful being, whose wrongs have embalmed her memory with the tears of her sex, and will excite the pity of every succeeding generation.

Anne Boleyn! the beautiful, yet unfortunate wife of Henry the Eighth!—How sad are the memories that cluster mournfully around thy name! Noble in descent—bound by family alliances to the proudest blood in Europe. Exquisitely beautiful in person—the star of the chivalric courts of France and England; in an age when beauty gathered in those palaces—'tis pitiful that such glory should end on the scaffold!

Anne Boleyn was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a nobleman of high lineage and of proud connections. At eight years of age, she was removed from the domains of her father to the court of France, by the queen of Louis XII. At the death of Louis, she was taken into the service of Claude, queen to Francis, his successor, where she remained until that royal lady's death; and became celebrated through the French court, as well for her accomplishments as for her great and peerless beauty. At the age of twenty-two, she returned to England, and

became maid of honor to Catharine, queen of England. She was then in the bloom of her beauty; distinguished alike for gracefulness of manners and intellectual accomplishments.

Henry VIII. was touched with her singular beauty. Suddenly, he was haunted with conscientious scruples about the legality of his marriage with Catharine.—She was his brother's widow, but had been his spouse eighteen years: it was the light that flashed from Anne Boleyn's eyes that helped him to the discovery.—The maid of honor encouraged the king's scruples, and Catharine was divorced!—Anne became the wife of the king of England.

She was now at the height of her ambition, and seemed to possess the undivided love of her royal consort. She was duly crowned with all the attending pomp and splendor of such great occasions.—The birth of a daughter, the princess Elizabeth, increased her hold on Henry's affection, and the death of the high-minded Catharine left her in undisturbed possession of her splendid seat.

The calm was deceitful: above the brightness, a storm was gathering! her glory was only a brilliant prelude to a gloomy scene of shadows and death.

Henry was fickle: his love was transient. Jane Seymour, maid of honor to Anne, led his wayward love captive, and he longed to be rid of the lady Anne as he had before of Catharine. He pretended jealousy. Her enemies artfully encouraged his suspicions: acts of courtesy and affability were treated as evidences of criminality. She was arrested!

She was conveyed to the Tower, so lately her palace, but now her prison.—‘O Lord, help me, as I am guiltless of this whereof I am accused,’ was her prayer as she knelt at the gate of the fortress. ‘Do I go into a dungeon, Mr Kingston?’ she asked of the lieutenant of the Tower. ‘No, madam; you shall go into your lodg-

ings where you lay at your coronation.’

The recollection overpowered her: she wept, and cried out, ‘It is too good for me: Jesus have mercy upon me!’

She was charged with high treason! All sorts of criminality, as false as absurd, were unblushingly alleged against her. After the mockery of a private trial, she was sentenced to death. Anne heard this terrible doom pronounced with undisturbed serenity of countenance; then, clasping her hands, and looking upward, she prayed: ‘O Father of mankind! the way, the life and the truth, thou knowest whether I have deserved this death!’

The manner of her death goes far to establish her innocency. ‘Mr Kingston, I hear that I am not to die before noon; and I am very sorry for it, for I thought to be dead and past my pain,’ was her remark on the morning of her execution.

‘Your death will be no pain, madam,’ replied the lieutenant. She smiled, and said, ‘I heard say, that the executioner of Calais, who was brought over, is more expert than any in England; that is very good; I have a little neck;’ and she playfully put her hands round it.

Her composure on the scaffold was such, that it melted the beholders into tears. She addressed them with great spirit and feeling. Removing her hat and collar, she knelt and several times repeated this prayer: ‘Christ, I pray thee receive my spirit.’ She ‘would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying, she had no fear of death.—All that the divine, who assisted at her execution, could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made

a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.*

'The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death
makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbler neck,
But first begs pardon.'

Thus perished, like an untimely flower, the beautiful Anne Boleyn. Of her innocence, there is little doubt. The profligate Henry preferred his base charges, not because he believed them, but because he loved another, and wished to make her queen. That she was ambitious, it would be vain to deny: that she rejoiced in the divorce and death of the broken-hearted Catharine, is equally true. Retribution, fearful and beyond her offence, followed. Her life and death teach with irresistible force the danger of following the dictates of ambitious feelings, and the uncertainty of human success and elevation.

* Houssaie's Memoirs, quoted in D'Israeli.

The Curiosity Cabinet.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE ROYAL PREACHER.

'Who ever heard of a king preaching?' said I to my 'good aunt,' as she began to repeat what a 'royal preacher' had said, when I was asking for some new 'gew-gaws' to wear to a 'soiree' the next evening.

'I, my neice, have read in his 'sermons,' 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'—'the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing'—for 'I got me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of all sorts of men, as musical instruments,' and 'whatsoever mine eye desired, I kept not from them'—'I withheld not my heart from any joy,' 'and behold

all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'—'Then I turned myself to behold wisdom and folly.' 'Then I saw that wisdom excelleth, as far as light excelleth darkness.' 'God hath made everything beautiful in his season.' And doth not the poet say, 'Beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most?' But the preacher continues, 'A good name is better than precious ointment,' and the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.'

'Yes, Mary, he says, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them.' 'Get wisdom, get understanding.' 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy acquirements, get understanding.' 'She shall give to thy head an ornament of grace.'

'This king was rich, and travelled over the whole earth to gain this knowledge,' said I, yet unsatisfied.

'Whether he did or not, we may profit by his sayings—may be made wise, good and happy, prepared to meet 'our God' at the hour of death in peace—'that peace which passeth all understanding,' replied my aunt meekly.

'But 'let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.'

'Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.' 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

I retired, but sleep had fled from my eyes; and while anxiously wishing to know 'what to do to be saved,' a voice seemed to say, 'Surrender all,'

'Thou'lt nothing lack,
But say, 'I'm full!'

And I trust I seek not now,

'With eagerness, as others seek in vain,
The phantom, happiness.'

Truely,

'There's nothing true but heaven.'

F.

Muscovian Funerals.—In Muscovy, when a man dies, his friends and relations immediately assemble, and seat themselves in a circle round the corpse, of which they ask the following questions: 'Why have you died? Is it because your commercial concerns went badly? Or was it because you could not obtain the accomplishment of your desires? Was your wife deficient in youth or beauty? Or has she been faithless to her obligations?' They then rise and quit the house. When they carry the body to be buried, it is covered, and conveyed on a bier to the brink of the intended grave, the covering is then withdrawn, the priest reads some prayers, the company kiss the dead and retire. These ceremonies finished, the priest places between the fingers of the dead man a piece of paper signed by the patriarch confessor, purporting his having been a good Christian. This, they suppose, serves as a passport to the other world, and from its certifying the goodness of the deceased, St. Peter, when he sees it, will open to him the gates of eternal life. The letter given, the corpse is removed, and placed in the grave, with the face towards the East.

Relics of Witchcraft.—The pins, which the New England witches are said to have thrust into the bodies of those whom they afflicted, in 1692, are still preserved among the records of the court, in Salem.

Salt-cellar.—Why has it been deemed unlucky to overturn a salt-cellar? This superstition was derived from Pagan Rome, where the salt-dish was a holy platter, in which the firstlings of the feast were offered to the gods, and which was usually ornamented with the figure of some divinity. To overturn altars and images of the gods was naturally held ominous.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars for a Cape.—A curious specimen of native ingenuity, and of the extravagance of despotism, is to be seen at the Missionary Rooms. It is a cape worn by a Sandwich Island Chief, which, according to an estimate of Rev. Mr Richards, must have cost \$100,000. It is made of small feathers of very bright and beautiful colors, only two of which grow under the wing of a particular bird. They are skillfully wrought upon a coarse network, so as to form stripes of several different col-

ors. The manner of obtaining them is as follows: An adhesive substance is placed upon the end of a long pole, and some bait a little distance below. This pole is held near the bird, upon the rocks and branches—it alights on the end of the pole, and by the adhesive substance is caught, and drawn up, and the feathers pulled out. Mr Richards estimated that he could have obtained \$100,000 worth of provisions, with the labor that was expended on this cape. There are also two small tippets for the neck, made of the same materials.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Forks.—In the ruins of Pompeii, spoons have been discovered, but no forks;—whence it is inferred that the Romans, at least before the accession of Titus, which was coeval with the destruction of that city, had no such table utensils. Nor is it known that at any later period the ancient world ever adopted these instruments. The lady who first displayed them at her table, was named Maria, and was sister to the Romanus who acceded to the Byzantine Empire in 1034. Forks, therefore, were probably invented at Constantinople.

The Daughter.

A Daughter's Love.—Dear father, how I love to gaze upon thee. Time has silently bleached thy locks, but thou art still the same. Thy kind, benignant eye, thy lovely smile, thy noble mien and bearing, still bespeak thy perfect manhood. Oh, how am I enwrapped in thy pure honor—a stain upon thee would wither all the joys that now so gaily play around my young and blithesome heart. 'Tis true I've left my home to be another's through the joys and perils of a fleeting life; but I have not lost my love for thee. When thou didst step within my door, did I not clasp thy neck within my heart's embrace, and kiss thee then as warmly as when around thy knees I used to play at thy own hearth at home? My soul still doats upon my loved and loving father.

See here, these little buds fresh from life's great fountain. How they do wind their tender cords of love about our hearts—the vine and its branches. They, like me, do claim thee too. Indeed, I do recal what I have said before—for I do love thee more than when I quitted home—because of these dear pledges. They are young grafts upon the parent stock, and

must live or die beneath its shade. In time you will see how they will copy thee, and in your warm heart you will find for them a place just behind the spot, where thou wert wont to keep my own young love.

Every woman should know her own weak points, and employ all her reason and ingenuity to strengthen them. A sensible woman will subject the irregularities of her temper to the strong restraints of reason and religion; and her husband will admire her constant submission to the severe obligation of self-control.

My Mother.—There is music in almost every thing. In the vernal zephyrs, that whisper a welcome to the youthful year—in Summer's cooling breeze as it softly wings through the leafy grove—in the farewell moanings of Autumn—in Winter's song of desolation and triumph; in the carolling of woodland songsters—in the innocent prattle of childhood, the merry song of youth, and the broken voice of age; in the undulating tones of the church bell—in the symphony of the deep-toned organ—in the soft sweetness of the flute, the lyre, and the Æolian harp. Yes; in these there is music—but it hath not that charm which comes from the sound of the words, my mother. The former pleases the ear; the latter touches the soul and causes in the breast the thrill of ineffable joy.

There are many words which are endearing; among which are father, brother, sister, friend. A father, perhaps, has revealed many of the wonders of the Almighty hand—taught the young mind to gather rich instruction from the boundless fields of science and philosophy; a brother or sister may have accompanied in school-day sports, and often given the hand of affection—toiled in company in ascending the path of knowledge—a friend may have paid the ransom requisite to free the captive—unbarred the doors of the gloomy dungeon, and enabled the eyes inured to darkness, to behold nature's beautifier light; and roam undisturbed over the variegated earth. Dear though they are, there are none dearer than a mother. She has chased away the painful, infantine hours with her sweet song. She has watched over me with anxious care and guarded me from many dangers in days of heedless youth; and now a

mother's warning causes me to walk with a more cautious step, and her approbative smile, to press forward to brighter scenes which Hope has painted on the future.

Who will be a friend though earth contains no other? My mother! Whose love will remain unchanged till the gush of life ceases to flow from the heart and warm the faithful breast which has so often pillowed my painful head? My mother's! Whose form does fancy bring in hours of slumber to hear the wandering thoughts to days of childhood, when she whose head is now whitening by the blighting touch of time, wore the hue of vigor, and kissed from my cheek the saline dew? My mother's! The sound of what name is more sweet? What name more dear? To one, at least, there is none. And can I forget it? When I do, let my mind be a chaos, and my name be shrouded in oblivion.—*Rev. E. W. Locke.*

Reposing in Hope.—The tranquillity of a mind gradually reposing in the dearest hopes of a better world, is an enjoyment that cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful close of a busy life, provided that repose is founded on the right views of Christian hope, looking beyond the grave: the mist of doubt and perplexities dissipated in the meridian splendor of the gospel truth; the storms of life softening into silence; the delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dissipation fled, and the freed mind resigned to the dictates of reason; and the wounds of conscience cured by the balm of eternal love; the heart lacerated by the loss of those once so dear to us, patiently waiting in full expectation of reunion never more to be broken; every angry passion hushed into peace; the evils of life sunk into resignation to the divine will; the fervent desires of the renovated heart approaching to the verge of never-ending enjoyments, and the whole soul reposing on the bosom of a Saviour's love.

Pleasing Sketches.

THE COTTAGE.

There was a laboring man who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it and helped to keep it from the winds.

When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it like the grey rock. And so exactly did he get the

same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After awhile the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So he built a barn for her. It was so small that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done, a neighbor came in, and said, 'What color will you paint your barn?'

'I had not thought of that,' said the cottager.

'Then I advise you by all means to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint which I have brought on purpose to give you.'

Soon another neighbor coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him about his building. 'White is by far the most genteel color,' he added, 'and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present.'

While he was doubting which of the gifts to use, the oldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story about the pots of paint, the old man said,

'He who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise. Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split, and the white will look well for a little while, and then become soiled, and need painting. Now take my advice, and mix the black and white together.'

So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very grey color which he liked, and had used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground a hop-vine. It had always twined around two poles, which he had fastened to the earth to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building,

and he made a little arbor for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbor grey.

So the rock, and the shed, and the arbor were all of the same grey color. And every thing looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting, together in their arbor, at the sunset of a summer's day.

A stranger, who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing around that small habitation happened to be of the same shade of grey.

'It is well it is so,' said the cottager, 'for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long that the world looks old and grey to us now.'

Then he told him of the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous, when he was young.

'I have thought of this circumstance so often, that it has given me instruction.'

'He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good.'

'Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues.'

'One would make us all white—the other all black. But neither of them is right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.'

'If, then, neither the counsel of our foes nor our partial friends is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a judgment, which like the grey paint, mixed both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good.'

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

It happened, in the course of the Thirty Years' War, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom having that very morning bro't a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed: and her husband, of course, stayed with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and, on the spur of the moment, bethought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants having quitted the town in great haste, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose,—namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, 'a world too wide,'—he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and fastened to his high-heeled boots a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times.—Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

'Friend,' said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, 'tell your commander, that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so, provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever: *First*, the garrison must be allowed to march out with military honors; *second*, the lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected; *third*, they must be left to enjoy the free exercise of the Protestant religion.'

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; adding, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluded by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

'My good friend,' answered the shepherd, 'do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have already stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I declare to you, by the faith of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman,

that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of.'

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe, and puffed away with an air of the most consummate *nonchalance*. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return, and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered; and, followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, 'I find your commander a man of some sense.' He then left the walls, let down the drawbridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at finding no one in the streets but a strange-looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was?

'If your highness will follow me, I will show you,' answered the rustic.

'Keep by my stirrup, then,' exclaimed Gonsalvo; 'and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart.'

'Agreed,' said our friend. 'Follow me, Spaniards! for I declare to you, by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury.'

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and, followed by the troops, passed thro' several silent and deserted streets, till, at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife, with her little boy beside her.

'Noble general!' he said, pointing to the former, 'this is our garrison; and this,' he added, taking his son in his arms, 'is the reinforcement of which I told you.'

Aware, now, of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then taking off a rich gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem,' he said, good-naturedly, 'for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold for the use of the young recruit.'

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quit-
ted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night, of the success of his stratagem.*

* The above anecdote is authentic, and mentioned in the Memoirs of the Elector Palatine.

The Mother.

From the Mother's Assistant.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

What hallowed associations crowd around the heart at the mention of these words. Years may pass away: mountains, rivers and oceans may intervene between us and the spot where first we heard a mother's prayers, yet they cannot be obliterated from the tablet of memory. Sickness, sorrow and neglect may be suffered, and even the heart may *seemingly* become callous to all good impressions, yet at the sound of a mother's, a *praying* mother's name, a chord is touched which thrills through the soul, and rarely fails to awaken better feelings. Does danger *threaten*? We hope, and perhaps fondly anticipate, that a mother's prayers, which have been offered in our behalf, may be answered.

Never did I see this more forcibly illustrated than in the case of a weather-beaten sailor, who resided in one of our coast towns. I had the narrative from the lips of the mother. In making his homeward passage, as he doubled the stormy cape, a dreadful storm arose. The mother had heard of his arrival outside the cape, and was waiting with that anxiety a mother *alone* can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and, as she expected, when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem for her son, with faith strong in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment, news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had, till this time, preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, 'It is the hand of Him who does all things well,' and again, with a subdued

and softened spirit, bowed and commended her son and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not no rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping at least that some relic of their lost one might be found.

The morning came. The winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victims were no more. At this moment, the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges. The door opened, and their son, their loved son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, 'My child, how came you here?' 'Mother,' said he, while the tears coursed down his sunburnt face, '*I knew you would pray me home!*'

What a spectacle! A wild, reckless youth, acknowledging the efficacy of prayer! It seems that he was aware of his perilous situation, and that he labored with this thought: 'My mother prays; christian's prayers are answered, and I may yet be saved.' This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he labored, till the harbor was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who *is* likely to be wrecked on the ocean of life, and his prospects blasted for ever. He may be saved.

GREATNESS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO ROMAN MATRONS.

Licinia.

I am the happiest wife in Rome, my Livia! The happiest wife in Rome!

Livia.

I doubt it not; But there's Flaminius' wife, the other day, Scarce from the forum to her house could pass, For congratulations, that her husband won The consulate.

Licinia.

That day my Caius sat At home with me, and read to me, my Livia; Little cared I who won the consulate!

Livia.

And there's Lectorius has obtained a government; His wife will be a queen!

Licinia.

Well, let her be so!

My queendom is to be a simple wife.
This is my government, my husband's house;
Where, when he sits with me, he is enthroned
Enough. You'll smile, but Heaven be my witness,
I'd rather see him, with his boy upon
His knee, than seated in the consul's chair,
With all the senate round him.

Livia.

Yet his greatness

Must needs be thine.

Licinia.

I do not care for greatness.

It is a thing lives too much out of doors;
'Tis any where but at home. You will not find it
Once in a week, in its own house, at supper
With the family! Knock any hour you choose,
And ask for it; nine times in ten they'll send you
To the senate, or the forum, or to such
Or such a one's, in quest of it! 'Tis a month
Since Caius took a meal from home, and that
Was with my brother. If he walks,
I walk with him if I choose; or if I stay
Behind, it is a race 'twixt him and the time;
And when he's back and the door shut on him,
Consume happy is my world within.
I never think of any world without!—*Knowles.*

THE CONDITION OF WOMAN.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

The female is formed in a delicate mould—for sufferance rather than action. In every state of society, woman must live in a state of dependence upon man. To the savage hunter, she is but as a mere domestic animal. To the shepherd, she is but as one of the tamed, beautiful, and affectionate animals around him, and shares his regards with the sheep and the ox, who yield him food and raiment. To the husbandman she resumes her native dignity, and is no longer the slave or the plaything of her tyrant, used at will or caprice, worn out and thrown aside; but becomes the partner of his heart and life, the mistress of his home, the prop and stay of his soul; that bosom no longer racked with jealous tortures of other women sharing her husband's love, the love of each forms the happiness of each. She is the common mother of the whole family; and all are bound to her by one holy bond of filial obedience. And in this community alone, woman enjoys that true liberty and love which are her birthright and her blessing.

The Young Wife.

ORDER AND METHOD.

'Let all things be done decently and in order,' is the injunction of an inspired

penman; and a highly distinguished poet has pronounced order to be the 'first law' of Heaven. But however it may be in the economy of heaven, of one thing we may be certain, which is, that it is exceedingly important on earth. There is no employment whatever—be it ever so trifling—in which it is not of the first importance to preserve a due degree of order.

But valuable as order is, it is nowhere more so than to the house-keeper. She who has no regular method of doing things, and who observes no order in her proceedings, will accomplish very little, in comparison with those who are more orderly.

Every one indeed has some method of doing things, whenever they are performed; but the number of those who do things in an orderly manner is, I fear, rather small. I am led to think it is so, from observation. I see industrious, hard-working women, toiling like slaves all day long, to perform an amount of labor that I am fully persuaded many others, of no greater strength, would perform equally well in half the time. I say I see this, not occasionally, but often. I see it, in fact, everywhere; but especially in the houses of the middling and the poor.

Mrs Child's 'Frugal Housewife,' with a portion of our American community, has probably had a salutary influence in this respect. There are those who are willing to cultivate order and method in housewifery. They are willing to do it merely for their own convenience. They are willing to do it, moreover, for the sake of their husbands. I rejoice that the number of such persons is greatly increasing; and that the army of those who choose to remain in ignorance is rapidly diminishing.

Still there are those who are as yet held in chains by prejudice. They do not believe in this book-learning, as an aid to housewifery, they tell us; and so they shut up the avenues to improvement from that source. Others, still more numerous, suppose their own methods are the best which can be devised; and only pronounce others excellent, in proportion as they conform to or resemble their own.

As to order, a large portion of our community seem to me to have no order at all, except disorder. Nor will they be persuaded to any other. We may lay it down here as a general rule, that they who do business at hap-hazard, and with the least regard to order, will be found to

have imbibed the strongest prejudices against it, and to be least favorably disposed towards method and order both.

Fidelia is a young wife of a different description. She has a small family to take care of, consisting of her husband, herself, a hired man, and two small children. She forms her plan, in part, the preceding evening—but it is only in part. At five o'clock in the morning, she is up, planning her work for the day, which usually takes up a considerable time. But it is all planned; there is no mistake about it. There is a place, in her plan, for every kind of business which can possibly come up during the day; and every thing is done at its time and in its place. By rising early, she gets before her business; and then it is not at all difficult for her to keep before it all day. She has time even for occasional interruptions, should they happen.

Those who will neither form their plans during the previous evening, nor rise early to do it in the morning, must continue to suffer the consequences. Happy would it be, if none but themselves were sufferers. Happy would be the condition of some husbands, could they escape the disorder produced by disorderly wives, and breathe freely once more their native element.

The Children's Corner.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

'And he's my Father, and your Father and all?' said the little boy, looking up with an earnest, thoughtful expression on his innocent face.

'Yes, my child, he is the Father of us all.'

'And he loves us all as much as you love me?'

'O yes, and a great deal more. The good Book says that 'God is love,' and that he looks upon us with a tenderer regard than even the mother can have for the babe on her breast.'

'How good he is!' the little boy responded fervently. 'And if he loves all, then he loves me?'

'O yes, he loves all little children. The good Book, from which I read to you all every night and morning, says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' And in another place it says, 'For their angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven.'

'Does that mean, that when little children die, as Lily Thomas died, that they become angels and go where their Father in Heaven is?'

'Yes, my child; all little children, when they die, are raised up into Heaven.'

'And who takes care of them there?' the little boy asked, under the feeling, that go where he would, as a child, he must still have some one to take care of him.

'The angels take care of them—the good, and wise, and beautiful angels.'

'And they love the little children very much, don't they, father?' asked the child, still pursuing with eagerness his inquiries, while the mother, with her babe in her arms, and his two elder brothers looked on and listened with a new and peculiar interest.

'O yes; there is no love so tender and pure as that of the angels who take care of little children in Heaven,' the father said, speaking from an influx of thoughts into his mind to which he could not help giving utterance—thoughts that, at another time, he would have hesitated to speak.

'And do the little children grow up there, and become big angels?' continued the child with undiminished interest.

The father hesitated to answer. The question of the child excited new and strange ideas that pressed themselves upon his mind with a force that seemed to him as conclusive and as rational as the fixed truth of a revelation.

'Do they, father,' urged the little boy, 'do they become big angels?'

'Yes, my child,' he said, giving utterance to a conviction so strong that he felt that it would be like doing evil to reject it. 'The little children who go up to Heaven grow larger as they grow better and wiser, until they are fully able to do all the good that angels love to perform.'

'And what do the angels do, father?' pursued the child, following up his questions with an earnestness that the father felt could not be evaded, much as he wished to change the subject to one upon which he could reply with more satisfaction to himself.

'They are employed in doing good to others, my child.'

'Do they do good to the people here?'

'O yes,' the father replied, still speaking from the impulse before alluded to,

'they are very near to us all. Our Father in Heaven,' lifting his hand and pointing upwards, 'sends them to minister to all who love to do his will.'

'Well, I wish I could die,' the little boy said, with an emphasis that made the mother's heart leap in her bosom with a new and indescribable fear.

'And why do you wish to die, my dear boy?' asked the father.

'Because I would go to Heaven and grow up to be an angel, and then I would come and be with you always, and do you good.'

The heart of the father was too full to allow of his tongue giving utterance to a word. He lifted the dear child to his knee and pressed him to his heart with a feeling of inexpressible tenderness.

From that moment both the father and mother felt that they held their child with but a doubtful tenure. Two promising boys and a sweet babe were theirs beside, and they loved them with a deep and pure affection; but towards none did their hearts yearn as they did for the one who seemed to them as lent only for a brief season, soon to return and be with the angels, of whom he now so much loved to speak.

There is something wonderful in the thoughts that often pass through the mind of a child. It cannot be that these thoughts are the creation of its own tender mind, for often they are problems that mature reason cannot elucidate. We say that a child can ask a question which a man cannot answer. But why does it ask the question? Not simply from the love of asking, for the intense interest of the child, the strong desire to know, often manifests itself in a form that shows evidently that it is pondering over images and ideas suddenly presented. And from whom or whence come these ideas, so often connected with spiritual and invisible things? Talk to a child of Heaven and the angels, and he is all eagerness to hear; speak of ordinary things, and he will often manifest little interest. These phenomena are explained by many ingenious theories, to which are appended laborious argument. How much more simple, and it may be, how much nearer the true idea, is that which assumes that children are in a state of innocence, and, therefore in nearer association with the good spirits,

— who walk the earth, unseen,
Whether we sleep or wake, —

from whom innocent and true thoughts and good affections flow in. One thing is certain; evil passions are softened, and evil thoughts checked in the presence of a little child. No mother ever took her babe to her breast that she did not feel some gentler emotions, or think some more innocent thoughts while it nestled there. The anger of a passionate man is often subdued by a single word from a lisping child. He is softened and humbled, he cannot tell why. Whence this power? Who will answer truly?

A few short weeks only passed away, when the father and mother and brothers were gathered around the bed where lay the dear child that of late had loved so much to talk about the angels and his Father in Heaven. The hour had come when he was to leave his earthly friends, whose hearts were gushing with tender emotions, to be for ever with those who would not love him less. And as the moment drew nearer and nearer for him to pass within the veil, its tissue became more and more transparent, until it seemed that he saw and held communion with the invisible ones whose delight it is to watch over infants and children and protect them from evil. He had lain for half an hour in a gentle slumber, when he seemed to rouse up a little, and his lips moved, but his eyes remained unclosed, while a sweet smile played upon his face. The father held his ear close to the pillow that rested the head of his child, and listened.

'Our Father in Heaven,' was all he heard.

'Yes, my dear child, he is the Father of us all,' he said aloud.

Quick as thought the eyes of the dying boy flew open, and he looked up into each sorrowing face that bent over him, with a glance of pure affection:

'I have been with the good angels, mother,' he said, 'and they love me so much. Our Father in Heaven is their Father in Heaven. We have all the same Father, and he is good to us all.'

The eyes of the child closed again as he ceased speaking, and he seemed to sink into a calm slumber, from which he partially roused but once, and then he murmured, in a half whisper, with a smile still more heavenly upon his countenance,

'Our Father in Heaven.'

No sleep ever fell more gently or sweetly upon him than that which suc-

ceeded. The smile remained upon his face so long and unchanging in its lovely appearance, that the father, after the passage of many silent and almost breathless minutes, ventured to lay his hand upon the brow of the sleeper. He lifted it quickly, for that pure white forehead was cold.

'He has gone to his Father, and our Father, and the Father of us all,' he said, breaking the oppressive stillness. Pale, trembling lips were pressed fervently upon the forehead of the dear departed one, and tears fell like rain upon his insensible face, and then the father and mother and brothers turned away to sorrow over the loss of one so dear to them. But they sorrowed not as those without hope. Ever at morning, noon, and quiet eve, did their hearts swell with the consciousness that their child and playmate was not lost to them; that he could love them with a more purified love, and they him with a holier affection. He had become the uniting link in the golden chain that bound them to Heaven. He had become, they felt, their guardian angel.

There are but few of my young readers who have not lost some young and loved friend. Many have parted from an infant brother or sister, whom they are taught to think is in Heaven. They can remember, and love to remember, how pure and good, how innocent and lovely was that gentle sister or brother. And upon this very innocence and loveliness of character they strengthened the idea that the lost one is with the angels. It is good to think thus, for it is true. And it is good to think thus, because it brings innocent thoughts into the mind, and these are the prompters to good actions. It is good, because it calls to remembrance our Father in Heaven, who is ever watching over us; to whom we are indebted for every good and perfect gift, and yet, whom we are so prone to forget; and worse than all, to set at naught its precepts.

And here let me say to my young friends, too many of whom, no doubt, have thought that obedience to these precepts must be irksome, that in this idea they have been led into error. Our Father in Heaven has not given his commandments upon any arbitrary principles, nor simply to exact our obedience for his glory. Far different was the spirit that dictated them. It was one of deep and unutterable love for us. These com-

mandments were alone given, that, in obeying them, we might be happy. He who made us, and understands us far better than we can know ourselves, gave us a law founded upon our moral constitution, and deduced from a principle of heavenly order, true obedience to which brings perfect happiness, that in keeping this law we might be elevated to the enjoyment of the purest rational felicity. A sick man cannot tell what remedy will cure him; but the physician can. So with us—we have evils in our nature that make us unhappy, and we would gladly be freed from them, but we seek in vain for a remedy. He who made us sees these evils, knows their origin, action, and effect, and for their cure has, in his wisdom, devised a plan. If we keep his commandments, then health will run through every vein of our moral being; if we violate them, a wounded spirit will surely be our portion.—*Young People's Book.*

Miscellaneous.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE GROWING VILLAGE, OR, THE APE OF ARISTOCRACY.

—
BY ROMANCIA WYNDHAM.

—
'Oh, reform it altogether.'—*Hamlet.*

One day, long years ago, a common grocer, of one of our large cities, took it into his head to become a 'gentleman farmer,' or at least to surprise the natives of some 'lowly vale' by his 'fine things'—his high head—in short, by his noble appearance to be styled 'the lord of creation,' and be obeyed, or rather imitated by all the populace. To accomplish this object, he visited 'a township' where he had heard the inhabitants felt a sort of awe and reverence for any person that came from 'a city' even greater than it now felt for a prince.

Mr Huntley, 'our grocer,' had not been at the only 'hotel' in the vicinity more than 'eight-and-forty hours,' when it was widely circulated that they had a 'boarder from Boston.' All must come to see the sight; few had been to the metropolis from whence he came; most had never seen so very fine cloth worn in a coat. 'Oh,' says

an old lady, 'tis as fine as 'Sir's' go-to-meeting shirts; and his shirts are as fine—as fine—as—glass—at last escaped from her lips. She could think of nothing that would better describe the fine starched linen ruffle, which was almost transparent.

Our 'clever,' swearing, sailor grocer was satisfied. He immediately sold, purchased, and removed such things as would elevate him to the height his ambition had portrayed. He now owned the farm which best pleased him in L—; and on an eminence, at the foot of which ran the 'gurgling stream,' he erected a house, spacious and convenient—in front was a piazza, on the top a cupola—and painted it. The good people were 'dumbfounded.' What kind of a cage was he building? in astonishment they inquired. Mr Huntley was obliged to exercise his 'logical powers' to explain the *durability* of the paint, the comfort of a piazza and a 'large mansion,' and the literary advantages of a cupola, that they could trace the stars by night, and see 'all nature' in the 'neighborhood' by day. The paint pleased them, and they immediately sold some of their 'stock,' and a 'little time wrought wonders;' many of the dwellings 'shone anew'—were painted—although some said their houses had been erected near a century, and had not yet 'fallen down:' but this speech was probably to show their independence.

The winter did not pass without 'a treat' from Mr Huntley. Their house was opened New Year's evening. All were invited, and joyous was the scene, but not pleasant to the ear of an 'ultra cold water man' of 'these days.' No: wine and (shall I disclose all?) rum made the hilarity almost boisterous, and swearing was *a la mode*.

A few years passed 'in the same tenor.' The daughters were married and 'established' in the now 'growing village,' and the son had opened a storé filled with all the 'varieties imaginable,' from the finest muslin to common 'iron ware' and 'West India' commodities.

Yes, my readers, as I passed through the place at that time, and saw the many new and neat dwellings; the 'rough and tum-

bling' 'stone fence' removed, and in its place the 'pretty wicker;' the tastefully arranged gardens—all which gave the town an 'English caste'—I could only wish the 'city gentleman' would reform—would become a 'holy man,' 'seeking to serve the Lord in all things.'

I again visited L—. How changed. An academy now reared its lofty pinnacle 'in air;' for when the Huntley family's children were 'of age' to receive the accomplishments, to learn the sciences, of which their parents had obtained a 'smattering' at the regular succession of schools in Boston, 'from primary to high,' could not doom their offspring to ignorance; and looking at the wealth and romantic situation of L—, they thought it expedient to erect this 'literary hall.' A teacher was obtained; 'flaming advertisements' appeared in a city 'news-letter,' and soon scholars from distant and neighboring towns 'graced the seminary.' Now, meeting houses were built, and Mr Huntley gave liberally; but when the 'North church' was almost completed, a change came over him—he left his cups and his profanity; and as he said, that money should praise God which had formerly been dedicated to 'King Alcohol' and rioting, he purchased an organ and placed it in that 'court of Zion,' saying,

'Angels who make the church their care,
Shall witness my attendance there.'

His family, too, became 'exemplary members,' he having at the 'ninth hour,'

'Learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life, that cannot die.'

Do I hear one say, 'Do evil that good may come'—all things shall work together for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom?' Will it gain a seat at the right hand of the Father in heaven? I think not, unless we believe in the 'pardoning love.' But does Mr Huntley deserve the name, 'Ape of Aristocracy?' which was given him by way of reproach, when perhaps those lands would have remained to this day as they were of old, when things looked as if the Almighty designed the earth should be beautiful, but as if man had done all he

could to make it otherwise—for who does not know, that the first effort of the farmer has been to fell all the 'parks' the Deity has planted; next, to build a house and barn, leaving the fences and streets undorned.

Who shall remedy this barrenness?—Shall the 'country girls' read in public prints (for the dark ages are past) the 'aristocratic style,' and imitate, or rather use their influence in making America, the famed 'land of liberty,' a beautiful land—a land of flowers—a land of love, peace, honesty, virtue, temperance, truth—and it will be a happy land—an example for many nations: but may the day soon come, when all its inhabitants 'shall know the Lord.' 'So mote it be.'

THE TAKING OF THE TEMPLE.

Low, blanched by famine's withering hand,
Upon the sacred city's wall,
Israel's pale spectre warriors stand
To conquer or to fall.
See! the iron strife they dare,
Wave their banners in the air,
And summon to the gory war,
The flower of Roman chivalry!
Hark, they rend the flaming sky!
And loud as ocean's rapid tide,
Shout, in their fallen pride,
'Elohim!—for our God to die!'

The phalanx glitters on the plain,—
The eagle spreads her swift career,—
What means that shout?—again—again—
Vespasian wields the thundering spear!
Loudly the well-aim'd rocks rebound;—
Swifter than meteor's airy glance
Whirls by the death-fraught lance;—
The gallant plumes on many a helmet
dance.

They come!—they come!—a spectre band
Rush forth in dread despair,
They perish for their native land;—
Mark their look and hoary hair;—
With maddened strength, with giant clasp,
See—their impious foes they grasp,
Hurry to Kedron's rapid river,—
One moment on its shelving brink
The warriors in death-struggle quiver,
Then in its gurgling eddies sink!

Again!—the Jewish maidens rise,
And from their blushing lips of rose,
They echo through the darken'd skies
The death-song of their Gentile foes.
Now with their arms aloft they sing—
And curses on the invader fling,

While matrons with a dreadful shock,
Cast from the wall a balanced rock;
While infants grasp the gore-stained spear
Their martyred fathers used to bear,
And lisp the patriot's battle-cry,
Urg'd by their mothers on—to die!

But whence that thrilling groan, that start-
ling cry,
That yell of man in utmost agony!
Hour of prophetic song!—fated city, see;—
The smouldering flames thy sacred fane
consume,
And conquest's desolation sits on thee;
The Roman's arm profanes thy temple fair,
And shows the enquiring world its Lord's
no longer there. D. S.

MEDITATION.

'Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?'
Cowper.

So vigilant, in search, has been every true lover of the picturesque who had the capability of committing his impressions to paper, that there remains for the gleaner of our day, scarcely a spot of any note in our State, unsung or undescribed.—Waterfalls, mountains, hill, dale and inland sea, have all, in turn, become tributary to his diary or port-folio—dressed up in every variety of style and attraction, according to the taste and discernment of the sketcher. My design, therefore, must be limited—it must not so excursively enter into the broad lands of the picturesque in nature, nor unseal the fountains for the limpid variety of rich colorings, nor describe the distinct or blendid tints of the rainbow, to please the mere reader; but it claims the attention of the fair student to the contemplation of the many exalted subjects that swell the bosom of the imaginative and meditative; and direct it to the immense and wonderful works of the Great Architect.

He who is born at the foot of the mountain loses all ideas of its grandeur by daily, hourly familiarity: the inhabitants of the prairies observe not their beauties, nor the variegated flowers that decorate the landscape and perfume the soft breeze with their aromatic sweets: he who dwells within hearing of the thunders of the mighty cataract, heeds not its tremendous roar as the waters tumble from their elevation into the boiling gulf below; neither is he whose early days have been spent on the borders of our inland seas, likely to be the most ready in referring

the harmonious beauty of that tranquil power to its great, first cause—nor, for the same reason of habitual familiarity, does the professional traveller of the ocean's surge, or the enthusiastic visitor of the healthy and breezy cliffs that overhang the rolling billows as they dash against their sides, see, or hear, or feel the sublimity of nature's noble works, as unfamiliar minds can do; or reflect from whence the power which put in motion, and keeps, in their never ceasing 'going and coming,' the mysterious tides that spread along the extended beach, with the fresh and giant grasp of mind, of one to whom such sights are strange and new. I have been led to these observations, by the evidence of apathy pervading some of the descriptions which those scenes have suggested, certainly not inspired; while to me they have all appeared as objects not alone of interest, but of deep reverence and awe. Such, at least, have frequently been my feelings when approaching some lofty mountaïn; such as I have observed with more than ordinary sensations, on the Hudson when approaching the Highlands; for there the approach from either end is rapid and the change so sudden—near Tappan Bay from the south, or Newburgh from the north—that it seems as if the steamboat would, as if by magic, bear you into the very heart of the wild primeval forests. There and then rapidly arise, on either hand, mountains, cliffs, tall rocks and rugged peaks; while far down, the leaning clouds unfold their summits, or wreath in fantastic curvatures, their picturesque sides. The scene here is truly amazing, and I stood in wonder on the deck of the boat as she dashed the startling waters away to the base of the mountains, and swept onward in her serpentine course. How have I shrunk into myself when borne along in those dark mountain shadows! what a mite upon the globe is man in such situations! how convincingly they testify of an Almighty Hand, and of the insignificance of the material particles composing the human frame! How utterly great the Being who could speak into existence the granite hills whose sides have, for ages, borne the winter's blasts, and the thunders that play amid their summits. At other times I have stood upon the shore and cast my eyes over the undulating or rolling waters of the Atlantic even to the horizon, while imagination conjured up cities, hamlets,

cottages and castles peopled by myriads of human beings, all in the busy pursuit of some selfish object—all directed by the same impulse, all possessed of the same passions. With what ecstasy have I beheld the billows rolling and tumbling with their white crests before the mighty wind like war-horses, champing upon the bit and foaming under the lash of the martial riders: and then how utterly insignificant I appeared when calling to mind the majesty and power of Him who rides upon the wind and holds the waters of the wondrous deep in the hollow of his hand. I have been among the vast prairies, and observed with awe their sublime silence: all appeared like space undefined: surely the spirit of Him who reposes upon the deep, dwells also there. I hear the birds singing their vesper hymns in the grey of the evening, or carolling their matin when the sun leads in the morning; while the odor of the many colored flowers perfume the air; and then I have stood in that silent reverence which felt as if a breath would disturb the harmony and pervading quiet: and I thought of the hush of that first sweet hour of Nature's existence, when the birds were first taught to sing, and the flowers to give beauty, and balm and loveliness to the earth. All those times and situations, and sights, have had their influence on my mind; but how much greater was that of the cataract, the headlong Niagara rushing and plunging down its precipice, and dashing forward, volume on volume, as I endeavored to repress my feelings, as I instinctively contemplated the author of all this stupendous and everlasting, and unlesened flood of waters. Here again must we recur to the littleness of man, standing as I then did, the humblest point in the humiliating comparison. Yet one more scene have I stood amid, rich in all the charms of the moonlight hour; the evening was calm, the moon was bright and high in the blue vaults of heaven; now beaming down upon us the mellow reflection of the light of the God of day, now hidden behind a passing cloud, and casting the driving shadow along the plain; then again flushed with light, surrounded by the twinkling stars which decorate the canopy of heaven. How have I attempted to stretch my imagination to the planets of our system, with an anxiety to hold converse with the beings presumed to inhabit them; and then to the

distant stars, that seem situated on the verge of space. How eagerly have I attempted to keep my eyes upon the track of the fiery comet, as it sped through ether; and what were my feelings of amazement, as I lost sight of the transient visitant, which I knew might again after a lapse of years, revisit the earth. To what portion of creation does it travel? what are its offices? what climes, what countries have seen it? what planets has it met in its course? what people has it attracted to study it, or what has been the great mystery of its mission? Thus have I mused and contemplated in my wanderings, and turned in increased admiration and gratitude to the greatness, goodness and wisdom of Him who has set in motion so many worlds, causing them to move in just harmony; who has also created us, and endowed us with faculties capable of partaking of the joys of his magnificent and stupendous works that we might the better 'look through nature up to nature's God!'—*New York Visitor*.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

**'THAT LOOK THOU GAVEST ME,
FATHER.'**

That look thou gav'st me, father,
When I returned from far,
O, give me not another
While beams the polar star.

I know thy brow is clouded,
Reproof is in thy heart:
O, let me from thy presence
In peace and joy depart.

There's pent within thy bosom
Griefs which can ne'er be told,
O, brood no more; but hasten
Each conflict to unfold.

Thou hast been kind, my father,
• Thou'st doted on thy child,
And shall she bless another
Without thy approving smile?

They say that in religion
There is a healing balm;
O, seek its consolation,
Thy troubled soul to calm.

I would not wrong thee, father,
I would not grieve thy soul;

But seek thy peace and pardon
And penance for the whole.

I know 'tis in my power
To smooth thy clouded brow;
But tho' 'twould make thee gladsome,
I cannot do it now.

But thou shalt yet be happy,
Tho' thorns thy path alloy;
I would not make thee cheerless,
But give thee peace and joy.

JANE.

Trim's Exposition of the Fifth Commandment.—Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father, what dost thou mean by 'honoring thy father and mother?' Allowing them, an' please your honor, three half-pence a day, out of my pay when they grew old. And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick. He did, indeed, replied my uncle Toby. Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honor thee more for it, corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

Editorial.

FICTITIOUS WRITINGS.—A certain class of critics, with 'much malice and a little wit,' are great enemies to works of fiction. Every thing not in the form of an essay, is pronounced 'trashy,' 'trifling,' and the like. They affect to turn with holy horror from all 'light tales' and 'foolish love stories;' and against all the forms of fiction enter their scornful protest.

We beg leave to differ from all such camel swallows and gnat strainers.—True, we are decidedly opposed to those fictions whose tendency is either evil or doubtful. Of this class, is by far the greater number of the novels and romances that crowd the shelves of our circulating libraries. Against them, we enter our most decided protest, and we would they were all consumed. But we cannot join in the hue and cry frequently raised against compositions, merely because they are *fictitious*.

To do so, would be to condemn even a part of the Bible itself; for what are its beautiful parables but fictions? What is the Book of Job? Some commentators of learning and piety have not hesitated to pronounce it a dramatic poem, and to consider its personages fictitious. To be consistent, our quixotic critics must expurgate their bibles! They must make unsparing war upon all our great Poets. Milton, Thomson, Dryden, Pope, Montgomery, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Crabbe, &c., must be denounced! for what are 'Paradise Lost,' 'Castle of Indolence,' 'Pelican Island,' 'White Doe of Rylstone,' 'Zapolya,' 'Tales of the Hall,' &c., &c., but fictions?

Then must follow the demolition of Sabbath school books; for the mass of these works are fictitious. Alas for literature, if such 'Vandals' reigned in the School of Taste! Its choicest gems would disappear, and the labors of genius be lost to coming generations.

Our views of fictitious writings are expressed in the following paragraph from the preface to the 'World before the flood,' by the pious Montgomery, who has justly been considered the 'poet of christianity.' He says of that work, 'But here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were in any way calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience.' 'It was my design in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first ages of the world, in which such Scripture characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only; and its value in this view, must be determined by its moral or rather by its religious influence on the mind, and on the heart. *Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth, and THAT IS TRUTH—Truth in the essence, though not in the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.*'

To these sentiments we give our hearty response.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—'Strike me, but do not curse my mother!' said an African to one who was speaking disrespectfully of his mother. A noble answer—honorable alike to him who uttered it, and to our common nature! Every daughter should cherish the sweet spirit of love that prompted this coarse, but noble sentiment, and become in her turn a prop to her mother's last years; as her mother was the stay and keeper of her infancy.

MORAL SUBLIMITY.—A youth was killed by a predatory band of Moors, who invaded the quiet hamlets of the Mandingoes.—The dark tidings were conveyed to his hapless mother, now left alone in her widowhood. External circumstances offered her no help, as she looked to them for consolation. Her thoughts darted through the life of the deceased, and dashing away her tears she exclaimed, '*Ah! my poor boy never told a lie!*' and this consoled her.—Where is there an instance of greater moral sublimity?

CHEERFULNESS.—It is woman's province to make home a paradise. She cannot fill her destiny without cheerfulness. It is the sun of social life—the star that shines for the better cheer of life's storm-tossed mariners—the mystic spell that chains man to his home. Ladies should therefore cultivate it with careful assiduity. It is a duty they owe to themselves and to man.

It is also a great promoter of beauty.—Says a certain writer, 'There is no cosmetic half so serviceable to the looks.'—Dryden said, it made the ladies 'the porcelain of human kind,' and we believe them both. Away, then, with cologne water and toilet washes. Cultivate cheerfulness: it is a cheaper and better article than ever adorned the store of the perfumer or the boudoir-table of the fashionable lady. And cultivate it as a DUTY!

SLUMBER, GENTLE LADY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' PEARL, BY B. F. BAKER.

ALTO.

Andante.

Slum-ber, gen-tle la - - dy, Slum-ber like the rose,

TREBLE.

BASE.

When the air of hea - ven Lulls it to re - pose.

An - gels hov - er o'er thee, Soft - ly seal thine eyes,

Waft thy vis - ions gen - - tly To the smil - ing skies.

WM. SCHOULER, PRINTER, LOWELL, MASS.

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

BY DANIEL WISE.

There is, perhaps, no class of women more generally disgusting to a community than your genuine thorough-bred gossips—women whose tongues would set to rest, but for the gratifying truth that they must one day die, the long disputed theory of perpetual motion; and whose highest qualification is their unenviable approach towards the accomplishment of a celebrated personage who roams up and down the broad earth in pursuit of his unwary prey; for like him they delight in gadding from house to house to luxuriate amid the reports they either invent or enlarge to suit their wicked purposes. It may be said of them, that

‘Millions of false eyes
Are stack upon them! Volumes of report
Run with *their* false and most contrary inquiries
Upon *others’* doings!’

The following tale will illustrate the mischief such women often occasion.

In a certain village—no matter where—there resided a lady, whom, for want of a better name, we will call Mrs. Liston—She was the wife of a merchant, young and withal somewhat pretty. She might perhaps have been called handsome, but for a certain indefinable expression of countenance which, in spite of her rounded fea-

tures and flashing black eyes, repelled the beholder and inspired a feeling of dislike. It was the stamp of a bitterly ironical mind—the image of the sorrowful soul that lodged in her diminutive body.

One summer afternoon this lady, who, by the way, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Wishwell’s church, sat in her parlor busily engaged with her needle, for she was as industrious as she was mischievous. After remaining for some time in a state of evident uneasiness, now looking towards the window, and then ceasing to ply her needle as if some idea seemed to labor under her knitted brow for expression, she threw down her work and catching up her bonnet walked hurriedly out of the house.

A few minutes and she reached the residence of a Miss Threadgold; a notable old maid whose beauty was somewhat defaced by the enchantments and spells of a merciless old wizard commonly known by the very unpoetic cognomen of Mr. Time.—Entering the apartment, Mrs. Liston, scarcely giving opportunity for mutual greetings, broke forth into a rhapsody. Placing one hand upon her heart while the other rested upon the table, she sighed deeply and looking upwards, with what was meant for a holy look, exclaimed:

'Dear me, Miss Threadgold, what is this wicked world coming to! I grow disgusted with its shocking abominations. Professors of religions too, are like every body else. I lose all confidence—really I do! I say I lose all confidence even in members of the church. Such a story as I heard this morning is intolerable, shocking, shameful—it is indeed! And a minister of the gospel too!'

Here, she was interrupted by Miss Threadgold, who had drawn her long form into a sort of crouching posture, and whose little grey eyes twinkled with the longing of excited curiosity. Raising her grizzly hands in pious horror, she cried out in a squeaking voice:

'Do tell me, my dear Mrs Liston, what is the matter? A minister doing wrong again! Some case of dreadful criminality, I suppose. Well, well; ministers are no better than other people. But what is the story?'

'Why, would you credit it! our minister went to the theatre the last time he went to Boston!'

'O mercy on me!' cried Miss T. with a hysteric groan, that would have discomposed the nerves of the gravest philosopher in existence. 'I will never hear him preach again, I know. Wicked man! Well,' and she lowered her voice almost to a whisper, 'I always thought Mr Wishwell was a hypocrite. I always expected he would do something one day or other that would expose him.'

'So did I,' rejoined her *amiable* companion. 'Such grave, quiet sort of men, who affect to be more holy than others, are most always vile creatures at heart. You know,' and she put on a most saintly look, 'our Great Preacher said there would be wolves in sheep's clothing come to tear the flock. O what a wound is this on His dear cause!'

I will not follow this disgusting conversation further. I say disgusting, because it represents the vile hypocrisy, the ungenerous credulity of two women, who revelled over the *supposed* misconduct of a highly respectable clergyman, with a

similar delight to that of the wolf among the carnage of the battle field. And yet it is only a veritable picture of everyday life.

It scarcely need to be said that before the Sabbath succeeding the above dialogue, every mansion and hamlet in the place were duly informed of the alleged crime of the parish minister. Slander has swift wings, and its flight is as the light snow-flake borne on the whirlwind's breast; and like the snow-flake, it will not depart from where it finds a lodgment while the breath of Winter holds the tardy Spring in abeyance. So, while cold suspicion reigns, it lives and glistens painfully in guiltless eyes; but, when candor and friendship return, it melts and disappears.

CHAPTER II.

It was Sabbath morning. A hallowed quiet prevailed over the village where yesterday the noise of the hammer, the hum of wheels, and the hurried steps of busy men bore sure witness of the existence of industry and commerce. The benignant law of the Creator—that hoary law—coeval with creation, had given to man his weekly meed of rest. The passing bell, floating on the gale, gave pleasing notice that it was the hour of worship.

In a small chamber, where many a well-thumbed volume lay strewn upon the table, and many others stood piled on the groaning shelves, there knelt a man in fervent prayer. He might be some forty years old; a few lines on his brow spoke of mental anxieties, while a chastened smile gathering round the lips declared the existence of supernal peace in the mind. 'Bless my efforts to-day for the good of my dear people,' was his closing petition as the bell summoned him away. It was the Rev. Mr Wishwell.

It was the evening of that Sabbath.—Again the pastor was in his study. Far different, however, was his bearing then. He paced the floor with a quick yet heavy tread. Anxiety of the most painful kind, seemed to possess his mind. His brow was feverish; his lips parched. He groan-

ed in agony. He kneeled: 'Father,' he cried, 'support me under this trial. Some unknown evil is coming upon me. O Thou that supportest the feeble, strengthen me to bear the stroke!' Rising, he felt comforted. The Unseen Comforter was in his heart.

'Why could my congregation have forsaken me, Matilda?' said he to his wife a few minutes afterwards as he sat in the parlor below. 'So thin a house I never saw before. It cannot be sickness—What can have happened?'

'I really cannot imagine,' replied his wife. 'It may be sickness in some families, and others, you know, are out of town. Do not be disheartened, my husband, it is only a casual occurrence and may never happen again.'

'Would that I could believe it. No; there is meaning in it. Those who were there, looked as if something uncommon rested on their minds. Even good old Deacon Edwards looked sorrowfully at me; and not a parishioner gave me his usual warm-hearted greeting. There is something abroad I know not of.'

The good man's feelings overcame him, and he wept—yes, wept bitterly. In vain did his most excellent wife endeavor to console him. An arrow had pierced his heart, and at that long, weary night the pastor sighed and wept and prayed. Sleep forsook his chamber. It was not that he felt guilty of any wrong—it was grief, lest some poisonous influence had destroyed his reputation and effectually cut off his hopes of future usefulness. This thought almost choked him with agony. There was more of suffering crowded into that one night than such insensitive minds as Mrs Liston's and Miss Threngold's endure in a whole life.

Pale and unrefreshed, he entered his library the next morning. Could he study? In vain he opened volume after volume. The idea of yesterday's congregation haunted him. He knew not what to do: About ten o'clock, a knocking disturbed him, and in a few moments Deacon Edwards, accompanied by three or four elderly mem-

bers of his church, entered his study. A gloomy feeling rested on the whole group. An embarrassing silence ensued. At last, mustering courage, and coughing two or three times, Deacon Edwards remarked, in a husky voice:

'We are come, Mr Wishwell, to advise you as christian brethren to relinquish your settlement among us:' and the old man's voice became choked with emotion. He could proceed no further.

'On what grounds do you give such painful advice, Deacon Edwards?' asked Mr Wishwell calmly. They were all silent for a few minutes. 'Tell me,' resumed the pastor, 'what motives have inspired this, to me, terrible request?'

'Why, sir,' said a venerable old man, while big tear-drops glistened in his eyes, 'it is said you visited the theatre the last time you were in the city, to witness the performances of Fanny Elssler.'

'On whose testimony has this report gained currency?'

'From your own confession, sir.'

Mr Wishwell breathed freely. He felt already like a new man. The cause of his thin congregation and the cool manners of his people was developed. He knew it was utterly false, and feared not but that he could prove it so. He smiled and remarked.

'Believe me, friends, it is wholly untrue. I have never yet entered any of those dens of vice, called theatres. I never shall.—But tell me, who circulated this unhappy report?'

Of course, the reader is ready to be told that the two ladies already introduced were its circulators. Miss Threadgold referred them to Mrs Liston; and she, innocent woman, gave this version of the affair.—She happened to call upon a Miss Deforest, one morning, when Mr Wishwell was there. A copy of the 'Lady's Book' being on the table, Miss Deforest inquired his opinion of the comparative merits of the 'Lady's Book' and the 'Ladies' Companion.' He gave his preference to the former, assigning among other reasons the fact, that the latter patronized the theatre.—

This led to some remarks on theatrical performances, when Mr Wishwell remarked, 'that in their origin these performances were innocent; being mere recitations of the splendid productions of Euripides, Sophocles and others; and, that he had often listened to recitations of the best passages of modern poets with much pleasure and profit.'

From such slender materials had Mrs Liston framed the slander that caused so much painful feeling to the pastor's heart. Her only excuse was when confronted with him and Miss Deforest, that 'she had really misunderstood Mr Wishwell; and she regretted it should have caused any difficulty.' It was very evident, however, that the affair injured her reputation: the pastor was universally beloved and his people could not easily pardon the author of such a disagreeable excitement as filled the parish on the occasion. At the next meeting, the old church was crowded, and while all appeared happy (but two) the benevolent pastor was the happiest of them all. Miss Threadgold and Mrs Liston had to encounter many scornful looks; and for once in their lives they felt how utterly contemptible a being is the gossiping woman.

The reader may rest assured, that this sketch has its foundation in truth: although names and circumstances are changed, yet the characters have had a real existence. I know not but they exist now. Hereafter, I may give my readers another instance of Mrs Liston's victimizing, and Miss Threadgold's sympathy in the *good* work. Meanwhile, ladies, abhor gossiping, or every virtuous, sensible person will despise you. A rattle-snake would be a less hurtful resident in any village, than an incurable gossip.

Ipswich, Mass., Feb., 1842.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing;
And proud is the doating sire
To see her pluck the buds of spring,
Or play by the winter fire.
Her golden hair falls thick and fair

In many a wavy curl;
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant Yankee girl.

The years steal on, and, day by day,
Her native charms expand;
Till her proud face beams in the summer ray,
Like the rose in her own blest land.
There's music in her laughing tone,
A darker shade on the curl;
And beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the Yankee girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,
At the holy altar rail,
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
Her innocence the pearl;
And these are ever the bridal gems
That are worn by the Yankee girl.

The Mother.

A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

—
BY ANN S. STEPHENS.
—

'First our flowers die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
'These are dead the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.'

—
I was very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy, the last and most helpless of three little girls who were gathered around my poor mother's death-bed.—When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that woof of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so early and so gently from the bosom of her family, forms the first sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funereal music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember, was my invalid mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting on her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with pain—

ful brightness in either cheek. I remember that her step became unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle, day by day, 'till, at last, she sunk to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to me then, but the whisper in which they were spoken thrilled painfully through my infant heart, and I felt that something very terrible was about to happen. Pale, troubled faces were around that death-pillow—stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy, and children, that huddled together shuddering and weeping, they knew not wherefore. Filled with wonder and awe, I crept to my mother, and burying my brow in the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease, I trembled and sobbed without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamentation. She murmured, and placed her pale hand on my head. My little heart swelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice, tremulous and very low, came faintly over them. Those words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever remained on my memory—'Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil.' This was my mother's last prayer! in that imperfect sentence, her gentle voice went out for ever. Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength. I raised my head from its beautiful resting place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother. Oh, how an hour had changed it! The crimson flush was quenched on her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the grey, mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have lost one of their vivid, unearthly rays, as the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly as the sunbeams, pale

at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the star-like fire of those eyes; a mist came over them, softly as the dews might fall upon that flower, and she was dead. Even then, I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed, but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wander around my desolated home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom, but when they closed the blinds, and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summer air which had so often called a smile to her pale lips, when it came to her bed, fragrant from the rose-thickets and the white clover field, which lay beneath the windows they had so cruelly darkened.—The gloom of that death-chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and stealing from the room, sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its eternal anthem nearby, and the sunset flings its last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her. I remember it all—the grave with its newly-broken sod—the coffin placed on the brink. The clergyman, with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbors gathered round that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthem surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree. Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull, hollow sound

of falling earth, and those most solemn words of 'dust to dust, and ashes to ashes' With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind, but my mother's last prayer is written more forcibly than all in characters that but deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die.—Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed for ever, intermingled with my thoughts, and, like the rosy links of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft, when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory, the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sad and gentle memories have drank the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been carried back to my lost parent, and from her, up to the Heaven she inhabits. The festival and all its attractions, have been lost in gentle reflections, and I have been 'delivered from temptation.' Again, when the sparkling wine-cup has almost bathed my lips, amid merriment and smiles and music, has the last sad prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its ruby contents, and I have put away the goblet, that 'I might not be led into temptation.' When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled to the touch of him who says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow with his luring accents, I have listened to it, and fled as from the serpent of my native forests.

Again and again, when the throbbings of ambition have almost filled my soul, and the praises of my fellow men have become a precious incense, the still small voice of my mother's prayer has trembled over each heart-string, and kindled it to a more healthy music. In infancy, youth and wo-

manhood, that prayer has been to me a holy remembrance—a sweet thought full of melody not the less beautiful that there is sadness in it.

THE DYING BOY.

The following lines were written after reading an account of the death of a young mother and three children, from the inhuman neglect of the husband and father. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and left alone with her little ones, while her husband went to procure a physician and other needful assistance, the nearest house being over two miles distant; but he forgot every thing save his own depraved appetite, became intoxicated before accomplishing his errand, remained so for a week, and on his return found them all dead. It is supposed that the mother died soon after the birth of her child, and that the boy struggled longest—that in trying to soothe his expiring sister, he sank down from weakness beside her, and could not at last release himself from her grasp.

Oh! mother dear, my lips are dry,
And Bessy's hands are cold;—
Mother, dear mother! help me nigh
Your bosom—surely you can hold
Your little boy. I will not cry,
Nor ask again for drink or bread,
If you will only let me lie
Upon your breast, and hold my head.

Oh, mother! call your little boy
To your bedside—he'll try to crawl;
You said I was your only joy,
Your darling Henry, and your all:
And then, you looked and screamed out so—
'Boy! to your cruel father go.
Why do you weep and wail to me?
Fly! fly! I've nothing here for thee!'

Don't stare so on me, mother, dear,
I'm still—though Bessy will not stir;—
And she's too cold to lie so near—
O, why don't father come to her?
Poor Bessy cried herself to sleep;
I wish I could—but when I try,
My lids won't shut—and always keep
Wide open on your staring eye!

Mother! how can you lie so still
With the dead baby in your arms?
Who did the little dear one kill?
You said 'twas now safe from all harms:—

Can't I be dead too, mother, say ?
 I'm sure 'tis very lonesome here—
 Is heaven a very great long way ?
 And is our father waiting there ?

I'm tired now, and cannot go,
 And the bright sun does blind me so :—
 Oh, shut your eyes, dear mother, do ;
 And let me love to gaze on you.
 How can you see us lying thus,
 On this iced floor—our feet so cold ?
 Once you would fondly run to us,
 And round us both the blankets fold.

I'm falling—oh ! the room turns round—
 I cannot see you now—but hark !
 I hear a soft and pleasant sound ;
 Perhaps it is the little lark.
 I love such sounds as these to hear,
 And it is dark no longer now ;
 Dear little girls, with wings, are near,
 And they are smiling on me too.

Oh, 'tis their songs so sweet and clear—
 I think I hear them softly say,
 Dear children stay no longer here ;—
 Come, come with us, we'll lead the way—
 It must be heaven where they dwell :
 I come !—I come !—Mother, farewell !
 * * * * *

DEVOTION.—It is of the utmost importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while, by the cares of the world, the heat of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age or misfortunes have brought the man to himself.—The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.—*Spectator*.

STARTING CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.
 Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim ; ten

chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better.

Records of Women.

Original.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN WOMEN.

The race of dusky beauties, that once fired the hearts of the red warriors of America with a short-lived affection, has departed. The grass grows over their graves ; the fields, where once, with patient toil, they raised the yellow corn, are furrowed by the plough of the farmer, or covered with teeming cities or pleasant villages.—The wind sports with their dust in right merry glee as it sweeps the fields and floods where some time the dark forest sheltered the wild natives of the soil.

But shall their memory pass away with their existence ? Not while the contrast, between their domestic condition and that of their fairer sisters of the present age, affords such cheering evidence of the genial influence of christianity on the destiny of woman : such a tribute to the elevating energy, exerted by the Bible, in behalf of females.

We begin with the Indian woman when a candidate for marriage. 'On forming an engagement, the bridegroom, or if he were poor, his friends and neighbors made a present to the bride's father, of whom no dowry was expected. The acceptance of the presents perfected the contract ; the wife was purchased ; and for a season at least, the husband surrendering his gains

as a hunter to her family, had a home in her father's lodge.'

Polygyny was permitted among all the Indian tribes, and the young wife was always exposed to the liability of rival in her husband's affections; still 'the wilderness could show wigwams where couples had lived together thirty, forty years. Yet Love did not always light his happiest torch at the nuptials of the children of nature, and marriage among the forests had its sorrows and its crimes. The infidelities of the husband sometimes drove the helpless wife to suicide; the faithless wife had no protector; her husband insulted or disfigured her at will; and death for adultery was unrevenged. Divorce, also, was permitted, even for occasions beside adultery; it took place without formality by a simple separation or desertion.' But the 'unwritten law of the red man' gave the divorced mother her children.

'The squaw loves her child with instinctive passion.' She never trusts her babe to a hireling nurse. 'To the cradle, consisting of thin pieces of light wood, and gaily ornamented with quills of the porcupine, and beads and rattles, the nursling is firmly attached, and carefully wrapped in furs; and the infant thus swathed, its back to the mother's back, is borne as the topmost burthen,—its dark eyes now cheerfully flashing light, now accompanying with tears the wailings which the plaintive melodies of the carrier cannot hush. Or, while the squaw toils in the field, she hangs her child, as spring does its blossoms on the boughs of a tree, that it may be rocked by the breezes from the land of souls, and soothed to sleep by the lullaby of the birds. Does the mother die, the nursling—such is Indian compassion—shares her grave.'

'If a mother lost her babe she would cover it with bark and envelope it anxiously in the softest beaver skins: at the burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads and its rattles; and as a last service of maternal love would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark and burn it in the fire, that her infant might

still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the newborn babe would be buried not as usual on a scaffold, but by the wayside, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices.

'On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow-shoes and beads and moccasins, only, but (sad emblems of woman's lot in the wilderness) the carrying belt and the paddle. 'I know my daughter will be restored to me,' she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; 'by this lock of hair I shall discover her.'

Among Indians, woman is the laborer; woman bears the burdens of life. The food that is raised from the earth is the fruit of her industry. With no instrument but a wooden mattock, a shell, or a shoulder-blade of the buffalo, she plants the maize, the beans and the running vines. She drives the blackbirds from the corn-fields, breaks the weeds, and, in due season, gathers the harvest. She pounds the parched corn, dries the buffalo meat and prepares for winter the store of wild fruits; she brings home the game which her husband has killed, she bears the wood, and draws the water, and spreads the repast. If the chief constructs the keel of the canoe, it is woman who stitches the bark with split ligaments of the pine root and sears the seams with resinous gum. If the men prepare the poles for the wigwam, it is woman who builds it, and, in times of journeyings bears it on her shoulders. The Indian's wife was his slave.'

Nor was her dress more becoming than her servile duties. 'Her head, arms and legs were uncovered; a mat or a skin, neatly prepared, tied over the shoulders, and fastened to the waist by a girdle, extended from the neck to the knees. They glittered with tufts of elk hair, brilliantly dyed in scarlet; and strings of the various kinds of shells were their pearls and diamonds. The summer garments of moose and deer skins, were painted of many colors; and the fairest feathers of the turkey,

fastened by threads made from wild hemp and nettle, were curiously wrought into mantles.'

Such were our Indian women in ancient times. While the white woman of the nineteenth century beholds herself in the midst of a social arrangement, the meanest member of which is more privileged than an Indian princess, let her ask, what hath done it? The answer is engraven in the history of mankind: Christianity, man's best angel, hath done it!

THE FORTIETH WEDDING-DAY.

BY MRS CAROLINE GILMAN.

Again thou'rt come, and I am here,
With faded eye and locks of gray;
How changed the scenes of life appear,
On this, my fortieth wedding day!

Was this the morn whose early hours,
Woke fluttering with a troubled joy;
When all my footsteps were on flowers,
And hope alone my heart's employ?

And where are they, the young and fair,
Who graced that day with opening bloom?
I ask, and 'echo answers where,'
Dear inmates of the silent tomb.

I see them now, the welcome throng,
That pressed around my bridal home!
The tale, the laugh, the merry song,
Like shadows o'er my senses come.

I see them round my toilette press,
And fold the plait, and smoothe the hair,
And give the soothing fond caress,
And kiss the brow they said was fair.

I hear the solemn promise given,
I feel the small ring's circle now,
The closing prayer ascends to heaven,
The angel pens record the vow.

'Tis gone—'tis gone—the fading dream!
My hair is blanched, my eyes are dim;
I'm floating on life's closing stream,
But (praised be God) it leads to Him.

A virtuous heart findeth its own reward.

Pleasing Sketches.

THE RESCUE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was an autumnal evening—the forest had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors. The fields shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset. The noble Highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Hudson, who, rolling on in his path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of occidental glory. Far in the distance towered the venerable Cro'neest, begirt with a diadem of purple and gold. The first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight, deep dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation, rock and mountain, tree and shrub, hill, dale, valley and rivulet, all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence, ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen upon the blossoms of our earthly Eden. Such was the evening when a barge was seen to leave the promontory of West Point, in the neighborhood of which, we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several persons attired in the military costume of that period, who, with well-measured strokes of their oars, made it dart over the golden waters like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man of about fifty years of age, his head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow—his features were marked and masculine, his mouth, which was peculiarly characterised by a closeness of the lips, gave to him a look of determination, yet which in no way impaired the mild and merciful expression which reigned over his general aspect.—Like the others in the boat, he wore a dark

blue coat, with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat, heavy, golden, epaulets, buckskin smallclothes, high, military boots, with spurs of steel, while a belt of buff encircled his waist, in which was fixed a straight sword. Such was the costume of the personage who was destined to achieve the liberty of his country, and to burst the fetters of oppression. Reader, need we say who it was? In 'your mind's eye,' does he not stand before you? Is not his name the watchword of your independence, and his memory enshrined in the heart of every son of freedom? It was George Washington.

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river.—The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy.

'By ten o'clock you may expect me,' said Washington. 'Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling.'

'Depend upon us,' replied one of the party.

'I do,' he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitations of Ruby Rugsdale, the daughter of the host, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party, for a few hours, with his presence.

After continuing his path, for some distance, along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brushwood, tinged with a thousand dyes of departed summer—here and there a grey crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and the scarlet wood-

bine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places, the arms of the chestnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness and cast a gloom deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer, a young Indian-girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian only fell upon her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbade him to proceed.

'What seek you, my wild flower?' said the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

'There is danger,' said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. 'That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but my trust is in God; he has never yet deserted me,' and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale.

His appearance was the signal for joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the other to do him honor. Although grave in council, and bold in war, yet in the bosom of domestic bliss, no one knew better how to render himself agreeable. The old were cheered by his consolatory words. The young, by his mirthful manner, nor even in gallantry was he wanting, when it added to the virtuous spirit of the hour. The protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered to him by the host. Fast and thickly the guests were assembling, the smile, the laugh, and the mingling music, rose joyously around. The twilight was fast merging into night, but a thousand lamps of sparkling beauty gave a brilliancy of day to the scene—all was happiness—bright eyes and blooming faces were everywhere beaming, but alas! a serpent was lurking among the flowers.

In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests, and suspending the

dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Rugsdale, assuring them it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was again resumed, but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who now sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng.

A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle-bush close to his side.

'Ha! again here!' he exclaimed with astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointing to it, said in a whisper, '*Snake! snake!*' and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite his suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confounded and horror-stricken, read, '*Beware! You are betrayed!*' It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly, might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that Power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to

the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

'What can detain them?' he muttered to himself. 'Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal?' At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating, for a moment, the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore. 'All's well,' he continued; 'in three minutes I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more.' Then gaily turning to Washington, he said, 'Come, General, pledge me to the success of our arms.' The eye of Rugsdale, at that moment, encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground; his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed the goblet to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem of *God save the King*, burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men, attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, quietly remarking to them, 'Be calm, gentlemen, this is an honor we did not anticipate.' Then turning to Rugsdale, said, 'Speak, sir, what does this mean?'

'It means,' replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, 'that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George, I arrest you!'

'Never!' exclaimed the General. 'We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way,' and he waved his sword to the guard who stood with their muskets levelled as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party whom he had

left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him.

'Seize that traitor!' exclaimed the commander. In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth.' The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. 'For my own life,' he said, while the tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, 'for my own life, I heed not, but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions demands this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity, I pity him, but by my oath, and now in the presence of Heaven, I swear I will not forgive him.'

Like a thunderbolt fell these words upon the hearts of the wife and daughter.—They sank lifeless into the arms of the domestics, and when they recovered to consciousness, Rugsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Rugsdale; to betray the American General, and other valuable officers, that evening, into the hands of the British, for which purpose, they had been invited to '*this feast of Judas*.' Hating, in her heart, the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from their native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently waylaid the steps of Washington as we have described, but failing in her noble purpose, she had then recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of the night closed around, when a company of British soldiers were discovered making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party was waiting the return of their commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action could alone preserve him, they rushed upon, and overpowered them, stripped

them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them in their boat, and under charge of two of their companions, sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Rugsdale, where, at the appointed time and sign, made known to them by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

Thus was the father of his country, by the interposition of Divine Providence, who, in his own words, '*never deserted him*,' saved from captivity, and, but for which, America might to this day, have been pressed by the foot of oppression, and her children have bowed the knee to a foreign power.

THE PILGRIMS.

'Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driving in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem strained from their base;—the dismal sound of the pump is heard;—the ship leaps as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from the perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voy-

age,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children,—was it hard labor and spare meals,—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?—*Edward Everett.*

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S DEATH.

I numbered among my friends at the South, a fair-haired, light-hearted girl, who, although but sixteen, as is often the case in this land of the orange blossom, was married, and with a parent whose whole heart and wealth were devoted to her enjoyment, and a youthful, ardent loving husband, her life seemed as fair and

sunny as the brightest day that smiled upon the luxuriant world around her. Hers was the spring time of hope, and her heart was replete with the expectation of life's most abundant harvest.

For some time I had not heard of the young couple, when I was summoned one morning by a messenger from her father, informing me that I must hasten, if I would see her again, alive. With a friend, I hurried to the residence of the dying girl, and O my God! what a scene was that to look upon! The family physician, the care-worn father and heart-broken husband, hung in agony around the bed. And there she lay, the young, the beautiful,—now a thousand times more so; for death, ere he clasped her in his cold embrace, seemed to have thrown over her features a veil of ethereal loveliness. She lay there, the tears hanging upon her long, dark eyelashes, in an agony of spirit, beseeching her friends to let her live; yes, begging them for life, as if they held it in their hands, and could bestow it. 'Oh!' she would cry out, 'I cannot die, and leave this fair world and my young hopes. How can I, when I have just begun to live, just tasted its exquisite delights,—so soon, so very soon, bid them all adieu? Doctor, can you not save me?' The physician, deeply affected, attempted to speak favorably; but her father, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks, interposed: 'We must not deceive you, Ellen, although we love you tenderly; you *must* die.' She immediately beckoned to my friend to join in prayer; and during the subdued and heartfelt supplication, her deep sobs were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of the death chamber.

And now she seemed to be fast approaching her dissolution, and her breathing grew longer and fainter. 'Are you prepared?' whispered the father, in an anguish of heart. 'I do not know,' gasped the sufferer. The father sunk upon his knees by the couch-side. The spirit seemed for a moment to tremble upon her lips; the young husband hung over her,—'Ellen, do you love me still?' he cried. 'My hus-

band, I 'love thee still!' and the cold lips were silent.

Oh! with what startling clearness, did a voice from that pale corpse reach my ear! 'Twas the voice of the 'King of Terrors'—'I come! I come! frail mortals! I throw my pall upon the babe, I place my heavy hand upon the brow of youth, and clothe myself even with the bridal robe. I come! I come! like the dark winter tempest upon spring's early blossoms: nor wealth, nor love, nor beauty, shall ever bribe me from my purpose. Mortals, I come! Prepare!'

BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Beauty went out one summer day,
To rove in Pleasure's bower;
And much he sported in her way
With every opening flower.
At length she reached a myrtle shade,
And through the branches peeping,
She saw, among the blossoms laid,
Time, most profoundly sleeping.

His head was pillowed on his wings,
For he had furred his pinions
To linger with the lovely things
In Pleasure's bright dominions;
His scythe and glass aside were cast,—
'How softly he reposes!'
Cried Beauty, as she idly past,
And covered him with roses.

Time woke: 'Away!' he kindly said;
'Go trifle with the Graces;
You know that I was never made
To toy with pretty faces,—
'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime
To rest awhile from duty;
I'll sleep a little more,' said Time;
'No, do wake up!' said Beauty.

He rose; but he was grim and old;
She felt her roses wither,
His scythe upon her heart was cold,
His hour-glass made her shiver;
Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turn'd gray,
Of grace he had bereft her;
And when he saw her droop away,
He spread his wings and left her,

And thus I point my simple rhyme,—
It is the minstrel's duty;
Beauty should never sport with Time,
Time always withers Beauty!

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THREE SABBATH MORNINGS.

The Eastern sky is just blushing in the beams of the rising sun

'As first on this delightful land, he spreads
His orient rays on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew;

beautiful is that sky, and beautiful the beams of that rising sun.

Every honey-dropping flower and every blade of grass sparkle, as if hung with diamonds. The air is laden with the richest odors, which come up from the enamelled earth like early incense—fit tribute to Him who spread abroad such beauty and enchantment.

Nature rejoices in the light; every grove echoes with the music of birds, and every tangled nook with the humming sound of insects.

The animal tribes come gamboling forth, exulting in the fulness of renovated strength. They come not to prowl and plunder; for all is innocence.

The lamb and the tawny wolf sport together; and the hawk and the dove wash their wings at the same ripple.

The earth seems sanctified, the very air holy; the sky, the deep blue sky, seems to grow more soft and beautiful, as the moon advances; the light clouds that float so gently over its surface are of such snowy whiteness, that they seem like a resting-place for angel gazers. And well I woen that angels are gazing down, for never was world wrapt in robes of richer beauty.

How tranquil is the bosom of the sinless man, who now comes forth from his slumbers! He is passing on to the place where he would pour out his orison; his eye is fixed heavenward; and his face is radiant, as if with Shekinal glory;—for care hath not worn it; it is not marred by sorrow, nor darkened by guilt; he is yet in the image of his Creator, and the destroyer

hath not yet set his seal upon his brow.

His meek partner keeps her way by his side; the same holy thrill of quiet rapture pervading her bosom. On she passes with her lord, with equal step, save when her snowy fingers stay a moment, to dally in the mane of the majestic lion; or she stoops to sleek the glossy coat of the spotted leopard, which has come near to give its greeting to the passing pair.

'The groves were God's first temples;' there it is, that Adam, sole priest of nature, offers up his first morning's devotions; his consort, with mild blue eye uplifted, making the responsive Amen.

What a prayer! It is not penitence; it is the gushing words of love; it comes up from the deep wells of two hearts, as yet unpoisoned by sin. It is adoration; the adoration of souls, whose master-passion is absorption in the divine image; it is the pure tribute of the affections; affections as yet unsullied by a single stain, unruffled by a single fear of the Being on whom they rest; it is the giving of thanks for countless blessings; the giving of glory, and praise, and power, to the ever-living God—the 'Father in Heaven.'

The tribute is accepted! It goes up like the fragrance of heaven's golden censer, or the hallowed flame of the proto-martyr!

Oh! it is a moving, but beautiful sight, to mark that holy pair, presenting this, their first morning's tribute! Every sound lulled, save the sound of thanks; every breath hushed, save the breath of 'praise. All is still—beast, bird and bee; e'en the breeze hath folded its wings; 'nor leaf nor flower stirs'—nature herself keeps quiet, for her only minister waits at the altar! It is *Earth's First Sabbath Morning*. It is the first and last Sabbath of Adam in Paradise, for ere the next, sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life, and the hapless pair had,

'Hand in hand, with wandering step and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

Time passed on. More than forty centuries had filled their cycles. Messiah had descended from on high; and his feet had

trodden the streets of the sacred city. He had labored. He had wept. He had prayed. He had groaned. He had bled. He had died. And they had done unto the King of Glory as they listed. Darkness had settled over Salem; and Silence, her 'sister-twin,' had stretched her leaden sceptre over all her hills. Earth was prostrate in slumber—

'And Nature, as a meek and peaceful child,
Slept sweetly on the bosom of her God.'

The queen of night had shot out her bark upon the ethereal sea, and now looked calmly down, with her pure rays, upon the quiet city, as though guilt had never disturbed the passions of its sleeping people.

The breeze from Olivet, and the purling sound of 'Kedron's lonely brook, or Silqa's sweeter fount,' sent their murmurs on the quiet air, like magic music on moon-lit waters.

All, all were slumbering—the skeptical Scribe, the canting Pharisee, the scowling Priest, and the sycophantic Governor, repose softly upon their pillows: for the innocent object of their malignity has become their prey. 'The man of sorrows,' the meek Jesus, has yielded a victim to the combined hatred of his persecutors—the sepulchre was made sure, the stone was sealed, the watch set!

But let us stay awhile—the night has advanced almost into morning. The city still sleeps. All is yet quiet, save, now and then, the howling of the watch-dog, or the twittering sound of the bat, seeking its retreat.

Not far beyond the western wall may be heard the slow and heavy tread of a few brazen footed soldiers, or the jarring of lances against the mailed corselets of these veteran Romans. They are at the side of that sealed tomb. They are watching the remains of the despised Nazarene!

The last star of night is now dying out upon its high tower; and the gray gleams of light, as they shoot up from the East, reveal the hazy outlines of the surrounding hills. But lo, the earth trembles and quakes! These veteran warriors turn pale, and become as dead men. The heavens

open; and light, more brilliant than the sun at noontide, bursts around them. The sound of angel-voices fills the air, and from amid the choral throng a white-robed seraph descends; his face is like the sun, and his raiment as the lightning.

The sealed stone is rolled away from the mouth of the guarded tomb. The dead shakes off his cerements, and comes forth, beautiful in his majesty!

Again the sounds of golden harps sweep through the high air, and the angel throng, with loud hallelujahs, repass the portals of heaven. The rapturous intelligence of a risen Saviour fills its high vault with shouts of glory and songs of praise. Death is vanquished; the grave has been robbed of its prey; Christ hath risen; his peaceful reign has commenced; the *first Sabbath Morning of Christianity* has dawned upon a long benighted world!

—
Ages and Empires had passed away.— Change had followed change. States, cities and temples had crumbled before the corroding influence of years.

Other states, other cities and other temples, excelling in magnitude and grandeur, had taken their places. Science had long since reached its zenith; art its most perfect accomplishment; and the golden age of divine prophecy blessed the world.

The brightness of the millennial glory had risen, beamed its noontide, and passed away.

The church had been robed in her 'beauteous garments,' had been 'the joy of the whole earth,' had been 'beautiful as Tirsah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners.' 'The wolf had dwelt with the lamb; the leopard had lain down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fawning together' had been led in sportive triumph by a little child; the infant had played upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child put its hand upon the cockatrice's den—for there 'was none to hurt in all God's holy mountain.'

White-robed Innocence had descended from heaven, and Peace had extended her olive wand over all the earth.

But this age, too, had passed away.

Satan was again unchained; and again went forth to deceive all people. The earth had again grown old in crime, and the cup of her iniquity was mantling to the brim! More! The last hour of time has come; the last vial of the wrath of the Almighty is opened, and ready to be poured out; the heavens are rolled together as a scroll; the elements melt away in fervent heat; the sun is in sackcloth; the moon is blood-like; and the stars have fallen from their spheres!

The great white throne of the Judge is set, and the myriads upon myriads of earth's dwellers, and all the risen dead, are gathered in his presence!

What a strange hour!

The deserted globe whirls with irregular and convulsed motion around the mighty convocation, flaming up as if one vast volcano. Lightnings, with their lurid and fitful fires, gleam around the solemnities of the last awful assize!

The books are opened, and the dead are judged.

The righteous hear their awards; and the unrepentant, their doom.

There is a pause!—the last unsentenced sinner stands before the bar! The words of condemnation pass with awful distinctness through the crowded ranks of breathless millions, and as they die away silence again reigns.

The earth once more throws up its sheeted flames with increased intensity; it is its last burning: and by its fitful flare is seen him who stood 'with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea,' the Apocalyptic Angel. Now, standing by the mighty throne, he swears by Him who lives and reigns forever, that Time is no more! * * * * *

Darkness, the darkness of a black and starless night, shrouds the universe—the wicked are driven away, and nought is heard, save the moaning of these banished ones, ere they enter upon their long exile, and the door of Hope closes forever!

Then bursts around the light of the seventh heaven; the portals of glory are

thrown back; the morning stars again shout together; and amid the loud harping of cherubic millions, the long train of the redeemed are welcomed to their home.

Time's last Saturday night is passed away—the unending day has come, the day of the redeemed—the *Sabbath Morning of Eternity* is ushered in! M.

Miscellaneous.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BASTILE.

The Bastile of Paris was commenced in the reign of Charles V., and finished in 1383, under the reign of his successor. A Bastile, in its original signification, denoted an antique castle, fortified with turrets, but the Bastile of Paris is the only one which has retained the name. This was used for the custody of state prisoners. In the reign of Charles V. it consisted only of two separate towers, one on each side of the road leading into Paris, intended to defend its entrance. In the next reign, it received considerable alterations; six more towers were added and united to each other by lofty walls. These were again surrounded by ramparts and a wide and deep ditch. Each of the towers consisted of five stories. All except the uppermost were irregular polygons of sixteen or seventeen feet diameter, and as many high. Some had several windows, but the wall was enormously thick. Those of the upper story were more than six feet in thickness, which increased in proportion as they were nearer the ground. A kind of wooden capes were occasionally adapted to the windows, to obstruct the view of the country. Each prison was closed with two doors, fastened with three locks, and some had wickets. The rooms of the upper story were the worst of all except the dungeons. In winter excessively cold, in summer insupportably hot, they admitted no light, no air, but through a chink two or three inches wide externally, where they were crossed by strong bars of iron. Almost all the apartments had two floors, one

of fir and the other of oak. The dungeons were twenty feet below the level of the earth, and about five above that of the ditch, and their only opening was a narrow barbican looking into this ditch.

This must have been a horrible abode for any human creature. Several authors have mentioned cages of wood covered with iron, in which prisoners were confined, and dungeons concealed by trap-doors, into which persons that were to be secretly despatched, were made to fall, and there consigned to oblivion. The wretch confined to any of these dungeons, could not live long, surrounded by rats and spiders, plunged into a damp and noisome atmosphere, and in the midst of mud and the abode of adders and toads. Their sole furniture was a large stone, covered with straw, for a bed! All the prisons except these had atoves and fire-places. The chimneys were very narrow, and closed at the bottom, at the top, and sometimes at intermediate spaces, with bars of iron.— Their common furniture was a bedstead, with curtains of green serge, a straw mattress, one or two tables, two pitchers, a candlestick, a pewter fork, spoon and cup, two or three chairs, a tinder-box, and sometimes, as a matter of favor, a small pair of tongs, a fire-shovel, and two large stones, as a substitute for andirons.

After the majority of the prisoners were deprived of the walk of the bastion, and that of the top of the tower was permitted to few, they were reduced to that of the court. This was about one hundred and ten feet by seventy-seven. The air in it, however, could be but little renewed, and it must have concentrated the heat excessively in summer, the buildings with which it was surrounded being nearly eighty feet high. Even this was not permitted to all; and to no one more than an hour at a time, in order to make room for others, as no two were permitted to walk together.— There was also a small niche, into which the prisoner was obliged to shut himself up, when informed by the sentinel that any one was passing. The food of the prisoners was in general scanty, and of the

worst quality, though some had sufficient influence to have their table well supplied.

Such was the place, in which by the mere command of a tyrant, human beings were immured for years, in close confinement, and kept in profound ignorance of the situation of all that were most dear to him, whom he left behind. The sole crime of the prisoner was generally the having dared to satirize the flagrant vices of some petty minister, or some courtier's mistress, which, though acted in the face of day, must not be published or rebuked. It was frequently for nothing at all but the bare suspicion of crime that the prisoner was condemned to a punishment sufficiently severe for the most atrocious villany.—About two thousand persons are said to have been confined in a period of only forty-six years. On looking over the long list of these victims of despotism, says a modern writer, few appear to have been really guilty of crimes, and far the greater part were persons suspected of having written or published accounts of the dissolute lives of men in power, or discovered to have done so by the most base and insidious means. To detect the writers of such pieces, or suppress their publication, no expense was spared, and no artifice that treachery could suggest left unemployed.

The lieutenant general of the police of Paris was the sub-delegate of the ministry, for the department of the Bastille. Each prisoner, on coming to the Bastille, had an inventory made of every thing about him. All his clothing and other articles were searched to discover whether there were any papers in them relative to the matter for which he was apprehended. After this examination, the prisoner was conducted to an apartment, where he was locked up within three doors. Those who had no servants made their own bed and fire. All that was done in the castle was arbitrary. At the beginning of their confinement, they had neither books, ink or paper; they went neither to mass nor on the walks; they were not allowed to write to any one, not even to the lieutenant of the police, on whom all depended. At first, they

went to mass only on every other Sunday. When a person had obtained leave to write to the lieutenant of the police, he might ask his permission to write to his family, and to receive their answers, which requests were either granted or refused, according to circumstances. Nothing could be obtained but through this channel.

The expenses of the system of espionage pursued in the department of the Bastille, was enormous. The grand spy, Jaquet de la Dionai, confessed that he annually cost the government thirty thousand livres, and made it expend one hundred thousand.—One or two thousand guineas would be squandered in kidnapping an author, who had taken refuge in England or Holland. At the same time a few pounds were denied to furnish conveniences for the prisoners; while the governor of the Bastille pocketed two-pence half-penny a day out of the fifteen pence allowed a soldier, shut up with a prisoner as a guard, or rather as a spy, under the cloak of an attendant and consoler. The attendants whom they appointed for those who were not allowed their own servants, were generally invalid soldiers, ready to do any act of meanness, for the consideration of a pecuniary reward.

When a prisoner wanted to transmit any thing to the lieutenant of the police, it was always done by means of the major. Notes might have been sent to this officer by means of the turnkeys. A prisoner must ask for every thing, before he could have it, even for permission to be shaved. This office was performed by the surgeon, who also furnished the sick and invalids with indispensable articles and remedies. A person might have been interrogated a few days after his entrance into the Bastille; but frequently this was not done till after some weeks. Sometimes he was previously informed of the day when this was to be done; often he was only acquainted with it the moment he was brought down to the council chamber. This commission of interrogating was executed by the lieutenant of the police, a counsellor of state, a master of requests, and a commissioner of the Chatelet.

It is said that these commissions employed the meanest artifices in order to get a confession from the prisoner. They laid snares for him, like an ungentlemanly lawyer employed in cross-examination of a witness, and frequently attempted to frighten him. They pretended proof; exhibited papers, without suffering him to read them, asserting that they were instruments of unavoidable conviction. Their questions were vague and ambiguous, and turned not only on the prisoner's words and actions, but on his most secret thoughts, and on the discourse and conduct of persons of his acquaintance who were suspected. They fatigued the prisoners with varied and infinitely multiplied interrogatories. According to the character of the persons they used threats, promises and caresses. The prisoner was told that if he would make a fair declaration, they were authorized to promise him a speedy release, but if he refused to confess, he must take the consequences of the proof of his guilt, which was already manifest, from documents which they held in their possession. If the prisoner made the required confession, the commissioners then told him that they had no precise authority for his enlargement, but that it might be expected, and that it should be solicited. This confession seldom bettered his condition, but caused a new series of interrogatories, lengthened his confinement, implicated his acquaintances, and exposed himself to new troubles.

The prisoners, during their confinement, were constantly tortured with false and equivocal promises of release, while to cover the odium of the barbarities practised here, the most outrageous slanders against the prisoners were frequently published. The true causes of imprisonment and the real obstacles of release were generally concealed. When a prisoner of reputation had entirely lost his health, and his life was thought in danger, he was always sent out. The ministry did not choose that a person well known should die in the Bastile; and when any died there, they were interred in the parish of

St. Paul, under the name of domestics, and this falsehood was written in the register of deaths, in order to deceive mankind.

To heighten the wickedness of the tyrants who thus wantonly punished men for actions, which, in a good republic, would be rewarded as virtues, the same prison was employed as a sanctuary or asylum for the guilty whom they were desirous of protecting. Very many procured themselves in the Bastile a security from the demands of their creditors, and others as a refuge from justice. Jean Claude Fini, calling himself Hypolite Chamoran, and Mary Barbara Mackay, styling herself his wife, were conducted to this prison, under pretence of being concerned in libels, but in fact to evade giving them up to the British government by which they were claimed, that they might be delivered over to justice for the atrocious villanies perpetrated by them. These wretches were set at liberty as soon as all inquiry for them had ceased.

If the minister of some foreign power was offended, the case was different. An officer, in the service of the King of Sardinia, named Caffè, had a quarrel with the minister at war, whom he accused of having done him an injustice. Full of resentment, he came to France, threatening to avenge himself by publishing the minister's conduct. No sooner were his departure and menaces known at Turin, than the Sardinian ambassador was directed to solicit an order for arresting him. This was easily obtained. Caffè was conveyed to the Bastile; all his papers were seized and put into a bag, without an inventory of them; and a month afterwards he was sent, under a strong guard, to a town on the confines of Savoy, where he was delivered to a Sardinian officer, who with twenty dragoons, escorted him to the castle of Miclans, the bastille of that country. His papers, however valuable they might have been, were packed carelessly in a bag which was too large for them, and torn to pieces by the length of the journey. Every king in Europe at that time had a bastille, the gates of which opened and closed

at his nod, at the nod of his ministers, his mistresses, or any nobleman or female who had acquired a certain influence, either by place or intrigue.

The Bastille was deemed impregnable, and was assailed in vain by Henry the Fourth and his veterans. But on the fourteenth of July, 1789, it was assaulted and totally destroyed by the citizens of Paris. Almost famished with hunger, and urged on by the spirit of the revolution, as well as by the love of liberty, they demolished it in a few hours. So complete, says Mr Forbes, was the demolition of that ancient structure, that hardly one stone remained upon another. The very name of this prison spread terror throughout the dominions of France, and many unhappy beings of all descriptions were plunged into its dungeons, on suspicion of crimes which they never committed. One unfortunate wretch, who had been condemned to solitude and darkness for five and thirty years, a most deplorable object, on emerging from his dreary cell, entreated his deliverers to put him to death, as the greatest favor they could confer.

Such was that celebrated prison—an inquisition not of priests, but of tyrants; the offspring of despotism, and the instrument by which despotism for ages maintained its authority. Its destruction was one of the early events of the French revolution; and it is hard to say whether the demolition of this fortress and other similar prisons, was not ample atonement for all the horrors of that remarkable period.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED.—Several years ago, a young gentleman went to consult a certain attorney how he might carry off an heiress. 'You cannot do it with safety,' said the counsellor, 'but I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount the horse, and hold the bridle and whip.' The counsellor, however, was sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice, when next day he found it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

The Daughter.

THE CHARITY OF WAGES.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Among the forms of benevolence, which in our age of the world are both multiplied and various, perhaps few of us keep in mind the Charity of Wages. To assist the poor, through their own industry, ennobles them. It keeps alive that love of independence, which is so priceless in a free country. To grudge or stint the wages of female labor, is false economy. It is to swell the ranks of degradation and vice. In our sex, it is unpardonable cruelty, for the avenues in which they can gain an honest subsistence are neither so numerous nor so flowery that we may close them at pleasure, and be innocent. We ought not to consider ourselves as doing the duty of christians—though you would subscribe liberally to foreign and popular charities—while we withhold the helping hand or the word of sympathy from the female laborer within our own gates.

I know not that I narrate an uncommon or peculiar circumstance, when I mention a young girl, brought up in comparative affluence, who at the sudden death of her father was left without resources. The mother's health failed through grief and misfortune, and she nobly resolved to earn a subsistence for both. She turned to the needle, with which she had been dexterous for amusement, or the decoration of her own apparel. A little instruction enabled her to pursue, from house to house, the occupation of a dress-maker.

At first, some of the delicate feelings of early culture clung around her. She dared scarcely to raise her eyes, at the table of strangers. And when at night money was given her, she felt half ashamed to take it. But want soon extinguished those lingerings of timidity and refinement. Before her pittance was earned, it was mentally devoted to the purchase of some comfort for her enfeebled mother. It soon

became evident that her common earnings were not sufficient. She took home extra work, and abridged her intervals of rest. Her candle went not out by night, and sometimes when her mother had retired, she almost extinguished the fire, continuing to work with chilled hands and feet, lest the stock of fuel should not suffice until her slender earnings would allow her to purchase more.

Her nervous system became overwrought and diseased. Those for whom she worked were often querulous and hard to please. She felt an insuperable longing for a kind word, and encouraging look, or some form of sympathy to sustain the sensitive spirit. Those who hired her had not put these in the contract. Work on her part, and money on theirs, was all the stipulation. They did not perceive that her step grew feeble, as day by day she passed through the crowded streets to her task, or night after night, returned to nurse her infirm mother. A sudden flush came upon her cheek, and she sunk into the grave before the parent for whom she had toiled.

The wife of a sailor, during his periods of absence, did all in her power to aid him in diminishing their expenses. He was not of that class who spend their wages on their arrival in port, and forget their family! But, as that family increased, his earnings, without rigid economy on her part, would have been insufficient for their support.

At length the bitter news came that her husband was lost at sea. When the first shock of grief had subsided, she summoned her resolution, and determined to do that for her children, which their father had so often expressed his wish to have done, that they should be kept together, and not be dependent on charity. She had great personal strength, and a good constitution. She made choice of the hardest work which is performed by females, because it promised the most immediate reward. Often, after her hard task of washing, did she forget her weariness, while, in the dusky twilight, she hastened toward her lowly home, as the

nothor bird nerves her wing when she draws nearer to her nest.

But she found her sickly babe a sufferer from these absences, and sometimes accidents befel the other little ones, from her having no one with whom to leave them. The sum which she earned would not always pay for the injury they had sustained by the want of her sheltering care. It occasionally happened, that if the lady for whom she worked was out, or engaged with company, she returned without her payment, for which either to wait or go again were inconveniences, which those who dwell in the abodes of plenty cannot estimate.

Was there not some labor which she could perform at home, and thus protect the nurslings for whose subsistence she toiled? The spinning-wheel and loom first presented themselves to her thought, for she had been skilful in their use, in the far off agricultural village where her youth was spent. But domestic manufactures had become unfashionable, and she could obtain no such employment. Coarse needle-work seemed her only resource. At this she toiled incessantly, scarcely allowing herself time to get or partake of a scanty meal. But after all was done, the remuneration was inadequate to their necessities. She could scarcely supply a sufficiency of coarse food. Her children shivered as the winter drew on. The garments, though constantly mended, were thin, and their poor little feet bare and blue. She drew back from the miserable fire that they might be warmed, and shuddered as she saw the means of sustaining this comfort wasting away.

Still the injunction of her departed husband lay deep and warm in her heart. She asked no charity. She omitted no exertion, and her whole life was as one prayer to God.

At this crisis, a society, formed on the true principles of benevolence, to aid poverty through its own efforts, rose to save her from destruction. Its express object was to improve the condition of the tempest-tossed mariner, and his suffering house-

hold. It comprised an establishment where garments were made for seamen; and here she obtained a constant supply of work with liberal and prompt payment. One of its most beautiful features was a school, where the elementary branches of a good education were gratuitously taught. Here instruction in the use of the needle was thoroughly imparted, and as soon as the pupils were able to furnish a garment for the clothing store, they were encouraged by receiving a just payment.

'Now the small, lowly room of the widow was brightened with comfort, and her heart was too full for words, when her little girls came running from school, with a shout of joy, the eldest one exclaiming—'See, mother, see, here are twenty cents. Take them, and buy a frock for the baby. They gave them to me for making a sailor's gingham shirt, strong and good. My teacher says I shall soon sew enough to make one of a nicer kind, for which I am to receive seventy-five cents. Then I will help you to pay your house rent. O, I never was so happy in my life, and yet I could not help crying when I worked, for I remember that you used to make exactly such shirts for dear father, and I did not know but the man for whom I made this might be lost at sea, and never come back to his home any more.'

'Here is a book,' said the little sister, 'which my teacher let me take from the school library, to bring home and read to you, while you sit at work. And she is so good and kind to me, mother, she takes as much pains to have me learn, as if we were ever so rich, and I love her dearly.'

'Blessings on her,' said the widow, through her tears. 'Heaven's blessings on the society, and on every lady into whose heart God has put it to help the desolate poor, through their own industry.' And night and morning she taught her kneeling babes the prayer of gratitude for their benefactresses.

Let us encourage every variety of effort, by which our sex can win a subsistence, and foster in the young that spirit which prefers the happy consciousness of being

useful, to any form of independence. In our bounty to the poor, let us keep in mind the principle of aiding them as far as possible, through their own exertions, for she who thus studies their moral benefit elevates them in the scale of being, and performs an acceptable service to her country and her God.

Mothers, speak often to your daughters on these subjects. Instruct them in the economy of charity. Your responsibility comprises both earth and heaven.

There are many works from writers of the present day, which afford valuable hints for conversation, on the subject of being respectable and happy, without the possession of wealth. Pre-eminant among them is Miss Sedgwick's 'Rich Poor Man, and Poor Rich Man.' From your own observations, you can illustrate the truth of such sentiments. You can convince them from the page of history, that virtue, and talent, and the heart's true felicity, exist without the tinsel of gold.

Editorial.

THE LADIES' PEARL.—The pages of the Pearl will hereafter be under the control of the former editor. He resumes his place with feelings at once pleasant and painful—pleasant, because he will again be at liberty to cull the sweets of literature and poetry for his fair readers, and to hold pleasant communion of mind with them as the swift months roll round—painful, because under the unpleasant necessity of speedily retiring from the duties of a beloved profession, by declining health. But for that providential necessity, he would choose to labor in another sphere, content to be a mere contributor to the Pearl. He hopes, however, to devote enough of energy to the Pearl to make it increasingly interesting and useful to its patrons.

The Pearl will continue to be devoted to the pleasure and profit of woman.—While it will not refuse to take an occasional jaunt into the fairy land of fiction, it will carefully avoid any approach to

wards the sensuality, the lightness and the trashy sentimentality, which cleave to some departments of our periodical literature. It will be careful of the *real interests* and the true elevation of woman, in all her relations—as daughter, wife and mother. While it will not *disgust* by a prosy gravity, it will not *injure* by being the vehicle of evil. Not an impure sentiment, an immoral idea, nor a vicious thought shall deface its columns. The *religious* parent need not fear its introduction into her family, for it shall make her daughters wiser, better and happier—at least, that shall be its steady aim.

New correspondents of the first reputation will be secured, to add to its originality and interest.

Its embellishments will consist of music and engravings: in the latter department, our patrons will soon witness a decided improvement. In mechanical execution, we mean to make it unsurpassed by any work of its price.

EDWARD A. RICE, } Publishers.
DANIEL WISE, }

VIEW OF LOWELL.—Our next number will contain a beautiful copperplate engraving of a view of Lowell.

THE WONDERFUL BUT DESPISED PHYSICIAN.—It is quite fashionable, in these latter times, to be sick. Indeed, it is almost rude to be 'quite well;' and that good, old phrase, 'Quite well, I thank you,' has been dismissed from the popular vocabulary, and a miserable, lean, sickly substitute introduced. Now, the lady puts on a languishing air and draws out, 'I am not very well, I am so nervous,' and then comes a sigh so melancholic, that it would irresistibly wring tears from a rock, if indeed it possessed a lachrymal gland.

Now, we intend no reflection on the really sick. We pity them, as we have good reason to do, but it is the fashionably sick we wish to teach. We have long known of a certain physician—no quack either—whose cures are most astounding. His whereabouts may be ascertained from the following anecdote.

A mother went into her daughter's chamber at daybreak. 'My child,' said she, 'you are sick, I know; but there is a most wonderful stranger to be seen. He now announces his presence all over town as one who can not only heal the sick but can make the grass grow; and what is more, he is to rise out of the sea.'

The girl, though indolent, hastened up at this surprising intelligence and soon stood at the door with her mother.—'There,' said the wise mother, pointing to the sun as it rose like a globe of gold from the sea; 'there you see a cheap and delightful remedy for your diseases; there is a physician who has only to look into your face every morning at this hour to ensure you a return to perfect health.'

We have only to add, as a piece of friendly advice, to our nervous, sickly readers—Try this universal professor of the healing art.

GOOD ADVICE.—'Madam, I have one piece of advice to offer you; when you go into company again, after you have talked half an hour, stop awhile, and see if any one of the company has any thing to say.'

Such was the cutting remark of a clergyman to a very talkative miss, who engrossed all the conversation at a party. It may be a profitable hint to others, if they will meditate upon it.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—'I rule by obeying,' said Livia, the wife of Augustus, Emperor of Rome. She possessed an unbounded influence over her royal husband, and she thus explained the secret of her power to several married ladies of the imperial city, who wished for equal influence over their 'liege lords.' Her reply should be engraven upon the heart of every wife; unless, indeed, her husband is a tyrant, and then, perhaps, he will be governed by submission easier than by resistance.

The beautiful piece of music in this number, is from the *Mother's Assistant*, a most excellent publication, published by W. E. Brown, Esq., 1 Cornhill, Boston.

"I love thee, Brother"!

MUSIC, WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND BY LOWELL MASON.

POETRY BY GEORGE RUSSELL.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

"I love thee"—'twas af - fec - tion's breath; The seal a
 dy - ing sister's kiss; She spoke, then closed her
 eyes in death; Who can for - get a seal like this?

From the Mercantile Journal.

MR. EDITOR : — As I stood by the dying bed of a beloved sister, she signified that she had something to say to me. I put my face to hers, — upon which she impressed a kiss on my cheek, and said, in a soft whisper, "I love thee, brother!" This short sentence has suggested to my mind the following lines.

"I LOVE THEE."

"I love thee" — 'twas affection's breath;
 The seal — a dying sister's kiss;
 She spoke — then closed her eyes in death;
 Who can forget a seal like this?

"I love thee, brother!" ah! that word!
 It touched the tender chords within:
 It was the last I ever heard,
 Those lips will never speak again.

"I love thee" — how those accents fell
 Upon my anxious, listening ear;
 My lips to absent friends shall tell
 This parting pledge of love sincere.

"I love thee, brother." While I live,
 This sentence to my heart I'll bind;
 Not all the treasures earth could give,
 Are half as precious to my mind.

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THE LADIES' PEARL.

VOL. II.

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Original.

LOWELL AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The rapid growth of our city, its extensive manufactories, the enterprising character of its population, and its vast resources for still farther enlargement, have rendered it an object of interest and wonder not only throughout our own country, but in foreign lands. We hope the following sketch will serve in some measure to gratify the laudable curiosity of those who have been interested in the doings of this busy city.*

Lowell formerly constituted a part of Chelmsford, a town somewhat famous in the early annals of Middlesex county.—The first purchases for manufacturing purposes were made about the year 1830, when there could not have been more than thirty or forty dwelling houses within the present limits of the city. The first regular census was taken, we believe, in 1828, by which it appeared that the population was three thousand, five hundred and thirty-two. The present number of inhabitants cannot be less than twenty-two thousand, and probably is somewhat greater.

In 1826, on the petition of the people, East Chelmsford, as it was then called,

was set off from Chelmsford proper, and incorporated as a town with the name of Lowell. Belvidere, which was originally a part of Tewksbury, was annexed to Lowell in 1833 or 4. This proceeding caused a great deal of acrimonious discussion, but at length was fully determined upon by a decisive majority. In 1836, at which time the population amounted to nearly eighteen thousand, a city charter was obtained from the Legislature, and Elisha Bartlett, M. D., was chosen the first mayor.

The original company, and that which may, in some sense, be regarded as the parent of all the others, is called 'The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack river,' and was formed in 1792.—It owns all the water-power in the city, and disposes of it to the several corporations for an annual rent, which is determined by the quantity of water used.—There are ten of these corporations, whose aggregate capital amounts to ten millions of dollars. All but two of them are engaged in the manufacture of cotton cloth. The Middlesex company manufactures broadcloths and cassimeres, which are not surpassed by any foreign goods of the kind, and the Lowell company produces carpet-

* For many of the facts in this article we are indebted to 'A Sketch of Lowell,' prepared for the Courier by E. Case, Esq.

ing and rugs of the best quality and finest finish. A considerable portion of the best cotton goods is manufactured into calico, at the Merrimack and Hamilton Print-works.

Besides the extensive corporations enumerated above, there are several smaller establishments. The Powder Mills, belonging to O. M. Whipple, produce a great amount of excellent powder. The Lowell Bleachery and the Whitney Mills, for the manufacture of blankets, contribute their share to the business and activity of the city.

About one million, two hundred and sixty-five thousand, five hundred and sixty yards of cotton cloth, one thousand, eight hundred yards of broadcloth, six thousand yards of cassimere, and two thousand, five hundred yards of carpeting are manufactured weekly. Nearly two hundred and seventy thousand yards of cotton goods are dyed and printed weekly. The timespent by the operatives in the mills is about twelve hours a day, and the average amount of wages received by the females does not probably exceed a dollar and seventy-five cents per week, exclusive of board.

But we did not design to enter into minute details concerning the business of the city. Our object was, rather, to notice the moral, literary and religious character of its citizens, and this we can best do by glancing at its benevolent institutions, its schools, and its churches.

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to promote the industry and frugality of the operatives, than the Institution for Savings. Here the smallest sum of money, which is not wanted for immediate use, may be safely invested and left to accumulate until it is needed for other purposes. It is stated, that of the three hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars deposited in that institution, two hundred and fifty thousand belong to operatives in the mills, the greater part of them being females.

The Lowell Dispensary is an institution which furnishes medical advice and medicine gratuitously, to all who require and are worthy of such assistance. The amount of funds expended is not large, but it is be-

lieved that the Dispensary contributes materially to the health and comfort of those who are in straitened circumstances. The Howard Benevolent Society was formed two or three years ago, and has already accomplished much good. People of all parties and sects contribute to its funds, which are expended by able and efficient officers in relieving the wants of the virtuous poor. Beside these institutions, there are benevolent societies connected with all the churches, whose design is, to assist those belonging to their respective congregations, who are not properly objects of public charity. A considerable portion of their funds is laid out in procuring clothing for the children of the poor, that they may attend church and the Sunday school. Those who have been brought to poverty by their vices and are not considered objects of private benevolence, receive assistance from the authorities of the city. The amount appropriated for the support of paupers in 1841, was five thousand dollars.

But for nothing does Lowell deserve more credit, than for her public schools.—With a wise and prudent foresight, she early directed her attention to these nurseries of virtue and intelligence, and with a liberal hand has she expended her money in providing every convenience for the instruction of the rising generation. In 1827, twelve hundred dollars was appropriated for the support of free schools. From that time, the appropriation was annually increased, until it has reached the very large sum of twenty-two thousand, two hundred dollars, which was the appropriation for 1841.

The schools are divided into three classes. Those of the lowest grade are called Primary schools, and are twenty-four in number, located in different parts of the city so as to accommodate all the inhabitants. Each of these schools is taught by a female, and the number of scholars varies from thirty to sixty. Here the children are instructed in the first rudiments of education, and at the close of each term such as are qualified are transferred to the Gram-

mar schools. The compensation of the teachers is two hundred dollars a year.

The second class consists of the Grammar schools, eight in number. Six of these are kept in large two-story brick buildings, with large and convenient rooms. These schools are designed to give the young a good common education. Pupils are admitted, on examination, from the Primary schools, and remain as long as they choose. When they leave, they either enter the High school, or are apprenticed to some useful trade. One of the Grammar schools is taught by a gentleman alone; the others have a principal, one male and two female assistants. The average weekly attendance upon each school is probably not far from one hundred and sixty.

One of these schools is composed exclusively of Irish children, and is kept by Irish teachers. It is under precisely the same regulations which govern all the other public schools of the city. The Irish people seem to take a deep interest in the education of their children, and it is believed that this school and other causes are effecting a radical change in this part of our population.

The High school consists of two departments—one for boys and the other for girls. Both departments are under the instruction of three male and two female teachers. A good moral character and a common knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography, &c., are required for admission to this school. Pupils are instructed in all the common and higher branches of knowledge, and those who desire it are fitted for college. Students who have entered the various colleges of New England from this school, will not suffer by a comparison with those from any other institution of the kind. Those who do not desire to pursue their education farther, are prepared, upon leaving the school, to engage in any of the ordinary avocations of life. The female department is a perfect model for any school of the kind. The internal arrangements display the talent and skill of the teachers. The girls are

taught all those branches which are considered necessary for the finished education of the young lady. Upon the whole, the High school, under its present able and accomplished instructors, is an ornament and an honor to the city. This school is kept in one of the most substantial and convenient houses which can be found in the State or the Union. It is of brick, and was built about a year since, at an expense of more than twenty thousand dollars.

Few cities of the size in the country support more newspapers and other periodicals than Lowell. The following are the papers and magazines published in the city: the 'Lowell Courier,' tri-weekly, and the 'Lowell Journal,' weekly; the 'Lowell Advertiser,' tri-weekly, and the 'Lowell Patriot,' weekly; the 'Sword of Truth,' the 'Star of Bethlehem,' 'Zion's Banner,' the 'Literary Souvenir,' the 'Ladies' Pearl,' the 'Lowell Offering,' and the 'Operatives' Magazine.' Thus it will be seen that the literary character of the city is, by no means, of a low order.

But we hasten to speak of the religious interests of Lowell. There are in the city twenty religious societies, each of which supports a regular clergyman, viz. three Orthodox, two Episcopalian, two Catholic, three Methodist, two Freewill Baptist, two Universalist, two Christian, three Baptist, and one Unitarian.

The first church erected was St. Anne's, (first Episcopal) which was consecrated March 16, 1825. We have lying before us the 'Chelmsford Courier' of the 18th of the same month, which gives the following account of the exercises: 'On the 16th inst., the new stone church erected by the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, for the accommodation of the people in their settlement, was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold. At the same time, Rev. Theodore Edson was invested with the order of Priest. The exercises were impressive, the sermon by the Bishop, excellent, and the music, performed by the Beethoven Sacred Musical Society, connected with the congregation, was selected with taste

and executed with judgment.' Since the time here alluded to, church after church has been collected, and house after house erected; and now Lowell enjoys an amount of religious instruction fully adequate to all her wants. It is believed that the number of persons who attend public worship here on the Sabbath, is greater, in proportion to the population, than in the other cities and towns in New England; though, at the same time, it must be confessed that no city or town has much to boast of in this respect. Our streets on the Sabbath are remarkably orderly and quiet, and on Sunday evening there is none of that noise and tumult which we have sometimes witnessed in other places.

Our clergy are talented and faithful men, and are ready for every good word and work. They all labor with zeal and ability to sustain the high moral character which the city at present bears. Let us state a single fact to show the union of spirit and effort for which they are distinguished. Last year, they were invited to deliver lectures on temperance on successive Sabbath evenings, in the City Hall. *Every clergyman* in the city consented to perform his part of the duty, and the immense audiences which they addressed, are the best proof of the ability with which the work was done.

With all the churches are connected Sabbath schools, most of which are large and flourishing. The greater part of them are furnished with well selected and useful libraries. The superintendents and teachers appear to be animated with an earnest desire to prepare their pupils faithfully to discharge the duties of life, and at length to enjoy the happiness of heaven.

Our sketch is brief and imperfect, but we hope it will tend to show that this 'city of spindles' is not without its attractions, both in a commercial and religious point of view. We have purposely omitted the mention of many things, because we hope to make them matters of distinct consideration in subsequent numbers of the 'Pearl.'

A. H. B.

Original.

TEMPTATION OVERCOME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The first sunbeams of a December morning were faintly gleaming through the single frosty window of a small, mean apartment of one of the most comfortless dwellings in one of our Atlantic cities. Although at so early an hour, a female, apparently about thirty, on whose pale, expressive countenance the marks of privation and disease were strongly traced, sat bolstered up in bed, slowly and painfully plying her needle. A girl about ten years old, with features sharpened by want, sat hovering over the flickering flame on the hearth, which she kept alive by occasionally feeding it with a few chips she had obtained from a carpenter's shop. When not thus engaged, she employed herself upon some of the plainer parts of the garment on which her mother was at work. Several hours had passed in this manner, when the invalid dropped the sewing from her hands, and sunk back on the bed utterly exhausted. The child started from her seat in alarm.

'Clara,' said her mother, 'are there not a few spoonfuls of the gruel left, which you gave me this morning?'

'Not a drop; nor is there anything to make any more, and I ate the last mouthful of bread last night. I wish I had saved it—I could have done without it.'

'Give me a little water then,' said her mother.

Unable to suppress her sobs, she handed her a cup of water. Her hand trembled with feebleness and agitation as she gave it to her.

'We can never,' said she, after drinking a little of the water, 'finish this garment unless we can have some food. Open that small trunk, Clara, and you will find a hair bracelet wrapped in a paper. Your father gave it to me before he sailed for the East Indies, whence he was destined never to return. I hoped to preserve this

one memento, but better part with it than perish with hunger. Take it to Mr. Lethering, the goldsmith. The clasp is of gold, and he will allow you a trifle.'

The child put on her little cloak, which she had had so long a time that it was much worn, as well as quite too short, and proceeded to the goldsmith's with the bracelet. Cheered by the prospect of obtaining food, she felt not the keen, wintry air. Mr. Lethering took the bracelet and examined it.

'Who sent you with this?' he enquired.

'My mother, Mrs. Wallace.'

'She had better keep it, for I can give very little for it, as nothing but the clasp can be of any value except to the owner.'

'She says she must part with it.'

'Well, I may as well take it as anybody, then. I will remove the clasp and let you take back the braid, as your mother may possibly like to retain it.'

'I know she will,' replied Clara, 'because my father gave it to her.'

He threw the clasp into the scales, after detaching the braid.

'It weighs less than I expected,' said he.

'Two-and-sixpence is all that I can give.'

He counted the money and placed it on the counter. The gleam of the silver coin was like a sunbeam to her heart. Eagerly gathering it up, while in spite of herself the tears flowed at the idea of being able to procure something comfortable for her mother and a little bread to appease her own hunger, she left the shop. With a loaf of bread, a few vegetables, and a slice of steak, she hastened home. The meal was prepared, and could those who sit at the luxurious board glittering with plate and loaded with choice and costly viands, have beheld the mother and child, and perceived the humble gratitude that pervaded the heart of the one and the almost rapturous delight that glowed in the innocent bloom of the other, it might, perhaps, have checked their repinings at their own imaginary wants. Revived and strengthened by the food, they were enabled to finish the garment they had in hand by sunset, for which they were to receive

three shillings. Clara took it to the shop of their employer. He had left town, and the boy in attendance informed her that he would not return before several days, and that he had ordered him not to pay any bills during his absence. Early on the morning of the third day, she called to see if he had returned. He had not. She dreaded to return home, for they were again reduced to the same destitution as when she offered the bracelet to the goldsmith. As with heavy steps and heavier heart, she proceeded through the desolate streets, for it was too early for the inhabitants to be astir, she beheld a red morocco pocket-book, fastened with a clasp, lying on the pavement. As she quickly took it up, golden dreams fitted through her imagination, for a new morocco pocket-book like that, she doubted not, must contain a great deal of money. Looking round, and seeing no person in sight, she sat down on a door-step to examine the contents.—There was a pile of bank-notes, which she did not stop to count, a twenty-five cent piece, and three ten cent pieces.

'This,' she murmured to herself, taking the larger piece of silver in her hand, and reclasping the pocket-book, 'will be enough to purchase some food and a basket of fuel,' and she hastened forward to a baker's shop, which was at no great distance. Her hand was upon the latch, when the jingle of the city crier's bell caught her ear. After ringing it thrice, he repeated in a distinct, sonorous voice, as follows:

'Lost, about nine o'clock last evening, a new red morocco pocket-book, with a silver clasp, containing two hundred and five dollars in bank-notes, and about three shillings in silver. Whoever finding it, will leave it at the dry-goods store of Mr. Anderson, Derby street, will be handsomely rewarded.'

Till she listened to the words of the crier, Clara had not reflected that she had no right to what she had found. As she looked at the piece of silver in her hand, a blush burnt on her wan cheek, and she hastily returned it. Her first impulse was, to proceed directly to the shop of Mr. An-

derson, but reflecting that her mother might be alarmed at her long absence, she concluded to first return home.

'How came you by that?' enquired her mother, as she took the pocket-book from under her cloak.

'I found it.'

'Found it?' repeated Mrs. Wallace, her pale and languid countenance lighting up with a gleam of joy. 'Let me see it.'

As Clara handed it to her, 'Please count the money,' said she, 'and see if there are not two hundred and five dollars.'

'Exactly,' said her mother, after having complied with her request. 'With this sum I should be able to set up a milliner and mantuamaker's shop, which I have long been wishing to do.'

'And then we could have plenty to eat, and fire to keep us warm, and I could have a bonnet to wear to meeting and a gown and shoes to wear to school.'

'True, my child, but the money is not ours—we have no right to it.'

The tears came into Clara's eyes.

'If we could only have one of these ten cent pieces to buy a loaf of bread,' said she, 'how glad I should be.'

There was a struggle in the mother's heart, as she looked on her suffering child, but turning resolutely away, she restored the money to the pocket-book.

'We must try to find the owner,' said she.

Clara now informed her that it had been cried, and that she ran home to inform her that she was going to carry it to Mr. Anderson's. 'But,' added she, 'when I opened the door and saw how sick and sorrowful you looked, and knew that there was nothing to give you to take, nor a bit of wood to kindle a fire, it seemed to me that it would be right to keep it—that is, if you thought so too.'

'No, we must not keep it—and it is best to return it immediately. Perhaps the gentleman who lost it, will reward you for finding it.'

'O, now I remember,' said Clara, her countenance brightening, 'that the crier said that the person who returned it would be handsomely rewarded.'

Cheered by this anticipation, she wrapped the pocket-book in a clean handkerchief, and hastened to Mr. Anderson's.—A clerk stood behind the counter, and an elderly man, decently clad, with coarse inflexible features, sat near the stove.—Before she had time to make known her errand, a young man in the dress of a sailor, with a handsome but sun-burnt countenance, shaded with a profusion of short, jet black curls, entered the shop. Clara now addressed the clerk, and informed him that she had found a pocket-book answering to the description given by the city crier, of one that had been lost.

At these words the elderly gentleman started up, and advanced towards her with eyes sparkling with pleasure.

'Let me see it,' said he.

She unwrapped the pocket-book and presented it to him.

'Yes, this is the very one I lost. Now let me see if the contents are safe.' After carefully examining them, 'Not a cent is missing,' said he. 'You are an honest girl, and deserve to be rewarded.'

As he spoke, he emptied the four pieces of silver into his hand. His first impulse was evidently to give her the whole. After looking at it a moment, he withdrew one of the ten cent pieces. He hesitated a little longer and withdrew the second, then the third. He then, with a certain air of desperation, as if he feared that his resolution would give way, handed her the remaining twenty-five cent piece.

'Take that,' said he, 'and buy a new ribbon with it for your Sunday bonnet.'

She courtesied as she received it, and was going to leave the shop.

'Stop, my little girl,' said the sailor; 'as you seem to be rather lucky at finding things, if you will find the Madras handkerchief I lost yesterday, I will give you twice as much as the gentleman has for finding his pocket-book, and upon second thoughts I will give it to you without, for there is something in that little pale face of yours that takes my eye and my heart too. Here, hold your hand,' added he, un-

tying a silken purse variegated with all the colors of the rainbow.

She obeyed, and he continued to let the silver pieces slide from it into her hand till it would hold no more.

'Now,' said he, 'it is natural for me when I see a pretty little craft, if the rigging be ever so shabby, to want to know the name.'

'Sir?' said she, imperfectly comprehending his meaning.

'He would like to know your name,' said the clerk.

'My name is Clara Wallace, sir.'

'I like the name of Clara, for I had a sister by that name before I went to sea, and hope that I have still. Did you ever hear your mother say what her name was before she was married?'

'Wardwell.'

'Then I am her own brother, and you are my niece. I thought strange that I should take to you so, but it was nature that was to work in my heart. I have not been in these parts before for fifteen years, yet it seems as but yesterday that my sister Clara and I used to be messmates at the old homestead. I wonder if her eyes are as bright, and her cheeks are as rosy as they used to be.'

'No, sir—she is sick and very pale now, and though she works hard, and I help her all I can, we do not always earn enough to eat.'

'Sick, pale, and not enough to eat?—For shame, Jemmy Wardwell,' added he, lowering his voice, and brushing away a tear; 'a tar that has sailed the seas for fifteen years should never have salt water on his cheeks, except when the sea-spray dashes over them in a gale of wind.—Come, child, seeing that I am your uncle, I will take you by the hand and go home with you.'

They had proceeded only a short distance, when perceiving some market-carts, 'We will,' said he, 'lay to here, and take in some provision, for by what you tell me, we shall have to be put on short allowance if we don't.'

'I will, if you please,' she replied, 'go into this shop and buy a loaf of bread.'

And mind you get some of those nice cakes too, I see setting upon the counter.'

By the time she had purchased the loaf and cakes, he had furnished himself with a pair of fowls and a fine sirloin.

'How glad mother will be,' said Clara, 'for she has not had a mouthful of anything to eat since yesterday noon.'

'Why, this is a mere bulk that you live in,' said he, as he opened the door of the old, decayed building, 'not fit to ride out a single smart gale.'

His sister regarded him with a look of enquiry. Depositing his load of provision on the table, he grasped her warmly by the hand.

'Why, don't you know your brother Jemmy,' said he—'I have returned at last with as warm a heart as ever, and a purse a little fuller than when I left you, and it is well that I have, for by all appearances your voyage has been a pretty rough one, since I saw you last. My first look out now will be, to get you and my little niece here snug berths in a good warm cabin.—Now for shame, sister—you are too old to cry now,' at the same time drawing the back of his hand across his eyes—'it did well enough when you were a girl of fifteen, and I a boy of a dozen at the time I was going to sea, but now that we have both weathered so many tough storms, it is a shame to let the tears start at a glim of sunshine.'

The warm-hearted sailor was as good as his word. He immediately hired a convenient house, which he caused to be decently furnished. Clara was provided with suitable clothing and books, and sent to a good school. His sister's health soon became re-established, when according to her desire, the front apartment of their dwelling was fitted up as a milliner and mantuamaker's shop, which enabled her without over-exertion, in connexion with a few fancy goods which she kept for the accommodation of customers, to earn a competency independent of her brother, whom she persuaded to fund his five hun-

dred dollars, which still remained unexpended.

The enjoyment of Mrs. Wallace remained uninterrupted till one day late in the Spring, her brother entered and informed her that he had shipped on board a vessel bound to Europe.

'I like your company and Clara's,' said he, 'but there are times when the thoughts of the blue, foam-crested waves makes my heart flutter like a caged bird. I tell you, sister, there is nothing like cleaving thro' the waters with a brisk wind and all sails set, to make the blood dance in one's veins. But after all, I love better being on deck a calm Summer's night, with the wide waters round, and the clear heavens above, glittering with thousands of stars. I have never in my life felt so calm and peaceful like, as when I have stood watch on such a night. I used to think of you, and of others that we neither of us shall see any more, and should I live to take my watch again, I shall think of you oftener than ever, and of my little blue-eyed niece too.'

Clara wept, when on returning from school she found her uncle was going to leave them, and used all her eloquence to persuade him to remain. He consoled her with the assurance that the voyage would be a short one, and that should he live to return, he would remain with them many weeks.

'I don't know,' said Clara, 'when after the expiration of several months, she returned from school, and found her uncle sitting with her mother, that I shall ever again object to your going to sea, for I believe the pleasure of your return fully compensates for the pain occasioned by your absence.'

'And I, for my own part,' he replied, 'should never have had a true taste of the pleasure of being snugly moored in this comfortable little parlor with your mother, who looks ten years younger than when I came home before and found her in that weather-beaten hulk, and with you, whose cheeks make me think of the red roses that used to grow at the old homestead, if I

had not been exposed to the dangers of the sea.'

'And do you know, uncle, that all the comforts we now enjoy owe their origin to my finding that pocket-book, or rather of returning it to the owner? When I carried it home, and saw how sick and pale mother looked, and how cold and comfortless every thing was around her, I felt an inclination to keep it and appropriate the money to our own use, but although her sufferings were so much greater than mine, she encouraged me to return it, which proved the means of my meeting with you.'

'And a right happy meeting it has proved, yet at the time, though my heart is both bold and stout, it was hard work for me to keep my eyes dry, especially when I found that you had been kept so long upon short allowance.'

'Our former sufferings,' said his sister, 'will, I trust, cause us to more highly prize our present blessings.'

'I can say amen to that, and so too will my little niece.'

TO A BRIDE.

—
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

—
Imitated from the Italian, by P. Salandri.

—
The more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of Love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation, start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

From Graham's Magazine.

COTTAGE PIETY.

'Early had they learned

To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die.'

There is no piety like that in our cottages. Go through the land from one end to the other,—enter if you will at every door you pass,—seek out the dying in lordly hall, and lowly dwelling—and you will find that the humble tenants of the humblest roof, are often the most acceptable in the eyes of their Maker, and that in the words of Holy Writ, 'not many wise, not many noble are called,' but 'God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.' And there is a philosophy in this. The rich have wherewithal to enjoy themselves in this life, and what care they for one to come? but the poor find no peace from toil on earth, and gladly hail the message which bids them to a better and brighter world, where 'the weary are at rest.' Then, too, the Sabbath of the cottager!—They who live in cities, or dwell in stately palaces in the country, have no idea of the soothing calm of this day to the poor man. All through the weary week, in summer or in winter, amid cold, and rain, and heat, he is compelled to toil for the scanty pittance which barely keeps his wife and little ones alive, and when the Sabbath morning comes, and he sees all so tidy about him, while the sun smiles pleasantly through the casement, and there is an eloquent stillness on all without, a feeling of freedom and of untold peace, comes stealing over his soul, such as those who have never shared his toils cannot imagine. If he has a heart it is melted into gratitude. If he is a goodly man—and do not these very things purify his heart insensibly?—he will call his little ones around him, and, together they will lift up their thanksgivings for the blessings of another week.—Oh! how often—in some old country house, far, far away from the crimes and cares of the town—have we listened to the morning hymn, sweetly rising on the air, and seeming to go up to heaven all the

sweeter for the songs of birds and the murmurs of the stream, with which it mingled. Yes! we love

'The sound of hymns

On some bright Sabbath morning, on the moor
Where all is still save praise; and where hard by
The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun;
The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brook,
All look as if they knew the day, the hour,
And felt with man the need of joy and thanks.'

THE FOOL'S PENCE.

Why, Mrs. Crowder, I should hardly know you again! Really I must say you have things in the first style. What an elegant paper! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens! all so bright and so fresh! and yourself so well, and looking so well!

The speaker was a little sharp-featured man, who sat restlessly, with his hat in his hand, talking to the landlady of the Punch-bowl. She herself had dropped languidly into an arm-chair, and sat sighing and smiling with affectation, not turning a deaf ear to her visitor, but taking in, with her eyes, a full view of what passed in the shop, having drawn aside the curtains of rose-colored silk, which sometimes covered the window in the wall between the shop and the parlor.

'Why, you see, Mr. Berriman,' she replied, 'our business is a thriving one, and we never neglect it, for one must work hard for an honest livelihood; and then, you see, my two girls, Letitia and Jemima, were about to leave their boarding-school; so Mr. Crowder and I wished to make the old place as genteel and fashionable as we could; and what with new stone copings to the windows, and new French window-frames to the first floor, and a little paint, and a little papering, Mr. Berriman, we begin to look tolerable. I must say, Mr. Crowder too has laid out a deal of money in the shop, and in filling his cellars.'

'Well, ma'am,' continued Mr. Berriman, 'I don't know where you find the needful for all these improvements. For my part,

I can only say, our trade seems quite at a stand-still. There's my wife always begging for money to pay for this or that little necessary article, but I part from every penny with a pang. Dear Mrs Crowder, how do you manage ?'

Mrs Crowder simpered ; and raising her eyes, and looking with a glance of smiling contempt towards the crowd of customers in the shop ; 'The fool's pence, 'tis the fool's pence, that does it for us,' she said.

Perhaps it was owing to the door being just then opened, and left ajar by Miss *Jemima*, who had been serving in the bar, that the words of Mrs Crowder were heard by a man who stood at the upper end of the counter. He turned his eyes upon the customers who were standing near him, and saw pale sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He turned them upon the stately apartment, in which they were assembled : he saw that it had been fitted up at no trifling cost ; he stared through the partly open doorway into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss *Jemima* in a silk gown sitting down to her piano-forte ; and he thought within himself, How strange it is ! by what a curious process it is, that all this wretchedness on my left hand is made to turn into all this rich finery on my right.

'Well, sir ! and what's for you ?'

The words were spoken in the same shrill voice, which had made 'the fool's pence' sing in his ears.

George Manly was still deep in thought, and with the end of his rule (for he was a carpenter,) he had been making a calculation, drawing the figures in the little puddles of gin, upon the counter. He looked up, and saw Mrs Crowder herself, as gay as her daughters, with a cap and colored ribbands flying off her head, and a pair of gold earrings, almost touching her plump shoulders. 'A pint of ale, ma'am, is what I'm waiting for to-night,' (no more spirits, he thought within himself, will I touch ;) and then, as he put down the money for the ale, he looked her calmly in the face,

and said, 'There are the fool's pence, and the last fool's pence I intend to pay down for many a long day.'

George Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were sitting at work. They looked thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire so small, that its warmth was scarcely felt ; yet the commonest observer must have been struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the apartment, and every thing in it.

'This is indeed a treat, girls ! to have dear father home so soon to-night,' said Susan Manly, and she looked up at her husband, as he stood before the table, turning his eyes first upon one and then another of the little party : then throwing himself into his large arm-chair, and lying back, and smiling, he said :—

'Well, Bessy and Solly, ar'n't you glad to see me ? May not those busy little fingers stop a moment, just while you jump up, and throw your arms about father's neck, and kiss him ?'

'O yes, we have time for that,' said one of the girls, as they both sprang up to kiss their father ; 'but we have no time to lose, dear father,' said Solly, pressing her cheek to his, and speaking in a kind of coaxing whisper close to his ear, 'for these shirts are the last of the dozen we have been making for Mr Farley, in the corn-market.' 'And as no work can be done to-morrow,' added Bessy gravely, who stood with her small hand in her father's, 'we are all working as hard as we can, for mother has promised to take them home on Monday afternoon.'

'Either your eyes are very weak to-night, dear wife,' said George, 'or you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too hard by candle-light.'

Susan smiled, and said, that working did not hurt her eyes ; and as she spoke, she turned her head, and beckoned with her finger to her little boy.

'Why, John, what's this that I see ?' said his father—'What, you in the corner ! Come out, as mother beckons for you ; but

come and tell me what you have been doing.'

'Nay, never mind it, dear husband, John will be very good, I hope, and we will say no more about what is past.'

'Yes, but I must know, said he, drawing John close to him, 'Come, I shall forgive you; but tell me what has been the matter.'

John was a very plain spoken boy, and had a very straightforward way of speaking the truth. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face and said, 'The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without mother paid for them, and though he was cross and rough to mother, he said, it was not her fault, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money: and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying, till I saw her tears fall, drop, drop, on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother sent me to stand in the corner.'

'And now, John, you may bring me some coals,' said Susan, 'there's a fine lump in the coal-box.'

'But first tell me what your bad words were, John,' said his father; 'not swearing, I hope.'

'No,' said John—coloring, but speaking as bluntly as before—'I said that you were a bad man! I said, Bad Father.'

'And they were bad words, I am sure,' said Susan very calmly, 'but you are forgiven, and so you may get me the coals.'

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes, now turned to him, he felt the tears rise into his own. He rose up; and, as he put the money into his wife's hands, he said, 'There are my week's wages, dear mother. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Well, now you have every farthing, except a few pence, and they were fool's pence, that I paid for a glass of ale to-night. Keep the whole, and lay it out to the best advantage as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part,

and happier days on yours;—and now put on your bonnet, and I'll walk with you to pay the baker, and buy a bushel or two of coals, or anything else you may be in want of; and when we come back, I will read a chapter of the bible to you and the girls, while you get on with your needlework.'

Susan went up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, and she remained a little longer to kneel down on the spot where she had often knelt almost heart-broken in prayer,—prayer that her heavenly Father would in His own good time turn her husband's heart first to his Saviour, and then to his wife and children; and that, in the meantime, he would give her patience to wait, and faith to believe, and hope to look forward to the time which she now felt had arrived. She knelt down this time to pour out her heart in thanksgiving and praise. The pleasant tones of her husband's voice called her from her knees.

George Manly told his wife that evening, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and drawing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hardworking, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, and drinking, night after night, more like a beast than a man, destroying his own manly strength, and the fine health God had given him, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He made his determination from that hour; and as, according to his wife's advice, he made it not in the confidence of his own strength, but in humble and watchful dependence upon Him from whom 'all holy' desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed,' the resolution that he made, he kept.

It was more than a year after Mrs Crowder, of the Punchbowl, had first missed a regular customer from her house, and had forgotten to express her wonder as to what could have become of the good-looking carpenter that generally spent his earnings there, and drank and spent his money so

freely; it was a fine summer evening, and Mrs Crowder was walking out at some distance from home, in the neighborhood of Manly's house, where, though not far from the Punchbowl, there was enough of country to allow of small gardens in front of the cottages. In one of these Manly dwelt. He was employing himself with some of his children, in trimming and arranging the plants in the garden, and all seemed healthy, happy, and delighted.

Mrs Crowder soon recognized her long-lost customer, and after congratulating him on his appearance, and that of his family, and his house, expressed her surprise and regret that she had not seen him for so long a time at the shop he used so regularly to frequent.

'Madam,' said he, 'I'm sure I wish well to you and all people; and have good reason to do so, seeing that I and mine are doing so well, with the blessing of God. Indeed, I have reason to thank you, for some words of yours, that were the first means of opening my eyes to my own foolish and sinful course. You seem to thrive, so do we. My wife and children were half naked, and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now; for so far as sweet contented looks go, and decent raiment, befitting their station, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, Madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year, that 'tis a Fool's Pence which have done all this for us. The Fool's Pence! I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent in such a manner, that I can both ask and expect the blessing of God upon the Pence.'

Reader, could Mrs Crowder do so?

Zeno once said to a prattling youth, 'You have two ears and one mouth given you, and for this reason—that you may hear much and speak little.'

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

—
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
—

O grey-walled London Tower!
Symbol of thrall and power—
Moated, and bastioned, and curfew-belled—
Had not fair Thames's flowings,
And silver-winding goings,
By thee been long enough dark-sentinelled?
Long, long enough
O'er the great Saxon city and its crowd,
Its merchant princes and its women proud,
Had not thy feudal frown
Flung its black shadow down?

O blood-dyed Tower!
Why rose no vengeful hour
Wielding the People's axe or red-winged lightning,
To rend in twain thy seats,
Bastiles, and tow'rs, and tyrannous retreats?
Why rose not God's oppressed—
God's people starving on the plains and stones—
And all thy turrets with their fire-brands brightening
Struck for her father's groans?

Told by no feudal drum,
That hour delayed is come,
Iron-crowned William, England's Norman King!
How to-and-fro doth reel,
The belfry-bell with its appalling peal!
How doth the fire-sheet spring,
Its red Gomorrah-flames around thee ringing;—
How doth the dread incendiarism spread,
Hearing in flames the crimson-slaughtered dead;—
While the deep donjons to the topmost walls—
The Kings in their bright halls—
The charnels and their ghostly spectre-brood—
Burn in that fiery shroud.

O London Tower!
Sad sailing down old Thames's dusky stream,
While sleepward Evening's heavy eyelids ach'd,
O'er one who voyaged in a pensive dream,
Thy scenes and deeds to dim remembrance waked;
Thy fearful dramas—thy forlorn alarms—
Thy altars worn away by prayer and tear—
Men's agonies and sweats, and stripes of arms,
Crowded his eye and ear.

Dark-storied Tower!
At night! high noontide hour

Grim jailors came and dressed a funeral block,
Where in a hall obscure
A child and woman, beautiful and pure,
Kneelt down imploring God,
Fair as two angels praying.—Forward stepped,
Armed with an axe, a headman dark and dread,
Bound be the eyes of that sweet child who
wept,
Then cleft the bright-haired head.

Stained Tower! another night
Locked in embraces bright
On a white velvet bed serenely sleeping,
With eyelids like closed lilies stayed from
weeping,
An infant King, with his young beauteous
brother,
Dreamed of their happiness, and home,
and mother.
A lamp above them shone ;
Two shadowy forms in funeral folds of gloom
Sprang towards the couch, and with the
murderer's arm
Sealed those young darlings' doom.

Tower, from thy fire-strewn wreck
Infamous Gloucester, the Third Richard
King,
Seized blood-red from his nephew's hands his
sway—

There, most seraphic lady, sweet Jane Grey
Laid on the block her virginal white neck.
But the fierce storm-fire, void of reverence,
Sweeping thine arches like a fiery main,
Spare not the very hall that once held France—
Held kingly Jean.

Proud Tower! the smoke immense,
Like sable draperies roll o'er thy rifts;
Thy front, uncrowned of its magnificence,
Shows to the sun but nakedness and clefts :—
Palace of ancient kings and golden reigns,
What of thy pomp or royalty remains ?

Old Tower! now wrecked in dust,
To utter ruin thrust,
Thy cannons, and thy mortars thunder-voiced :
Splendid as sun-rays, thy ten thousand arms ;
Thy fasces, fasils, stores of war untold,
Thy steeds caparisoned in steel and gold,
Thy iron-vestured chiefs with sword and shield,
Thy black-plumed Prince and war-gods of the
field ;
But deaf oblivion in one common hole
Ignobly tombs the whole.

Titanic Tower! 'tis thus,
—Citadel ruling other Citadels!—
Thine own annihilation truly knells
The fall of thousand forts less glorious :—
For, ever-flocking round thy sovereign feet—
Bowed hosts of towers, o'ershadowed by thy
wings!—
In the terrific flame
That shook thy giant frame
The people saw thy hoary-streaming head
Roll to the spot, where 'neath the keen-edged
axe
Thy captives' rolled and bled.

MATCH-MAKING.

If there be something which elevates
and exalts us in our esteem, tinging our
hearts with heroism, and our souls with
pride, in the love and attachment of some
fair and beautiful girl, there is something
equally humiliating in being the object of
cold and speculative calculation to a match-
making family. Your character studied—
your pursuits watched—your tastes con-
nected over—your very temperament in-
quired into—surrounded by snares—envi-
roned by practised attentions—one eye fixed upon
the registered testament of your relative,
the other rivetted upon your own caprices,
and then those thousand little cares and
kindnesses which come so pleasantly
upon the heart when the offspring of true
affection, perverted as they are by base
views and sordid interest, are so many
shocks to the feelings and understanding ;
like the Eastern sirocco, which seems to
breathe of freshness and of health, and yet
bears but pestilence and death upon its
breezes ; so these calculated and well-
considered traits of affection only render
callous and harden the heart which had
responded warmly, openly, and abundantly,
to the true outpourings of affection.

At how many a previously happy hearth
has the seed of this fatal passion planted
its discord! how many a fair and lovely
girl, with beauty and attractions sufficient
to win all that her heart could wish of

fondness and devotion, has, by this pernicious passion, become a cold, heartless and worldly coquette, weighing men's characters by the adventitious circumstances of their birth and fortune, and scrutinizing the eligibility of a match with a practised acumen with which a notary investigates the solvency of a creditor! How do the traits of beauty, gesture, voice, and manner, become converted into the commonplace and distasteful trickery of the world! The very hospitality of the house becomes suspected, their friendship is but fictitious; those rare and goodly gifts of fondness and sisterly affection, which grow up in happier circumstances, are here but rivalry, envy, and ill-conceived hatred; the very accomplishments which cultivate and adorn life, that light but grateful frieze which girds the temple of holy happiness, are here but the meditated and well-considered occasions of display; all the bright features of womanhood, all the freshness of youth, and all its fascinations, are but like those richly colored and beautiful fruits, seductive to the eye and fair to look upon, but which within contain nothing but a core of rottenness and decay.—*Chas. O'Malley.*

THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

A REAL INCIDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was cursed with a better half so zantipical in temper, that she was the torment, not only of his life, but those of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves, by conciliating the common tyrant—but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation.—Even the wiser ones were spared, by having their offences visited upon a scapegoat.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany.—He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and hump-backed. What wonder that he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and that he was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez? But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humor or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day-break, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being, of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp.

But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning, Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence

created much remark—and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this—another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile, the object of their fun was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had had his dreams, as all artists, poor or rich, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day. Now—alas! however, even that hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them.

At length, the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could

he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other end of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain, for it, sufficient to furnish him with the necessities of life a week longer.

Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burthen. On his way, he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered the wearied Duhobret, that here would be market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, fallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

'What do you call your picture?' at length said he, carefully looking at it.

'It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape,' replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth!

'Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring,' answered Duhobret.

'Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers.'

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece, the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered, would give him bread for a few days. He nodded his head

to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

'Who bids? at three thalers? Who bids?' was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. 'Will it find a purchaser?' said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at public sale. 'What will become of me?' was his mental inquiry. 'That work is certainly my best;' and he ventured to steal another glance. 'Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!' That was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity.—The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

'Twenty-one thalers!' murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

'Fifty thalers!' cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation. 'One hundred thalers,' at length thundered the picture-dealer.

'Two hundred.'

'Three hundred.'

'Four hundred.'

'One thousand.'

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other, with eager and angry looks.

'Two thousand thalers!' cried the pic-

ture dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate.

'Ten thousand!' vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—

'Twenty thousand!'

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. 'Fifty thousand!' exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, 'One hundred thousand, and the devil take the dog of a salesman!'

The crest fallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobert, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, 'After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!'

When the contest ceased, he rose up, bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

'May it please your honor,' said the supposed beggar—'I am the painter of that picture!' and he again rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped: took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

'Take it, friend,' said he; 'it is the check for your money. Adieu.'

Duhobert finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of the castle; sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

Original.

—
HOME SICKNESS.
—

'How horridly dull it is here! so cheerless: so gloomy I cannot bear it! How unlike my dear old home; the pleasant fireside of my youth, and the bright scenes of my childhood. And how different is the cold politeness of strangers, from the warm, heartfelt kindness of my dear mother and my venerated father! How sweet were our evening gatherings in winter, around the large fire-place with its blazing logs; and in summer time, how delightful the twilight hours as we sauntered down the green lane, with soft gales fanning our cheeks, and the warm waters of affection eddying through our bounding hearts! Oh, it is too bad that I should stay moping here: I will go home!'

Such was the soliloquy of a young lady, who had been some twelve months or more from her parents' roof: and who was filling a lucrative and honorable situation. Yielding to the feelings of her swelling heart, as exhibited in this soliloquy, she renounced her situation, and at great pecuniary loss, returned home, simply because she was home-sick!

To us it seems, at first sight, foolish for a young lady to sacrifice her real interests

to mere feeling; and the stern philosopher might say to her, it is your duty, madam, to conquer such feelings. But who is able to bring such feelings into abeyance to a cool philosophical rule? Vain attempt! There is no sickness like home-sickness. It silences the judgment and controls the will. It hurries the mind to hasty conclusions, and blinds it to every interest and feeling but the one absorbing idea of 'Home, sweet home.'

However, we may pity a patient laboring under this disease: who can condemn her? Does not every heart harmonize with her sentiments? Whose heart does not love

'The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep?'

Who, at leaving home, is not ready to respond to the agony of the Canadian Indians, when asked to emigrate: 'What!' they cried, 'shall we say to the bones of our fathers, 'Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?''

The love of home is an affection honorable to our natures, and I love to see it, despite of the folly it sometimes hurries its possessors into; and I love the memory of Pope, because he once said, 'I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.'

CONTENTION AND STRATAGEM:

OR, THE TWO WIVES.

Few things are more common in domestic life, than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastery; and thus human beings, who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord, in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate, is unworthy of her; and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband should ever be the

head of his own household; but when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, he does well to avail himself of them, by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a poor, selfish motive, that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet, this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr Tibbets was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs Tibbets was constantly boasting that no man should rule her; that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time.

Poor Mr Tibbets submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend any point with his masculine partner; for when she broke out into a passion it terrified him half out of his senses, his face turned pale, and he trembled, like one under a fit of the ague. Mr Tibbets, therefore, considering his case a hopeless one, to secure his own peace, consented to be ruled by his wife, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr Starkey lived near Mr Tibbets, and was as effectually ruled by his wife as his neighbor was, though in a very different manner. Mrs Tibbets ruled by the loudness of her tongue and the violence of her passions, but Mrs Starkey obtained her end by stratagem.

Mr Starkey was very fond of laughing at the weakness of his neighbor. 'Would I,' said he, 'be such a poor, spiritless being, as to be ruled by my wife, no never! Poor Tibbets dare not say that the sun shines without first asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed.' Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on his part, enabled his wife to manage him very easily. If she wanted to stop at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, merely to show that he was master.

If she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner, tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs Tibbets and Mrs Starkey once agreed to have a day's pleasure. It was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a drive to see a celebrated abbey at about a dozen miles distance.

It was only necessary for Mrs Tibbets to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her to the abbey in a gig. Mrs Starkey, however, went another way to work. She felt determined to go in a chaise, and set off to Mr Starkey to bring the matter round.

'Would you believe it,' said she, 'that our neighbors, the Tibbets's, are silly enough to spend a whole day in looking over the old abbey. They mean to go to-morrow.'

'I don't know that there is anything so very silly in it. If I felt disposed to go there, or anywhere else, I would go.'

'Certainly you might go, Mr Starkey, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will.'

'Against your will, indeed! a wife ought to have no will, but that of her husband. If I thought proper for you to go, you should go.'

'Excuse me, Mr Starkey, you have had your own way too much. If I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me.'

'Trouble in persuading you! Then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I'll have my way, Mrs Starkey, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to the abbey, for whether you will or not, there you shall go!'

'Mr Starkey, I know that when you take a thing into your head, you will have your way. I never yet met with so determined a man. Mr Tibbets, I understand, wished to go in a chaise, but his wife was more prudent, and would not allow it.

She insisted on his taking a gig. Now, if you really do mean to compel me to go to the abbey, remember that I shall go in a gig too! Mrs Tibbets very properly insisted on her husband's taking a gig.'

'And her husband is a poor silly simpleton, to be ruled by her. I am no Mr Tibbets, for I will have my way, and to show you that I will, a chaise shall be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning.

In the morning, Mr and Mrs Tibbets set off in a gig, and soon after, Mr and Mrs Starkey in a chaise; Mr Starkey feeling determined to convince his wife that he was master, and his wife chuckling within herself to think how well she had managed her husband.

Now what an unworthy way it is for any husband or wife to rule by clamor or by deception! How much better to be 'kindly affectionate one towards another,' bearing with each other's infirmities and increasing each other's joys!

It is not possible for husband and wife to walk together in peace, unless they are agreed. Let then the word of God be attended to,—'Husbands, love your wives,' 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands.' Thus contention will be done away, and stratagem will be rendered useless.

THE VOICE OF THE SPRING TIME.

BY MARTIN THAYER, JR.

I come! I come! from the flowery South,
With the voice of song and the shout of mirth;
I have wandered far, I have wandered long,
The valley and hills of the South among;
On woodland and glen, on mountain and moor,
I have smiled as I smiled in days of yore;
In emerald green I have decked them forth,
And I turn again to my home in the North.

I have roved afar through the storied East,
And held on her hills my solemn feast;
Through her cypress groves my voice was heard
In the music sweet of my favorite bird;

Each plain I have clothed in the sunlight warm,
And slumbered in peace 'neath the desert palm;
A garment of light to the sea I gave,
And melody soft to each rushing wave.

O'er the isles that gem the Ægean sea
I sported and flew with frolicksome glee;
'Round the ruins grey of the olden time,
Bright garlands I hung of the creeping vine;
Ah, little they thought, who slumber beneath,
That the warrior's plume and the victor's wreath
Would fade like the blossoms that spring-time
flings
'Round the cotter's grave, and the tombs of kings.

O'er Marathon grey I walked in my pride,
And smiled o'er the plain where the brave had
died.

On the field of Platæa I laid me down,
'Neath the shadows deep of old Cithæron's
frown.

Full soundly I ween doth the Persian sleep,
When the fir trees mourn, and the wild flowers
creep;
His requiem soft I sang as I lay,
And dreamed of the glory won on that day.

O'er Italia's hills soft sunlight I poured,
And her olive groves bloomed wherever I trod;
A coronet green to the mountains I gave,
And a robe of blue to each laughing wave;
With verdure I clothed each mouldering pile,
And laughed at the glory of man the while—
For I thought how old Time had trampled in
scorn

O'er the monuments proud of yesterday's morn.

I come! I come! with the song of the thrush,
To wake with its sweetness the morning's blush;
To hang on the hawthorn by blossoms fair,
And strew o'er each field my flowrets rare.
The lark, he is up, on his heavenward flight,
And the leaves are all gemm'd with diamonds
bright;

The hills are all bathed in purple and gold;
And the bleating of flocks is heard from the fold.

Go forth! go forth! for the spring-time is come,
And makes in the North his bright sunny home;
The sky is his banner—the hills his throne—
Where in sunshine robed, he sits all alone;
In the depths of the woods his footsteps are seen
By each moss-covered rock and telltale stream;
And his voice is heard through each leaf-clad
tree,

In the plaint of the dove and the hum of the bee.

The Curiosity Cabinet.

AN ICELAND CUSTOM.—There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection and favor of the Almighty. Dr Henderson, from whom it is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen, when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessings of their Father in heaven. Even at passing a stream, which, in their country of precipices, is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom.—This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that, from their isolated situation, and mode of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instruction seems to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.

DEATH OF MIRAMACHA.—The death of this tyrant, who was the son and successor of the famous Tamerlane, happened in this wise: he was once made a prisoner by the rajah of Cascar, who generously liberated him on condition that the country of Cascar should be free from tribute. Now it happened, in a future war, the rajah became a prisoner to Miramacha; but the latter had not the generosity of the Indian, and caused the rajah's eyes to be put out, after the manner of the East. One day it was reported to Miramacha that the rajah, though blind, yet excelled in archery, and could hit a target on hearing a voice proceed from it. Miramacha, fond of such diversions, and a skilful archer himself, sent for his prisoner, that he might

behold his skill. When the rajah came to the place of trial, an officer commanded him to shoot—but he said, 'I shall not obey any one but my conqueror; when I hear the king's voice, I shall obey.' Miramacha then gave the word, and in an instant the arrow sped into the heart of the ungrateful tyrant.

THE POISONED VALLEY OF JAVA.—The usual meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society took place on Saturday, the Rt. Hon. W. W. Wynn in the chair. A paper was read by Col. Sykes, on the poisoned Upas Valley at Betur in Java, extracted from a letter by London, containing a description of his visit to the place in July, 1830. According to the statement of Mr London, this valley is twenty miles in extent, and of a considerable width; it presents a most desolate appearance, the surface being sterile and without any vegetation. The valley contains numerous skeletons of mammalia birds. In one place the skeleton of a human being was seen, with his head resting on the right hand. According to tradition, it is said that the neighboring tribes were in the habit of driving their criminals into the valley to expiate their crimes. Mr London tried the experiment of lowering some dogs and fowls into the valley, and in every case animation became quickly suspended, although life was prolonged in some instances for ten minutes. The valley proved to be the crater of an extinguished volcano, in which carbonic acid gas is generated, like the Grotto del Cane at Naples. The fabulous influence imputed to the Upas tree is therefore without foundation—the mortality being caused solely by the deleterious agency of the gas.—*London paper.*

ANECDOTE OF TWO FEMALE SOVEREIGNS. The ambition of Fredigonde and Brusehaut exposed all France to a terrible com-

fusion. These two women, bent upon each other's destruction, abandoned themselves to the greatest crimes to effect it. But notwithstanding in their lives they resembled each other, yet they widely differed in their ends. Fredigonde, who had ventured to assassinate, commit parricide and sacrilege, died quietly, having lived to obtain a victory which secured the kingdom to her son Clotaire. Brunehart, more unfortunate, met with the punishment she deserved. After having seen the throats of her grand-children cut before her eyes, she was herself sentenced to death by a general assembly of France, who were unanimous in their cry that she should be made to suffer the most rigorous torments. They put her upon the rack for three days, then led her through the camp, seated upon a camel, and afterwards tied her to the tail of an unruly horse, which by dragging her over the stones and through the briars, occasioned her a horrible death.

EFFECTS OF MATRIMONY UPON THE DURATION OF LIFE.—It is generally admitted by physicians, that matrimony, if not entered into too early, is conducive to health and long life, the proportion of unmarried persons attaining great age being remarkably small. Dr. Rush says, that in the course of his inquiries, he met with only one person beyond eighty years of age who had never been married. An English writer, however, mentions a Mrs. Malton, who died in 1733, aged 105; Ann Kerney, who died the same year, aged 110; Martha Dunridge, who died in 1752, in the 100th year of her age; and Mrs. Warren, who died in 1753, aged 104—all of whom were single persons who had never been married. The cheerful and contented are certainly more likely to enjoy good health and long life, than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; so far, therefore, as marriage serves to increase the happiness, it may serve to lengthen life. Unhappy marriages, for an obvious reason, must shorten life.

Editorial.

FEMALE LABOR.—Female labor is honorable: in the ancient times it was considered so, even by dames of the most princely birth. True, ladies of fashion, *now* affect to condemn it, and to consider that hand a vulgar one which is not white as an unspotted lily. They are very lavish of sneers towards those whose better tastes and more elevated minds or even needy circumstances lead them to engage in works of profitable industry. But such sickly, disgusting, mincing *belles*, are totally unworthy of regard, and their sneers are of as little worth as their smiles. In spite of either, every young lady should adopt the above sentence as her motto:—Female industry is honorable.

But there is one fact connected with the industry of females which demands attention and correction. Very many young ladies living at home with their parents, and wishing to earn something for the purchase of clothing, &c., are in the habit of taking in, what is technically called '*slop work*.' For this, they are paid a sum scarcely sufficient to enable them to pay the ordinary price for board; but being partly supported by their parents, they are content with the scanty pittance they receive. The manufacturer takes advantage of this fact, and cuts his prices down to the lowest point on the scale—so that scores of girls work hard all day, on some kinds of work for a paltry *skilling* or twenty cents!

Now it is clear if they had to pay their board out of this sum, that is, if wholly dependent upon it for support, they would be half starved. Is it right then, we ask, for them to submit to such prices at all? We say, no! They should demand a price equal to their support, just as much as if they had no father to assist them. For, they now injure all branches of female labor—they help to bring down the prices of all kinds of work; and the time may come when the female operative may be reduced to the same destitution as those of England. Parents should see to this, and strictly prohibit their daughters from

working for the '*slop merchants*,' for less than a fair equivalent; and girls should be willing to sustain their parents. This decision, universally adopted would eventually elevate the prices to what is right and just for all parties.

ANCIENT COOKERY.—Smile not, fair reader, at seeing this culinary caption. We are not going to read you a homily on the honorable art here mentioned. We wish merely to state a few facts in respect to its productions in classic times. We quote from the *Curiosities of Literature*, with some abridgements.

'The cooks of the ancients carried their art to the most whimsical profession.—They were so dexterous, as to be able to serve up a whole pig, boiled on one side and basted on the other! The cook who performed this feat defied his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff it with an olio composed of thrushes and other birds; the yolk of eggs, minced meats highly spiced, &c. When this cook is entreated to explain this secret art, he solemnly swears by the names of those who braved all the dangers of the plain of Marathon, and combated at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year!'

Such bombast on such a theme, is truly ridiculous. It shows however, the deep devotion of the times to sensual gratifications. We give another example.

'These cooks with a vegetable, could counterfeit the shape and the taste of fish and flesh. The king of Bythynia in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter, and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent desire for a small fish called *aphy*—a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grain of a dozen black poppies; his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to guests, as an excellent fish!'

But the best, or rather the worst in-

stance, is yet to come. One Apicius, usually resided at Minturna in Campania, where he ate shrimps at immense prices. Here, he was informed, that in Africa, shrimps were more monstrous. Without losing a day, he embarked, and after encountering imminent peril, reached Africa. The fishermen brought him their largest shrimps. He shook his head, and asked: 'Have you never any larger?' They reply, 'No!' The epicure rejects them, returns to his own shrimps at Minturna, and ever after regards Africa with profound contempt!

Such was the sensual degradation of the ancient world. What wonder that the hardy, simple livers of the North overcame them! Let us pity while we smile; and learn to avoid, while we pity their follies.

Book Notices.

WRIGHT'S *LA FONTAINE*, illustrated by J. J. Grandville, 2 vols. 8vo.

This work is a noble and elegant addition to the standard literature of America. It is a fine translation of the finest fables in the world. Fontaine has left Phædrus and Æsop far in the rear. Mr Wright has secured for himself an imperishable fame by so honorably associating himself with the name of Fontaine, as his able translator. Then its 240 superb engravings, its very superior typography, and its elegant binding, make it altogether an invaluable work to the lover of literature. We consider it a choice, valuable and rare work. Among our *twelve or fifteen thousand* readers, are doubtless many who can afford this splendid work. We advise them by all means to purchase it. Ten dollars cannot be better invested in a literary manner.

For sale by Elizur Wright, jr. Boston, by Tappan & Dennet, Boston; and Coleman, New York. Orders for the work will be received at the office of the Ladies' Pearl, and promptly forwarded to Mr. Wright. Price, in 2 vols. with 240 engravings, \$10.00;—in 1 vol. with 60 engravings, \$5.00;—in 1 vol. with 12 engravings, \$3.50.

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

ANDANTE.

TENOR.

ALTO.

TREBLE.

BASS.

God, that ma - dest earth and heaven,

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a four-part vocal setting. It features four staves: Tenor (soprano clef), Alto (soprano clef), Treble (soprano clef), and Bass (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The lyrics 'God, that ma - dest earth and heaven,' are written below the staves, with 'ma - dest' split between the Alto and Treble staves. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some phrasing slurs.

Dark - ness and light; Who the day for

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the four-part setting with the same staves and key signature. The lyrics 'Dark - ness and light; Who the day for' are written below the staves, with 'and' split between the Alto and Treble staves. The musical notation includes quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with various phrasing slurs.

toil hast given, For rest, the night!

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It concludes the four-part setting with the same staves and key signature. The lyrics 'toil hast given, For rest, the night!' are written below the staves, with 'given,' split between the Alto and Treble staves. The system ends with double bar lines on all four staves. The musical notation includes quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with phrasing slurs.

May thine an - - - - gel guards de - - - fend us,

Slum - ber sweet thy mer - - cy send us, Ho - - - ly

dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.



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THE GOLDEN APPLE.

"A word fitly spoken, is like Apples of
Gold in pictures of Silver."

SOLOMON.

LADIES' PEARL.

From the London Amulet.

A BAPTISM IN THE ISLES.

It was on one of those bright, lovely, heart-inspiring days of early autumn, by which in northern climates the fickle moodiness of spring and summer is so deliciously atoned, that a little knot of worshippers, attuned in inward feeling to the still hour of solemn Sabbath morning, and harmonizing in primitive exterior with the simple features of the island scenery around them—sat gazing, across the rarely unexed Sound of B——, on the humble tomb-stones of a quiet kirk-yard in the Outer Hebrides.

The church—a memorial of the gratitude to Heaven of some shipwrecked lord of the isles in ruder yet more pious times, was placed amid the very perils it commemorated; only sufficiently elevated, on its majestic natural pedestal of rock, above the dangerous shore, to prevent the waves by which the hallowed edifice was perpetually invaded, from actually washing it away; while often did the deep, soul-felt Hebridean prayer for those that 'go down to the sea in ships,' breathed forth by the sons of stormy Thule, derive a strange, yet awful, accompaniment, from the booming murmurings of the scarce-excluded tempest.

To-day, however, the little island fane reposed—between its rocky barrier on the one hand, and its soft, rarely-trodden church-yard on the other—in smiling Sabbath stillness, as if no storm had ever since its first erection, vexed the tranquil arm of the sea it overlooked. And pleasant, though in nature's simplest, least ambitious style, were the objects on which the eyes of its assembling worshippers rested, while awaiting in patient, uneventful quietude, the arrival, from the larger island in which he usually resided, of their ever-welcome pastor.

Immediately beneath the church, lay stretched around a little bay of silver sand, a scattered hamlet of some dozen or so of

fishermen's cottages; before whose very doors the summer waves came sporting in the sunshine, and dancing reproachfully around the keels of the one or two rude boats drawn up on the beach, as if enticing them to tempt the no longer formidable deep. With their gentle, yet cheerful murmur, mingled the gay, though, on this hallowed day, subdued, voices of children, rocking in fancied importance in the idle barks, or dabbling, fearless as their rival sea-birds, in their native element; while, from the short, green herbage, spreading inland far as eye could reach, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, or faraway note of the fast-emigrating plover, broke without disturbing the Sabbath stillness of the scene.

Its musing tenor was however, ere long, interrupted by anxious speculations on the unwonted detention of the usually punctual pastor. For many a year, often through storm and peril, had the eve of every alternate Sabbath brought him, like a ministering angel, to his beloved island flock. Never but once, (and that from a cause which the settled weather of the preceding evening now put wholly out of the question) had he delayed till the very morning of the hallowed day, his three miles voyage across the proverbially treacherous Sound of B——; nor was he at all likely, under the present circumstances, to have voluntarily done so; seeing that on this smiling, yet to many, sorrowful Sabbath, he was to unite, in one solemn, touching ceremony, the baptism of the fatherless children of a whole boat's crew of lost fishermen. To bear up the surviving widows under a sad rite, investing them with a double burden of parental duties and responsibilities, pastoral counsel and consolation would of course be abundantly needful; nor was it in the kind nature of the worthy man of God thus to defer it, but for valid, and yet unimaginable reasons. On these, conjecture was soon exhausted;

and from them the transition was easy, among a people few and isolated, and consequently linked by more than ordinary brotherhood, to the sad recollection of the event by which so many hearts (not in B— alone, but throughout the Scottish Isles) had been at once made desolate.

'I'll ne'er put faith in sea again!' exclaimed a grey haired elder of the group, as some one expatiated on its rare and placid beauty.—'It lookit muckle sic like as ye see it now, but sax short hours afore the rising o' that awfu' gale that cost our lads their lives, and made mair widows and orphans in ae night, than ever grut afore atween Dunrossness and Scalloway. Four weary days did I sit here, wi' wailing women round me, ahint the shelter o' the auld Kirk, that seemed whiles rockin' in the blast itself, and watch till my e'en blinded, wi' the spy-glass, for the men that never cam to biggit land again! And, o' the fourth, the douce South Easter blew as fierce and furiously, as though it hadna (lang ere that time) gotten its sairin o' men's precious lives. Our folk, nae doubt were blawn awa' to sea, and perished there o' cauld, and drouth, and hunger—though broken boats were rife enow for weeks they tell me after, on the wild Caitliness shore; and north as far as the verra Shetlands! But what do'st matter how the puir fallows lost their lives, since it was His will (reverently lifting his bonnet) they never should return?'

The hour of worship at length drew near. The warm autumnal haze which had for some time past risen to wrap in its robe of silver mist the distant shores of B—, yielded to the breath of a light but steady breeze; before which a boat was ere long descried, cleaving the shining waters with its broad and sunny wings, like some harbinger bird on a message of mercy from realms of light and love. But it was soon perceived, by the experienced eye of old Ronald Ross (the envied possessor of the sole spy-glass on the island,) that, instead of the usual neat skiff, wont to convey over calm and summer seas the expected pastor, the advancing craft was a black weather beaten sea-boat; filled too by a far larger crew than the four youthful rowers who, in clean checked shirts, and trows of holiday Tartan, claimed the privilege of manning, on ordinary occasions, the minister's little pinnacle.

Curiosity, not the less keen for lack of frequent alimint, was abundantly excited. The glass passed rapidly from hand to hand among the male-gazers, while the women launched out into an ocean of conjecture. Could it be dread of a storm at that uncertain season which brought the winter boat across to-day? Could it be

the fishermen of B— accompanying the minister on his sad, but interesting duty to the orphans of their deceased comrades? Or last, not least, could the chief himself have chanced to visit the isles, and be coming in person to grace the rite, and solace, with his well-known kindness and liberality, the sorrows of many a widowed heart? The supposition was not an unlikely one, for the venerable pastor had been his beloved and honored tutor, and often had they in after life gone hand in hand in deeds of charity and mercy.

But, as the nearing boat, in rounding a projecting headland, turned her dark side more broadly to the view, forms were first suspected, and then descried, to be within her, more familiar and dearer far than even the white haired man of God, or the gay gallant heir of Castle B—. 'Gude saf is!' exclaimed old Ronald Ross, well nigh dropping on the rocks his precious spy-glass—'if the foremost man in the bows o' yon boat be na Neil Bryden himself, it maun be his wraith!'

'Neil Bryden!' echoed a dozen voices at once.—'Neil Bryden! Surely Ronald, the taisch* maun be on ye, that ye see drowned men in the body, by the fair light o' day on a Sabbath morning!' 'It's fifteen weeks yesterday since Neil Bryden and a' his crew sailed out o' the cove down bye. Think ye they'll ever see't in life, till the sea gie up its dead, as the minister said in the burial sermon?'

'It has gi'en them up, and afore its time; His name be praised!' said another grey-headed elder, who had saved the glass from falling, and ever since been gazing through it. 'We've lost her now round the point; but ere she gaed out o' view I saw Neil Bryden, and lang Macleod, and Jock the mainlander, and the twa Mackinnons, a' standing livin' men thegither. But my een reeled, ye may believe, and I could na count them rightly; and—here his voice fell—'I did na see him I wad faintest hae seen o' them a', and that's the gallant skipper, blythe Angus Roy; and his wife has the sairest heart o' ony, for she's no island born, and pines for her ain folk. But he might be yonder, and me no see him; there was ae strapping chield ahint the mast that I could na mak' out ava'.'

'God grant it may be Angus come to life wi' the lave, if so be that you are livin' men, and a real timber boat, and no a delusion o' the enemy,' said Ronald, lifting his bonnet as he spoke. But, ere his cautious speech was uttered, men, women, and children, had rushed down a short but precipitous path, leading directly to the

* Second sight.

little port below. Just as the foremost runner's foot touched the margin of the sequestered natural harbor, its silver sands grated beneath the keel of the dark fishing-boat, and out leaped headlong on their native shores half a dozen joyous, but thin and weather-beaten mariners. Some stooped and kissed the ground they never more had hoped to see, with frantic eagerness; some knelt and uttered forth, regardless of human eyes, their thankfulness to Him who rules the deep; some, who found relatives in the already assembled crowd, embraced them, half afraid to ask for others, nearer and dearer still.

To these, the thoughts of all, of the good minister especially, were instantly directed; at whose considerate suggestion, indeed, the boat had been run into the quiet cove, instead of making at once for its usual landing-place below the village. Thither he now proceeded, restraining by his gentle authority, the haste of many an indiscreet herald of a tide of joy too mighty to be abruptly poured into any human bosom.

But, in this joy, as in every earthly cup, however overflowing, there mingled a drop of sadly contrasting bitterness. One was indeed missing from amid the rescued crew; and that, the head of all—the brave experienced Angus from the mainland; whose superior knowledge of fishing affairs, and peculiar habits of steadiness and sobriety had marked him out for the captain of the boat, of which, indeed, he was himself chief owner. And many were the lingering looks and thoughts, cast even by the excited group—who could hardly be restrained to follow at a cautious distance the preparatory advance of the minister to homes of new-born happiness, towards the solitary dwelling about half a mile inland, where the widow of Angus Roy (the deepest mourner of them all, from her natural character and isolated position in a land of comparative strangers) sat rocking on her knee the now sole orphan on whom the blessed waters of baptism were that eventful morning to distil.

'God help and pity Mhairi!' was the cry that burst from many a heart, regardless, under the thought of her enhanced affliction, of what seemed almost the cruel mockery of joy, in store for other dwellings. Even the rescued mariners, while telling by the way, in answer to a thousand disjointed questions, the brief story of their miraculous deliverance, shrunk from the drawback on their homeward pilgrimage, inflicted by the loss of gallant Angus Roy. 'It was na in man to save him!' exclaimed they anxiously, as if deprecating blame, which none dreamed of imputing to them, 'He wad bide, a we could

say or do, the last man in the boat he had steered sae lang; and when his kent hand left her helm, to grip the rope that was to mak her fast, and keep her frae drifting, the auld ungrateful——gae a sudden kedge astern, and drew Angus (wae sit on each) fairly aween her and the tall merchant brig, that lay tossing in the trough o' the sea, and had ill eneuch ado to tak ony o' us in. She fought hard though, ye may believe, and us aboard her, to recover him! Neil Bryden then louped into the sea, ere ever man could hinder him (for weel he likit Angus,) and ance he thought he grippit his hair; but it was but the rope o' the auld black boat after a'; and we brought her hame, ill doin limmer as she was, for Angus's sake. She'll aye win a penny for his wife and fatherless weans!'

'God help and comfort her and them!' burst from many a heart: 'but there will nae need to gae near her till the minister can won himsel. Its wark for nae but the like o' him, honest man, to keep her frae sinfu' repining, when a' the lave hae sae muckle cause for joy!'

'I'm come to help him, with God's blessing,' said a frank, and what would under other circumstances have been almost a joyous voice, from among the rescued band; and all eyes turned on the 'strap-ping chield,' old Ronald Ross's spy-glass had failed to make out behind the minst of the boat, and who on landing had still lingered, almost unheeded, behind the quickly encompassed islanders.

'And wha are ye that should hope to bring comfort to Mhairi Bean?' asked the grey-haired elder, who had eyed the lad for some time with perplexed half-recognition. 'Even her ain father's son, another Angus (half as dear may be to her, as the aye that is with God,) come all the way from America, to do for Mhairi and her bairns what He enables me, and she shall bid me,' replied the youth, in the same frank and fearless tone which marked his first introduction to the notice of the group. 'God's blessing on ye, callant!' rose on every tongue, as the sympathies of the lingering crowd fairly deserted the more common-place scene of joy before them, for the strangely mingled burst of widowed grief, and reviving natural affection which must await the arrival of the young man on his sister's desolate hearth. But without the minister's sanctioning presence none durst encounter it; and, rejoicing first with those that rejoiced, they all felt, might enable and strengthen them to mourn with her, who (even in a long relinquished brother's arms) they knew could not do otherwise than weep.

Meantime the precautions of the worthy pastor had proved unavailing. The boat

had been observed from the village to be of larger size and stronger build than usual; and, though no spy-glass there revealed glimpses (as of the world of spirits) to the sick hearts of the expecting matrons, curiosity *was* excited. A group of the elder fisher-girls (lingering from past associations near the scene of their once cheerful labor) bent on the nearing bark a gaze of wondering recognition, while the instinct, more unerring still, of their sagacious Highland terrier, led him to forego his race's unamphibious habits, and stand with ears and tail erect, fairly amid the curling waves. At length a wild, half-witted boy, son to one of the long-lost fishermen, dashed bare-legged across a narrow creek of what might be called his native element, to rouse the astonished village with tidings of a spectre-boat, with Neil Bryden at the helm, and his own well-known father, Hugh Mackinnon, sitting pale and wraith-like, in the bows.

The rumor ran like wild-fire through the straggling hamlet—one by one its half-appalled, half-doubting inmates appeared on their long-deserted thresholds. It was to see, in the advancing crowd, the confirmation of part at least of the young scout's strange communication. Sailors *were* there, more numerous far than usually attended on the pious pastor; figures *were* there, in whose gait and stature affection could not be deceived; faces (soon even these could be described) there were, but dearer far for the tears of care and sorrow which none would have wished, at such a time, to see utterly banished thence. Before the wondrous group could thread its way through rocks to the open bay on which the hamlet stood four women in deep widow's garb, were locked in the arms of those they had for months deplored as lost; and the husband of a fifth (whom joy had paralysed while it lent wings to others,) the elder Mackinnon, was clearing with gigantic leaps, while before him bounded his half-witted boy—the space between him and the hearth, where one, always delicate, and now enfeebled by distress, sat wondering whether it was she or her poor ladie, whose brain was in some strange manner turned to-day.

Long and fondly were wives strained to hearts that never thought to beat again beneath the friendly burden; but even wives soon yielded in interest to the yet unseen babes, whom, tossing on the midnight sea, or gazing at childish groups round friendly though far distant hearths—parents had sought to image to their longing minds! Quickly flew the covering from the cradles, where lay, adorned for the approaching solemnity, the innocent creatures, dearer to mother's hearts for the grief amid which

they had first had power to win a smile! Were they not lovelier, finer, dearer far in father's eyes, than ever peaceful parents kissed at rarely-left firesides? They were; and if not smothered in the long arrears of overwhelming tenderness, the share their mothers and elder prattlers claimed, had alone the merit of averting the catastrophe. But why dwell on scenes like these? Who does not know or feel better than man can paint it for him, the joy too incoherent for words, which springs from meetings deemed (on earth) impossible, and ties renewed when buried in the grave?

The pastor soon saw that here his ministrations were superfluous, save that one brief impressive soul-felt prayer, which stilled like precious oil the tumultuous waves of rapture, and called a chastened feeling downward from that heaven to which it rose. All joined, in deep unbidden reverence, in the holy tribute which, with the judgment that marked all his intercourse with human creatures, the minister saw must supersede, on this eventful day, the stated morning services of the sanctuary; whose evening worship he purposed to render doubly hallowed by that interesting baptismal service, which all, with subdued yet grateful hearts, would then be fitter to attend.

Duty, meanwhile, painful yet deeply interesting duty, summoned him elsewhere. For, abruptly as joy had been allowed to try its strength on human weakness, sorrow had been held sacred even by a rude, unpolished people. No murmur had wafted to Mhairi Bean's low cottage the wondrous tale of general joy and individual bereavement. She sat, trying by many a kiss to nerve her heart to bear in the sacred font the child no father would be there to claim from her; little thinking how bitter, how unendurable, indeed, would be the glance which would show her, ranged around it, fathers yielded back by the greedy deep, as if in mockery of her still lonely hearth and unacknowledged babe. But He who numbers all the widow's tears, had sent one she little dreamed of to assume the sponsor's office; and for this it was necessary, as soon as might be, to pave the painful way.

Accompanied alone by the young transatlantic highlander, and by Neil Bryden, whose presence, as her late husband's oldest and tried friend, it was thought the bereaved one might, when the sad discovery was made, be induced with least of agony to bear, the good pastor entered, with his wonted familiarity, the dwelling of 'Mainland Mary.' The visit, as preliminary to the day's trying solemnity, had not been unexpected. Composed, decently attired, and surrounded by three smiling elder

children, the stranger widow, whom no relative of her own attended to support throughout the painful day, thought it but like her reverend minister, to come himself to fetch the loneliest stricken sheep in his flock home to her Father's house. Choking with feelings too mighty even for his disciplined mind, he sat down beside the unsuspecting mourner, while the others yet waited without; though the half-closed door let not a word escape them of the touching conference, and said, 'Mary, when last we met, you could say through your tears, 'Blessed be the Lord!' though he had seen meet to 'take away the delight of your eyes with a stroke!' Did the blow, that at the same time fell on other broken hearts, teach you, even in the midst of your own sorrows to weep with those that wept? Or did the general calamity make your own feel lighter and less grievous?'

'Oh, sir,' cried the heart-broken young creature, 'ye canna surely think sne! Do my sorrowed bairns lie lighter on my heart, or their puir drowned father come less often to my dreams, because five widows like mysel maun tak fatherless babes in their arms, down by to the kirk the day?'

'And what if they did not stand so situated, Mary? What if you alone bore the burden as an erring God has been pleased to lay on you? Could you rejoice—or, if that is too much for frail human nature, could you bear with those who, in His mysterious providence, are all—save yourself—widows no longer?'

'Save me!' echoed the poor bereaved one, scarce comprehending the bewildering distinction—scarce accountable for the first extorted murmurs of despair, 'Save me, the loneliest, and weariest, and waest o' them a'; wi' nae friend o' mine ain to tak me awa' frae a place and folk that I canna bide langer wi' and live?'

'I'll tak ye awa', Mhairi dear!' exclaimed the young Nova Scotian, bursting unbidden into the room, and throwing his arms round his sister. 'Do ye no mind your wild brother Angus, that ye grat sae to part wi', and said ye wad never see mair? I have nae forgotten how ye pled for me whiles, when I angered the lave wi' my daffin'; or the crown ye sewed in to the faulds o' my gravat, nor the counsel ye gied me never to forget Scotland and you! I'm come back to be father and mother, and man to you Mhairi; to bide wi' ye here, if ye bid me, or take ye to Arisaig the morn, if ye like to gang.'

'Arisaig!' murmured the widow, as if the last well-known name alone had roused her overwhelmed and bewildered faculties. 'Na, na, laddie! the bare walls,

and could hearth-stones there, wad be waur than the eerie dwallin, and fremit hearts here!'

'But there's nae bare wa's or could fire-rides where I bid ye gang, Mhairi dear; but bein' houses and warm ingles, and a' your ain folk to gie you a canty lauch-coning. It's Arisaig over the seas where I cam frae, and would fain carry you. D'ye no ken that we ca'd our bonny new fishing-ground yonder, by the name our hearts aye warm to, at home?'

'I had heard sae, may be, laddie!' (for from pronouncing her brother's name she still seemed to shrink.) 'But, troth, I thought nibbless o' ye a' than I could hae done, till I had nae forbye to think o'. Oh, Angus, Angus!' here the suppressed passion burst forth at length, 'Tak me whaur ye will, ye canna gie me back the Angus that the deep sea hauds in its bosom! But I'll gang wi' ye, dear, 'deed will I; and the blessing o' the widow and fatherless be wi' ye for mindin' me!'

'Mindin' ye, Mhairi? Con a mither forget her bairn? an our's cried when Neil Bryden there speired if she remembered her far awa' dochter? Ye maun speak to Neil, Mhairi, dawtie; and tak the hand he's been hauding out to ye ever sin' he cam in. He was a leal friend to him that's awa'; and has left his ain wife to her joy to come here and see you in your sorrow.'

'Neil Bryden!' said the bereaved one, endeavoring to look up, while an involuntary shudder crossed her frame, and buried her head once more on her brother's breast. 'Neil, how came ye here, and a' the hands forbye, I thought I heard them say—and him—him—'

'As God shall judge us, Mhairi, it was nae fau't o' man's; and when the boat sundered frae the ship, and Angus sunk between them, the mirk night, and raging sea, made it madness to hope to save him. But it was tried, Mhairi, doubt na that! The fremit Aberdeen skipper put about his vessel at the risk o' his life, and aye o' puir Angus's comrades jumped into the black boiling water, to keep him to ye if it had been God's will.'

'There stands the man, Mary,' interposed the pastor in a kind yet gently admonishing tone, 'will you not put your hand in that which stretched out, at risk of life, to save your husband?'

'Will I?' exclaimed the rebuked and once more freely weeping widow, as she tore herself from her brother's arms, and speechlessly graped, though with averted face, both the hands of the fairly-robbing mariner: 'For what ye've done, Neil, I'll bless and pray for ye to my dying day; and ye maun say,' her voice subsiding to an almost inaudible whisper, 'to Mar-

Bryden, that grat sae often wi' me whaur you're standin' now; thus I'll try and no repine that she need greet nae langer. Gang till her Neil, for, oh, I ken su' weel she's wearyin on you!

'She'll no weary, lang, Mhairi, for we'll a' hae to be stappin down to the kirk be-lyve. But I canna leave ye wi sic a sair heart and no tell you—afore your wiselike stalwart chield o' a brother there, how happy ye'll be yet when ye win out to your folk owre sea, and how kind, for auld Scotland's sake, they can be to puir heart-broken shipwrecked men. Think na to feel strange, Mhairi, when ye land on you far awa' shore! I've never felt a moment's strangeness since, after five lang nights and days o' weary drivin' owre the wide sea, out o' a' sight o' hope o' home; Ane abune a' sent a vessel through the Pentland Frith to rescue us. Our sail was a' rent, Mhairi, and our oars mairly washed awa'. The last drap o' water in the keg was drank lang syne, and the last dreg o' meal in the barrel licked dry, through our dryer throats wad scarcely let it owre, when the ship cam fleein' round the Head, like an angel frae heaven.'

'Feared were we a' she wadna see us, for night was darkenin' fast as she came nigh, and as we were bath drivin' awa' afore the gale, she was likelier to sink than save us! It was your Angus, Mhairi, it will be a comfort to ye to hear it, that saved our lives, if we could na save his, puir fallow! He had his gun in the boat—the gun ye were wont to say wad be his death among the wild craigs after the sea-fowl; weel, the sound o' that gun was the first thing that let the ship's crew ken there were men in jeopardy afore them. They fire aguin—oh, what a blessed sound was that to perishing creatures! We had mostly a tint heart the last twa days, and our strength seemed failed and gone; but that gun put life into the weakest, and we stood to our oars again, as if arm o' man could do aught but sit still and bide the Lord's time to save us.

'The ship came driving on, hung wi' as many lights as the blast wad let her burn; ropes and kind hands were flung in dozens over her side, we grappled some, and others grappled us, and God only can tell how we were a' landed—save him that's landed on a better shore, Mhairi—on board the Aberdeen brig that saved us.'

'Oh, but her crew were kindly couthy creatures, and gae us our bite and soup as though they had been our brothers born! But their tongue was a wee fremit like; and they couldna speak o' our ain isles, and lochs, and firths, that they never saw, and scarce heard tell o'. But when we

landed at Pietou, Mhairi, it was maist as like hame as Wick or Stornoway. The hieland tongue was in every street and hieland hearts in every house. The first thing I speired after, Mhairi, next to my ain gude brither frae the Lewis that I found was dead and gone, was for a' your folk frue the mainland: for I thought your heart wad warm the mair to them now than ever; and wha should I speir at but Angus there, that I had never saw, but who had heard o' the boat picked up at sea, and cam fleeing to the town to see lads frae the isles. Man and mither's son o' us, he wad hae us out to Arisaig; and bonny as ye may think the place they ca' sae in Scotland, its narthing, they tell me, to the land o' their ain makin' owre bye. Its no but they like their ain hills and lochs, best still, the auld falk especially; but there was nought but starvation, and misery, and heart-break here, and yonder they've meat, and drink, and clendin to the mast; and the mae mouths, the mair to fill them wi'; so your bairns will be a fortune to ye there, Mhairi, in place o' a heart-break.'

'Aye,' interrupted the Nova Scotian, eagerly, 'when I first gaed out, Mhairi, little as ye thought o' the wild callant at hame, I won mair siller in a week wi' the axe in the bonny woods yonder, than our father could win in a year; let him toil as he likit. But ye'll come out wi' me and see, Mhairi, and ye needna tak thought for being a burden to any one; for the white wheat's plantier in the land I come frae, than the black aits in the strath ye left; and the fruit trees grow like the birks in the laird o' Ardvallan's haga. It's just a land o' promise, as the gude minister there wad ca'. We've a gude aye o' our ain, out bye just like him; and a kirk by the sea-shore, maist as grand, though be biggit it ourselves, at St. Coul's down yonder.'

'I rejoice to hear it, young man,' said the good pastor kindly. 'Scottish hearts cannot long beat any where, without yearning for the word as preached to their fathers. But you remind me that there is a solemn duty abiding us at home. Mhairi, you are aware that the infant in yonder cradle awaits a name, in token of admission into his Master's flock. Can your heart rise in thankfulness to Him who has sent, to fill a father's place, another sponsor bound and ready to fulfil his part?'

'Aye, Sir!' said the now calm, and wondrously supported mother. With composure almost amounting to dignity, she walked towards the cradle, lifted thence her sleeping babe, delivered him, with one long and silent kiss, to the uncle, around whose knees the other children had already unconsciously clung, and say-

ing, 'God be wi' ye, my bairn, and mak' ye like him whose name ye are to get the day!' rushed, by an opening behind the fire-place, into the other end of the cottage.

With grief, chastened and hallowed as that which her parting words indicated, the minister felt that she might safely be left to commune alone. The party quitted the house; the young godfather, bearing with a mixture of pride and awkwardness, the precious babe entrusted to his sponsorship; while a staid little girl of seven, the destined substitute for a too-naturally absent mother, held firmly by the long frock of the charge, of which she felt, as it were, defrauded.

Neil Bryden, now that his benevolent task was done, ran nimbly forward with a lightened heart, to meet his own wife and child, whom respect only for Mhairi's feelings had kept lingering during his visit, within sight of the cottage; resolved, as he smothered with a fresh set of kisses, his smiling crowing babe, that it, too, should be named Angus, and trained to resemble its gallant godfather. The bell for worship now mingled sweetly with the wild music of the summer waves on the rock-founded walls of the rude island-house of God. The little hamlet poured its slender tide of feeble staff-bent grandsires, and plaided grandames, and heedless children, as usual, along the rugged kird-yard path. But it was swelled by manly stalwart forms in sailor-garb to-day, and neat coiffed matrons, their weeds thrown hastily aside for bridal garments, bearing each a white-robed candidate for immortality, brought up the glad procession to this 'Baptism in the Isles!'

Original.

THE WIDOW'S GEM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Tears for the beautiful! who sank
From life's scarce-tasted joys away,
As fades the rosebud on its stalk,
As fleets the dew-drop from the spray.

Tears for the widow'd mother's gem!
On which her trembling hope was stayed,
Borne darkly from her sheltering breast,
And in the earth's cold casket laid.

Joy! for the fainting form releas'd
From sharp disease and suffering's sigh,
Long sleepless nights, and days of pain
That drain'd the fount of being, dry.

Joy, for the ransom'd soul, at rest
With Him, to whom its early love
Was consecrate, who bade her join
The banquet of the saints above.

For thus, our faith, with glorious power
Doth blend the bitter and the sweet,
The tear and smile, the joy and pang,
As trophies at the Saviour's feet.
Harford, April, 1842.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE FLOWERS AND THE LEAVES.

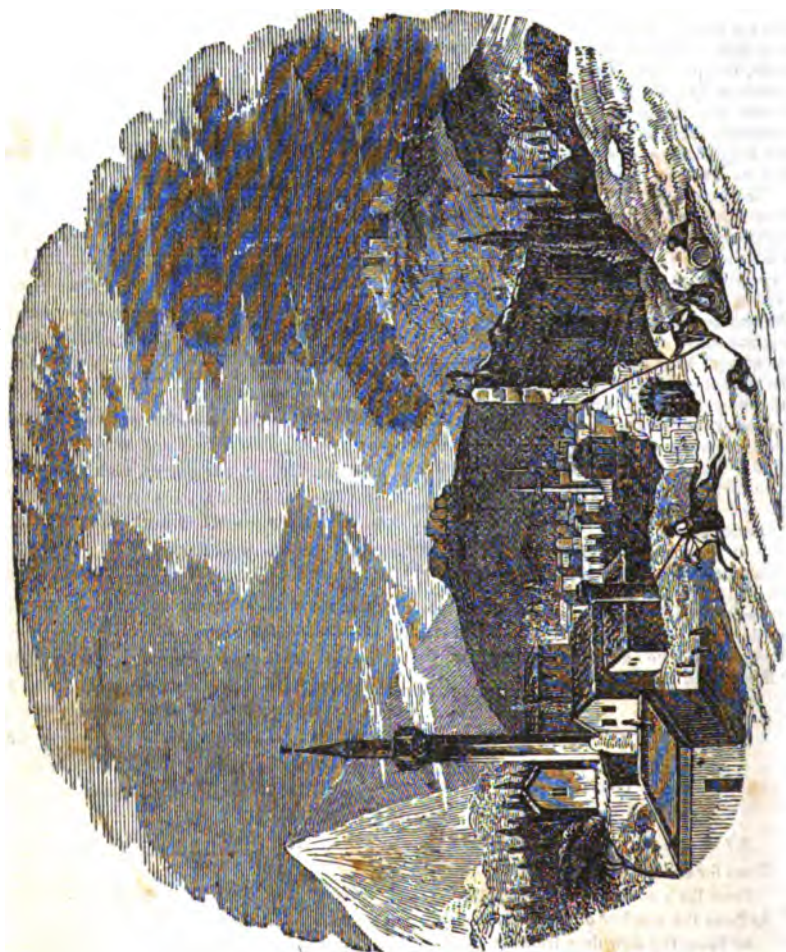
AN APOLOGUE.

When the flowers withered in May, and pale and wan lay upon the earth, the Leaves exclaimed, 'What frail, useless things! Scarce born and they sink into the earth! But we, the longer we remain in the summer heat, grow broader, and smoother, and fairer, and after a life of many months, when we have brought forth and given earth the finest fruits, then, with variegated colors and amid the cannon thunder of the storm, sink to rest.'—But the fallen Flowers rejoined: 'We have indeed perished but not before we had given birth to the fruits.'

Ye silent, unobserved, or soon forgotten ones amid the common walks of life, in the counting-room; ye little esteemed masters of the school room; ye noble benefactors without name in history; and ye unknown mothers! despond not at the glitter and pomp of royalty, or the triumphal arches reared o'er the entombed victims of the battle-field—despond not! Ye are the flowers!

GOOD RETORT. A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. 'My love,' said he, 'I am only like the Prodigal Son; I shall reform by-and-by.' 'And I will be like the Prodigal Son too,' she replied, 'for I will arise and go to my father:' and accordingly off she went.

Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his: 'tis death himself there dies!



Original.

ANCIENT PHILADELPHIA.

This engraving represents the present appearance of this ancient city. It is now called Alah-shehr, which signifies 'THE CITY OF GOD.'

Emphatic name! It speaks the truth of prophecy: 'Because,' said the Omnipotent, 'thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world:' and in describing the condition of Asia Minor, the skeptical Gibbon has said 'Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins!'

Philadelphia was founded by Attalus Philadelphus, near the river Cogamus, in Lydia, and was one of the Apocalyptic churches. Twice it has suffered severely by earthquakes; but it survives and though the crescent of Turkey waves above its walls, yet it has about one thousand Greek christian inhabitants, five large churches, a resident bishop, and twenty inferior clergy.

Original.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

BY DANIEL WISE.

Most clear and beautiful did the sun rise on Massachusetts Bay one November morning. Not a cloud dimmed the blue sky, and scarce a zephyr fanned the sleeping waves, that sparkled in the sunbeams as if smiling at the glorious light. The numerous ships that dotted the bay, rolled lazily as the tide laved their dark sides; and the stout fishermen threw aside their *dreadnaughts*, as they toiled for the finny tribe on the margin of the bay. It was indeed a beautiful morning, too soon to be succeeded by a drear and cheerless night.

About noon, the haze which had been increasing for the past two hours, threw a dull shadow, that lay like the black wings of the spirit of evil, upon the waters; and, though the wind had not yet risen, the waves murmured mournfully as if the pitying spirits of the deep were

chanting dirges of sorrow for the doomed victims of the coming storm.

The fishermen of a small town a few miles east of Boston were hastily mooring their trim craft on the banks of their winding river. One of them, a sturdy old sailor, remarked to his companions, 'We shall have it before night, my hearties. A stiff gale is brewing, and Heaven help the craft that happens on our coast this eve.'

A heavy gust of wind just then swept the bay, bearing on its angry bosom a cloud of snow flakes. 'Ay, ay—another hand at the bellows! Well, roar on, old Boreas, we are safely moored and care not a yarn for your grumbling;' remarked another of the fishermen.

'I guess,' replied a third, 'this will be no common gale, and may the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, watch for the life of poor Jack.'

Steadily the gale increased, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow. With night the storm gathered fresh energy until the furious howling of the wind and the roaring of the maddened waters became awfully portentous of evil to the poor mariner. Very few of the dwellers on the eastern shore slept that night; and those who had prayers to spare, offered them, for the protection of the sailor. And yet, none ventured abroad, for who could contend with the awakened fury of the elements?

The dawn brought a suppression of the gale, but also served to reveal the horrible doings of the night. Broken spars, and timbers washed on the shore gave sure evidence of shipwrecks; and men looked pale as they thought of the many brave fellows who had slept their last long sleep under the cold wave that stormy night.

Near the town, we have alluded to, is a long line of low, sandy shore, facing the northeast—a dangerous and deadly spot, for many a noble bark has stranded there. It presented a scene of unusual bustle the morning after the gale, for the broken hull of an English vessel lay there. She had been driven ashore in the night, a com-

plete wreck: of twelve men on board, nine had perished in the wave. Three had reached the shore, ignorant of where they were, unable to find shelter. One of them a fair young man, the mate; overcome by exhaustion and cold had died upon the shore and the others were little better than dead. The keeper of the lighthouse had discovered them, the neighbors were aroused and the pale, wet forms of the scarcely surviving two, together with the stiffened body of the mate were borne to a place of shelter and repose. Kindness, and hospitality restored the sufferers. The mate was buried on the following sabbath day, and as the people gazed at his noble countenance, half buried in black locks of curling hair, they whispered, 'twas a pity one so young and fair should perish so untimely,' and the women wept, and said, 'Heaven help his poor wife to bear the dreadful tidings.' For many months, when the storm raged, did the people talk of the fine young sailor that lay buried in the village grave-yard.

About two miles from Gosport, (England,) stands a picturesque village, embosomed in trees; but presenting in front a fine view of Portsmouth harbor. In the distance rises the dim outline of the venerable castle of Porchester, while up and down the channel scores of noble ships sit like swans upon the water, ready to do good service at their country's call. On the other hand rise the vast buildings of the Navy yard, and farther off still is the embattled town of Portsmouth, with the grey old tower of St. Thomas's Church, peering high over all beside—looking like the presiding guardian of the town.

Commanding this view stood a cottage, a pretty cottage with a thatched roof; and ornamented in front with a tasty garden, well stocked with humble flowers. Within dwelt an aged lady—her daughter, a matronly young woman of twenty-five, and a chubby little boy scarcely a twelvemonth old

'Why are you so gloomy, Maria?' said the old lady to her daughter, who sat lean-

ing over the table in a musing attitude.

'I am thinking, mother, it is time for James to return. It is eighteen weeks since he left us and what is very, very strange he has not written to me at all.'

'Don't be discouraged, child. He may be here to day,' replied the elderly matron, though her tone of voice gave evidence that she had some misgivings in her own mind.

'I hope it may be so. But, oh! my mother, if he should be drowned!' and the young wife gave vent to the fulness of her heart in a flood of tears.

That same afternoon, a boat was seen slowly sailing up the harbor to the cottage at Hardway. The quick eye of the wife detected the persons of two sailors, who, she knew, formed a part of her husband's crew. With a face of ashy paleness, she drew back from the window and sinking into a chair, exclaimed; 'There come two of his crew but not my husband!'

Two sailors entered the house, and seating themselves, maintained for some time a painful, awkward silence. Suppressing the tide of feeling within, by an energetic effort, Mrs Stevens broke this ominous silence by saying, with a voice tremulous with emotion 'Fear not to speak! I am prepared to hear the worst. Tell me where is my husband!'

The men looked at each other, their eyes filled with tears, and remained silent. 'Ah!' continued she, 'I read it in your looks.—My husband is lost!'

'Indeed, ma'am, we could not save him. We bore him through the dashing foam and laid him on the sand, but before daylight he died,' said one of the sailors.

'Where?' cried the wife in a voice so shrill, it started even the hardy seamen before her.

'On the coast, near Boston. In a terrible storm last November, we went ashore in the night. All went down but Mr Stevens and ourselves. Poor fellow! he was worn out, and before daylight, he anchored in eternity.'

'What did ye with his body?'

'We buried it like a christian's, in the

village grave-yard. It almost broke our hearts, to see how the people wept when we buried him !'

'God bless them for their kindness!' said the distressed widow through her tears. 'But was James sensible when he died ?'

'Yes ma'am, until the fatal sleep came over him, and then he neither moved nor spoke.' He went off as quiet as a baby goes to sleep.'

'What did he say before he slept?'

'He did not say much, but he told us to tell you not to despond, for God would take care of you and your child; and he begged us to take a lock of his hair, and give you, if ever we got home, and then his lips moved as if he prayed, and he went to sleep.'

The feelings of the widow at this distressing intelligence, beggars description. It would be only mocking her grief to attempt to describe it. Hers was not the violent sorrow, that sweeps over the heart like a whirlwind and departs; it was the deep gnawing grief that fastens on the feelings and gnaws the life of the sufferer away.

* * * * *

Three months after this scene, a woman in widow's weeds landed from the stage at the hotel in —. She inquired for the village grave-yard—for the grave of the shipwrecked sailor: and over that holy spot she went to weep. Every day for nearly four months she visited it and watered the flowers she planted, with her tears. Who she was, she would not tell, and none dared too rudely to invade the sanctuary of sorrow. Soon, a grave-stone rose at the head of the grave. It bore this inscription: 'Sacred to the Memory of James Stevens, a shipwrecked sailor. Erected by his widow !' Here then, the mystery was solved. It was the *sailor's widow*, who had crossed the ocean to pay the tribute of love at her husband's grave! It was a beautiful instance of woman's constancy.

She returned to her cottage home by the water side. Her widow's weeds she

never relinquished, for she could not forget her husband.

Reader! there is more of truth than fiction in this simple sketch; and many a sigh is yet heaved by the strolling villager at —, as his eye rests on the sailor's grave, and he remembers the love of the *Sailor's Widow*.

Lowell, April, 1842.

From the Boston Miscellany.

THE FORLORN.

THE night is dark, the stinging sleet,
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
Drives whistling down the lonely street
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare, and struggle dim
Thro' the white sleet-clouds, as they pass
Or governed by a boisterous whim
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
Faces the east wind's searching flaws,
And, as about her heart they whirl,
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze,
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,
And piercing through her garments thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there
Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow
Streams outward through an open shutter,
Giving more bitterness to woe,
More loneliness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt
Until she saw this gush of light,
Spread warmly forth and seem to melt
Its slow way through the solid night.

She hears a woman's voice within,
Singing sweet words her childhood knew
And years of misery and sin
Furl off and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
Outwearied in the drifting snow,
Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks
No longer of its hopeless woe.

Old fields and clear blue summer days,
Old meadows green with grass and trees,
That shimmer through the rising haze,
And whiten in the western breeze,—

Old faces— all the friendly past
Rises within her heart again,
And sunshine from her childhood cast
Puts spring-time in the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm light,
From all Humanity apart,
She hears no more the winter's night
Sob madly to its freezing heart.

Outside the porch, before the door,
Her cheek upon the cold hard stone,
She lies, no longer foul and poor,
No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily
Against the opening door did weigh,
And there, from sin and sorrow free,
A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm release,
And that from out the want and cold
The song had borne her soul in peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts out
Straightway the heart of God takes in
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din ;

And one of His great charities
Is music, and it doth not scorn
To smooth the lids upon the eyes
Of the polluted and forlorn ;

Far was she from her childhood's home,
Farther in sin had wandered thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come
To die in maiden innocence.

EDUCATION. The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character, not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection,

trains to self-denials, and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God.

A certain class do not esteem things by their use, but by their show. They estimate the value of their children's education by the money it costs, and not by the knowledge and goodness it bestows. People of this stamp often take a pride in the expenses of learning instead of taking pleasure in the advantages of it.—*Hannah More.*

Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

There is a place to me most dear,
Though there, I drop the bitter tear,
Yet, I would ever linger near
My Mother's Grave.

When all around is dark and drear—
And friends pass by me with a jeer—
'Tis then I seek to linger near
My Mother's Grave.

While evening zephyrs fan my cheek
I fancy I can hear her speak—
The air with music seems replete
Round my Mother's Grave.

The gentle whispers seem to say—
'From that dark world, O come away,
And dwell with me in glorious day,
Beyond the Grave.'

That spirit-form I soon shall see,
For I from earth shall soon be free—
Already I begin to be
Consumption's prey.

When I am dead—with earthly gear
O do not decorate my bier—
But lay, O lay me very near
My Mother's Grave.

D.

Lowell, April 5, 1842.

HUMAN JOY. The pine-apple always ripens between two thistles; but our thorny present ripens between two pine apples—Memory and Hope.—*Knickerbocker.*

Original.

THE EXHUMATION.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

Some of the inhabitants of the interior of our Commonwealth are acquainted with the source, character, and termination of 'Miller's River.' It is a restless, dark, serpentine stream, which winds its way among rocks and hills—through swamps and forests until it empties into the Connecticut in the town of M—. Here, fourteen years since, lived a Mr. D—, on a point of land which was washed on one side by Miller's, and on the other by the Connecticut River. He was a man of great energy and business tact; liberal and generous—kind-hearted and full of affection, particularly for his family. He had several daughters who were healthy, intelligent, virtuous—handsome; HELEN, especially, was a lovely girl. Her sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips might have been taken as so many pledges of long life, happy days, and unfading beauty. Indeed, so gay, so beautiful was the blooming flower amid the balmy influences of summer days that no one thought of the possibility of the freezing blast or fatal frost. But neither the freshness, nor beauty, nor fragrance of the rose, even in smiling summer hours, is a sure safeguard. The wild winds sweep furiously along, leaving a chill on the atmosphere, and the brightest flowers fade, and droop, and die; and an insupportable gloom, settles like a pall over all the landscape!

So it was with Helen D—. She started the journey of life buoyant with hope, and confident in the expectation of seeing many, many happy days. The serene heavens smiled upon all her prospects. She walked forth a joyous girl, the fairest of the fair. Her sun of life rose in golden grandeur, and shed its radiance on all her pathway: but that sun went down at noon: it set amid the dark, dismal clouds of unlooked-for adversity.

In the winter of 18—, Ellen was arrested in her career by the hand of disease, and very suddenly made her exit to the

'spirit land;' so suddenly, indeed, that the event seemed scarcely a reality. How could it be that the lovely, affectionate Helen should be numbered among the dead! Was it a mere melancholy dream?—the fitting phantom which afflicts but for a moment? Nay, verily; and the overwhelming wave of grief in the circle of surviving friends responded, *nay*; and the pang of sorrow which swelled a hundred bosoms proclaimed that it was even so; that Helen D— was gone down the deep gloomy vale of Death, and was lost in the swellings of the dark river! Poor Helen! Thy days were quickly numbered, and in one short hour the radiant star of thy hopes was lost in the shades of the tomb! We can only follow thee to thy undesired—thy 'lonely retreat,' and sing as we turn to depart,

'Peaceful, be thy silent slumber;
Peaceful, in the grave so low.'

But we sing in vain; for the mortal remains of Helen D— were not permitted to hold the 'peaceful' possession of their home. The professional Jackall scented her path to the grave, and resolved on her speedy exhumation; reserving, of course, the howl of triumph until it could only be heard in the Lecture Room of the Medical Institution in P—. The 'burying-place,' where Helen was interred was situated on a pine plain, and at a considerable distance from any house; hence disinterments could be made with greater facility. But, who ever thought of a resurrection in such a manner, and in *that* place? No one, probably; and still, on reflection, it appears just such a place as would be selected for the perpetration of such unnatural deeds. The friends of Helen D— however, dreamed of no such occurrence; nor is it likely they would ever have known of the robbery of her grave had not her shroud been accidentally found in the snow, a few days after her burial. On finding this habiliment, her grave and coffin were opened, and lo! as they expected, the body of Helen was not there!

I need not say that this was an affliction to living friends almost commensurate

with Helen's demise; for most of my readers will, no doubt, suppose such to be the fact. True, some in their hardihood attempt to affirm that the consideration of what becomes of the *bodies* of our friends after death, is wholly unimportant; but few, however, can receive this doctrine. Most persons start at the idea with instinctive horror: and why should they not? Who that is a parent wishes the lifeless body of his child, be it son or daughter, cut and mangled by scientific rules and anatomic art? Unfeeling must be the heart that will not respond negatively to the question. Surviving friends have tears to weep for those they have consigned to the cold earth; and when they visit the grave of father, mother, wife, husband, child, brother, sister, or lover, they wish not to feel the chilling consciousness that they are pouring out their grief upon a tenantless grave! No, no. It relieves the emotion of sorrow to know that the dust of our friend is safely treasured beneath the mound on which we kneel.

In a few days after the discovery of Helen's shroud, certain circumstances warranted her almost distracted father in believing that the body of his daughter had been conveyed to the Medical Institution in P——, and thither he went, well nigh insane with distress of mind and indignation against the perpetrators of so unkind a deed. He commenced his inquiries with caution, and shortly became satisfied that the body of his Helen was there; but then *how* to obtain it was a question of difficult solution; but Providence seconded his endeavors, and he pressed his measures so far and so thoroughly, that the guilty students in the institution were identified and became alarmed, and rather than risk the issue of a prosecution, negotiated with Mr D—— to deliver up the body of his child, and convey it back to the town from whence they had taken it in the character of scientific *thieves*. The prospect of recovering the body of his daughter calmed the troubled elements of his soul, and Mr D—— returned to his family, chastened in his feelings, yet re-

joiced at the successful termination of his singular mission.

The body of poor Helen was once more placed in her father's house, and in the coffin from which it had been taken. But how changed! Death had held dominion over her three weeks! She had been unceremoniously dragged from the sacred rest of the grave—treated with indignity, and locked up in a medical slaughter-house, and finally returned to the place of her childhood, for reinterment. A second funeral was appointed; her relatives were once more assembled; the minister of God was once more in attendance to offer prayer on a solemn, yet novel occasion; and hundreds of people gathered together from different towns and neighborhoods to witness the second commitment of Helen D—— to the grave! It was a mournful and singular time; the image and transactions of which can never be erased from the tablet of my memory, for I witnessed the melancholy scene.

The day passed by; and as the evening shades gathered and deepened, the parents and sisters of Helen could again say of their departed child and sister,

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Let them mingle, for they must.'

From that time Helen has slept in safety—in peace—in silence! Many winters and summers have since passed away, and I frequently have passed the place of her exhumation, reinterment, and repose; but it has always been with mingled and solemn emotions. Death, too, has since laid his resistless hand on Helen's father, and now he slumbers in the same earthy bed by her side:—where may they repose in quietude until the general resurrection of all the human dead!

Two hundred thousand females are out of employment in Canada. The Montreal Times says: 'If we had Lowell in this Province, it would benefit the country more than sixty thousand regulars.'

Original.

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

(Illustrated Article.)

BY MISS C. L. NORTH.

Golden Apple! tempting fruit!
 Much hast thou of mischief wrought,
 Although so very fair—
 Trojan plains a tale could tell
 When their pride and glory fell:
 An apple caused the war.

Fell Discordia the fruit
 Uato Thetis' nuptials sent,
 Inscribed 'to the most fair.'
 Then the goddesses began
 Strife, imparting strife to man,
 That wrapped old Troy in fire.

Golden apple! thou hast strewn
 Ills more dire than states o'erthrown—
 O, shame to human kind.
 Man should press thy glowing cheek,
 Venom from its juices seek
 To prey on human mind!

Golden fruit in days of yore
 When Hesperian gardens bore,
 A 'bridal gift to Jove,
 It was deemed sufficient lure,
 Toils Herculean to secure,
 Herculean dangers brave.

Orient art a basket *woven*,
 For the luscious fruit, and strove
 With Nature's self to vie;
 Golden hues appeared between
 Leaves and flowers of silvery sheen,
 Glad contrast to the eye,

Grateful as the sultry heat
 Makes the most delicious fruit
 E'er found in tropic clime,
 Borne in silver basket wrought
 With unequalled taste and art,
 Are words in their right time,

Kind reproof and mild advice,
 Or persuasion may entice
 With whispered accents meek—
 Hear this precept quaint and olden,
 'See thou that thy words be golden,
 Then choose thy time to speak.'

From the Knickerbocker.

EPIGRAM ON A LAZY FELLOW.

If 'keeping Sabbaths' saves the soul,
 'This man's must go to heaven';
 Not satisfied with one a week,
 He hallows all the seven,

Records of Women.

Original.

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

Who has not heard of Palmyra, the city of the desert? And who, that has read of its ruined splendor, that sparkles in solitary grandeur, 'like an enchanted island in the midst of an ocean of sands,' has not heaved a sigh to the memory of Zenobia, its proud and beautiful, but unfortunate queen.

Palmyra was colonized by the merchants who traversed the deserts between India and Europe; they desired the convenience of a resting place in the midst of their tedious journeys, and at their wish Palmyra reared its beautiful temples, on those plains of sand. The inhabitants were a mixed race—Egyptians, Persians, Grecians and Arabs here found a common home.

Zenobia was the daughter of an Arab chief. Left a widow at an early age, she married a second time. Her husband, the proud chief of several tribes, was named Odenathus. Brave, bold, and successful, he conquered the Persians, and was called Augustus, for his valor, by the Romans. He was assassinated and Zenobia assumed his diadem.

In person, this princess is described as 'eminently beautiful—with oriental eyes and complexion, teeth like pearls, and a voice of uncommon power and sweetness.' Equally did she excel in intellectual accomplishments. In Greek and Latin literature, she was learned, and it is said that the elegant Longinus composed his celebrated treatise on the sublime, for her use.

She was extremely fond of splendor—it was a failing attributable to her excessive vanity. She wore the richest and most splendid apparel; and used cups of gold, adorned with the richest gems at her table.

Her most remarkable trait, however, was her masculine courage and tact for war. Once she defeated a Roman army in a pitched battle; she subdued and add-

ed Egypt to her dominions; and consolidated an empire that reached from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. Syria, with the celebrated cities of Damascus, Jerusalem and Antioch, owned her sway; and those stupendous remains found in the deserts by modern travelers are only wrecks of the magnificent fabrics erected by this warrior queen.

At last, a foe more than equal to her abilities, entered the field. The fierce Aurelian had gained the purple at Rome. He defeated her army at Antioch. She retreated to Emessa—defied him and was again defeated. She retired to Palmyra, and resolved to defend her capitol or perish.

Here she defied the skill and tact of Aurelian. 'Those,' wrote that prince, 'who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman, are ignorant both of the character and power of Zenobia.' Worn out by her persevering defence, he offered her honorable terms of capitulation. She sternly rejected them, and defying his utmost effort, declared she would die defending her city. Incensed by her reply, the Roman redoubled his efforts. Palmyra is reduced to extremities. The Queen's courage is damped. She flies—is pursued—overtaken—and brought a captive to the tent of Aurelian. 'Why dared you oppose the power of Rome?' fiercely demanded her conqueror.

'Because I disdain to acknowledge as masters such men as Aurelius and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit as my Sovereign!'

This well-turned compliment to the prince, softened the violence of his wrath, but his troops, exasperated by her long defence, surrounded the royal pavilion and tumultuously demanded vengeance. The queen, fearful for her life, fell at the conqueror's feet, implored his mercy and basely charged her past obstinacy upon Longinus and her counsellors.

Longinus and her other counsellors were immediately sacrificed. Palmyra surrendered and all its treasures fell into the hands of Aurelian. He then returned to-

wards Rome, carrying Zenobia in his train to grace his triumph.

Scarcely had he reached the Hellespont, before tidings were brought to him that Palmyra had revolted, and that the Roman garrison were murdered. He returned by forced marches. Attacked, conquered and sacked the city, demolished its magnificent edifices and levelled its walls; and, what was far more unworthy of him, put all the inhabitants to the sword. Henceforth, Palmyra became a forsaken place, unknown to after ages, until the researches of modern travelers discovered its remains, stupendous even in their desolation.

Pompous and magnificent was the *entree* of Aurelian into Rome. Wild beasts, gladiators, prisoners, gold, silver, gems, princely raiment, and every species of ornamental grandeur were there exhibited. But chief in that gorgeous procession, was the beautiful and majestic figure of Zenobia who walked 'before her own sumptuous chariot, blazing with jewels, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her delicate form drooping under the weight of her golden fetters, which were so heavy that two slaves were obliged to assist in supporting them on either side.' While the Roman people shouted at her misfortune and reviled her with the most insulting epithets. Poor Zenobia! What a melancholy instance she affords of the instability of human greatness! How much happier is an American cottage girl on her own free mountains, or the dweller in the city of spindles, than was this desolate queen!

On the subsequent fall of Zenobia, rests a cloud of deep uncertainty. Whether she starved herself to death out of chagrin at her loss, or whether she married a Roman senator and died in a ripe old age, as some assert, cannot now be determined. One thing is however certain; that her peace was ruined by a blind ambition. She stands one among innumerable beacons, upon the pages of past history, warning her descendants from the vain hope of finding happiness in ambitious pursuits.

Original.

MIRIAM.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MIRIAM AND HER
MOTHER AFTER THE FINDING OF MOSES.*Mother.*

Why hast thou come so soon again to me,
Hath love grown weary of her vigils lone?

Miriam.

Mother, I bring thee tidings of thy child.

Mother.

Be mine that aid which only Heav'n can give,
To bear with calmness what thy lips announce,
My beautiful, my own; on things like these
We cast our love in wild idolatry;
'T is vain devotedness,—Ay, they that stay
The heart's deep love and trust on aught of
earth
Must wake from many a dream to misery.

Miriam.

Hush this wild bitterness of grief, and hear.

Mother.

I cannot hear, that the light voice is hushed,
Which floats like long forgotten music back
On my sad, weary heart. Has the dark Nile
Borne down the osier cradle 'neath the tide
To a deep, voiceless tomb. My child! my
child!

Where art thou? Where is what bless'd my
soul

In thy soft beaming eyes of gentleness.
In the dark grave I will lie down with thee
If thou art gone. Better the fresh, green earth
Be o'er this throbbing brow, than to live on
In a cold faded world, and wear the guise
Of joy when the heart is a burial-urn.

Miriam.

My brother lives, and a high destiny
Awaits him, in a monarch's palace halls.

Mother.

Father, I knew thou would'st not now forsake,
And praise be given for this deliverance,
Though these dark hours of agony have proved
A broken reed is earth; we need the stay
Of faith, which bound upon the altar shrine
The pure and holy, when the Patriarch's hand
Was stay'd by angel voice in the high cloud.
But thou art mine, my blest, my gentle child—
But Miriam, I will still my joy, and hear.

Miriam.

Why dost thou weep, my Mother; is thy heart
So delicately fashioned, that e'en joy
Hath power to waken its deep well-springs
now?

Mother.

Even so, my gentle Miriam, but tell me now
Of all thy weary watching by that bark;
The casket wherein all our fondest hopes
Were centred in one cherish'd priceless gem.

Miriam.

My brother slept within the tiny ark
As when rock'd gently, on thy faithful heart.
I walked, suspending e'en my breath, in dread
Of dark-browed men who looked on fearfully.
But silently they passed. It floated on
'Mid the blue lotus-flowers that fringed the
bank.

And the papyrus waved its plume-like crest
While the bright ring-dove laved its brilliant
wing

Casting a dim and silvery shadow down
On the large water-lilies floating there,
When the sun's noontide blaze was o'er my
head

I sank in weariness upon the sand:
And the skiff stopped amid the tangled reeds.
A sound of music rose above the wave
That chilled my blood with horror; 't was a
chant

Of their vain idol-worship, and they came
Even to the river's brink, rustling the leaves
Of the tall palm which sheltered me from view.

Mother.

And did'st thou leave him in that fearful hour,
Nor heed the light of his mild, loving eye,
To draw thee back and save thee from their
rage.

Miriam.

Leave him, O no, in agony I raised
A passionate, wild prayer to heaven, then
They turned away, and the light skiff sailed on.
Borne on the murmuring water like a leaf
On zephyr's wing, till the dim night came on
Still, solemn, sooty night with beaming stars
And gentle melody of spirit-voices
Low and musical in their reed-like tones.
When twilight came, again its course was
stayed

Where pebbles gleamed like bedded gems in
gold.

I rested in a cool, green, shadowy dell
Where the stream chimed upon a mossy rock
That like an altar rose, with light festoons,
O'erarching it.

The bright anemone

Beamed with its quivering urn of colored light,
And the pale, starry passion flower was there
Whose pencillings seem of the land of dreams.
Such voices echoed through the aspen boughs

And as I looked between the trembling leaves,
I saw the bright and peerless one, Themistries.

Mother.

What, the royal princess who ever moves
Like a pure angel spirit, in the halls
Which Pharaoh's iron seal hath made dark
With cruelty, and stern oppression's voice ?

Miriam.

It was Themistries, that I looked upon,
O, she is beautiful as dream of Heaven ;
A lofty brow that shades an eye of light
Beaming with gentleness and love to all.

Mother.

Didst thou not fear that when she saw the child
She would obey her father's mandate dread ?

Miriam.

Nay, for she could not quench the light that
dwelt

In those meek, dove-like eyes, or pass it by
Unheeded. Too much there seemed of kind-
ness.

And when its low soft moaning reached her
ear

She hushed her maidens and raised the tiny
ark

To look upon a face so beautiful.

A tear was in his eye : the little hand
Was raised imploringly, and as she gazed
Upon such loveliness her prayer arose :
' God of the Nile, if thou hast sent the child,
Some token give.'

A rustling sound went by :

The raven plumage of their holy bird
Just glanced before her eagle eye, and van-
ished.

A hushed stillness came on all, then her voice
Rose in its clear, rich tones in words of prayer.
' God of the lordly Nile, Osiris, hear,
Henceforth I cherish this fair one, with all
A mother's tenderness. Thy blessing grant,
The wreath of glory circle his young brow
His name reach far as eagle-pinions soar,
And all earth's choicest, brightest gifts be his.'

Mother.

O, I will ask a holier gift than these,
That far beyond the burning dream of fame
His soul may live, when wreath and diadem
Have perished with their glorious wearers
proud.

But rather should his spirit pass away
In all its youthful brightness, than its truth
Be sullied by the vice of monarch's court.

Miriam.

He is still thine, the princess sent me here
To seek one who will cherish the young child

For in the gilded pageantry of court
She is the worshipped one, the brightest star
Where all is brightness ; and it may not be
That she watch o'er him with a mother's care.

Mother.

I will repay the Savior of my child,
With words which to her longing soul shall be
Even as dew to flowers. High knowledge
Of our holy faith, and spiritual things
Shall draw her from the bright world's airy
train,
Where she has moved the idol, and the loved,
To pure heart worship of the living God.

Miriam.

Come haste with me. The princess waits thee
now,

She takes my brother to her halls of pride
Where wealth shall fall around in gem-like
showers.

Making his fair home starry with diamonds :
May he not be that high and chosen one,
Our nation's great deliverer promised long.
'Tis no illusive dream, or why the hand
Of Providence, lead him into the place
Where our oppressor sits in stately power.
Come now, and let not word, nor look of love
Say to the train thou art his mother dear.

Mother.

I go, and be thy high devotedness
Repaid by all that earth and heaven can give,
My blessed girl, my gentle MIRIAM.

MARY THEODORA.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE LILY'S LOVE.—A FABLE.

Suggested on reading the Poem of 'The Star
and Lily.'

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. AMES.

Through the depths of a secluded and
beautiful valley there ran, in ancient times,
a broad blue stream, clear as crystal, and
shining as the fabled mirror in the Hall of
the Fairies.

Among the flowers ('for which the poet
hath no name,') that grew on the green
borders of that stream, there stood apart
from the others, and the fairest of the fair,
a snow white lily. Nor far from her, clad
in a splendid robe, that made him the ad-
miration of all flowers, there dwelt a tall
handsome Tulip; while, 'neath a leafy

bower, in the midst, the Angel of the flowers had taken up his abode.

Now the Angel loved all his blooming proteges, but the Tulip and Lily were his especial favorites. These it was his custom to visit every day.

So, early one fine summer morning, just as the sun was rising amid clouds of silver and rosy purple, and while yet the dew thick-gem'd the grass blades, the Angel took his way to the Tulip's dwelling.

After a long chat with him, the angel proceeded to visit the fair young Lily. Sure the Lily was not in general a sleepy thing, but on this eventful morning her long satin leaves were closely folded, her head drooped, and her pearly lids hung languid and heavily as though she had kept vigil.

The Angel was touched and grieved at this unlooked-for position in his best beloved child, and he began casting about in his mind for the cause. 'Ah!' said he at length, clearing his perplexed brow, 'I have it now. My poor Lily loves her neighbor the Tulip, and she is suffering concealment, like a worm to feed upon her (not damask, but) delicate cheek. The message I bring her this morning will gladden her young heart.'

So gently touching her with the tip of his pretty silver wand, he woke her and whispered in her ear the Tulip's pompous declaration of love.

Never a look or word returned the Lily: but she grew paler than ever, and bowed her slender head lower over the stream that reflected her image.

'Why answerest thou not?' asked the Angel: 'the Tulip is a lively sweet spoken gentleman—he will love thee better than all the flowers; he will cherish thee ever, and shield thy form from the stormy tide, the wind and the cloudy weather. Speak, silent one; dost thou prefer his suit?'

Moved by a strong and sudden impulse, the timid Lily modestly but faintly replied. 'Gracious guardian, the gay and stately Tulip would soon weary of a companion like myself; and though he now honors

the poor Lily with fine compliments and flattering professions, it would not be long before he would forsake her for a more beautiful love. It is not well to trust to a fickle, fleeting disposition. I have seen the red rose and the brilliant poppy, the humble violet and lowly mignonette alike made glad by the Tulip's changeful smile. And would he be true to the pallid flower, that bends o'er the tranquil stream? O no, the lonely hour and the desolate heart would be the deserted Lily's portion! Dear indulgent guardian—I pray thee let me remain as I am.'

A change came over the spirit of the Angel's dream. 'Dost thou love another,' he inquired: 'tell me the whole truth, fair Lily: where doth he abide?'

'If thou wilt come again at twilight,' faltered the Lily, 'I will show thee his home.'

Alas for the Lily! She had gazed on the glorious Star that rose each twilight over the still water, till a subtle pleasure unknown before entered her inmost soul, and pervaded her whole being, till she dreamed of an existence spiritual and lovely as its own, far removed from this dull earth and its common cares. The face of nature was no longer fair to her, as in days of old: the gushing music of the streamlet had no more a charm for her ear; and the fragrance that breathed from leaf and flower, after the warm summer rain, wafted no perfume to her. It was the bright beauty of that Star which alone constituted her world, and she gazed until she dreamed and believed that he would indeed stoop from his high estate to look lovingly on her.

The sun had set 'neath a diadem of burning gold—the sky was now one deep flush of purple with here and there a violet tinted cloud reposing in delicate beauty. One single star, large, lustrous and serene, like a gem of price on the brow of the beautiful, rested on its high throne. The Angel stood at the Lily's side. 'And now, for thy lover, sweet Lily.'

The Lily lifted her meek blue eyes to the deepening Heaven; and with tremu-

lous finger, pointed to the Star whose soft silvery rays shone so wooingly on her lovely face.

Slowly the Angel turned his lifted eye from the Star, downward to the Lily.—‘Unthinking child,’ he sorrowfully said: ‘the glittering shrine at which thou kneelest is higher than thou canst reach. Alas for thy simplicity! Thou knowest not that a star can be as heartless and inconsistent as a Tulip or a *Man*. There is not a leaflet on the tree-top, not a drop of evening dew, not a golden sand sparkling on the sea shore, nor a pearl gleaming in the deep waters, but hath felt the magic influence of his faithless beams! Wait then till the stormy cloud and the driving rain shall come—till the smooth stream is ruffled, and thy frail frame is shaken by the rude night-blast. O, then, fair Lily, he will not come from his far home in the sky to shield and save thee.’

Alas! for the too confiding Lily! She heard not the warning.

When, suddenly the black cloud arose, when the tempest raged, and the wave rose high, she lifted her soft eyes, in the beautiful security of trusting love, to the Star. But she looked in vain—his glorious light was shrouded from her presence, and washed by the whelming billow, she sank ‘neath the stormy tide! and the Tulip—he flirted as usual, with every pretty flower, and the Star—he rose the next eve to warm with faithless beams, another believing Lily!

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. J. E. LOCKE.

To make idols, and find them clay,
And to bewail that worship; therefore pray.

MRS. HEMANS.

Ah, why do ye deck the maiden there
With the rosy wreath in her flowing hair?
And why do ye place on her lily hand
The sparkling gem and the golden band?
Or why the thin robe so gracefully thrown
O’er the rounded bust and the slender zone
With its vestal folds, made close and sure
By the ocean-pearl and the diamond pure?
And why on her lip is the smile of pride?
Ay, dressed for the altar:—a Bride—a Bride.

Woe for thee, maiden; thine heart in thine hand,

A gift, in witness this joyous band,—
A priceless gift, come weal or come wo,
Thou ne’er may’st recall,—no, never—ah, no!
Alas! it were well for thy trusting heart,
That this dream of thine might never depart.
That thou from this vision might never awake,
Or its tender spell no melody break,
But change is engraven on human things,
From the heart to the toys whereto it clings:
Thus there may come o’er thy young love’s light

A withering change, on thy heart a blight,
When thou, to him who presides o’er thy lot,
May seem as the things that were and are not,
When thy smile, thy tear, no longer may move,
Thy voice breathe no music, its tones no love,
The business world between thee and thine own

Press rudely its cares, usurping the throne
Where thou in thy love sat’st regal,—a Queen,
Worshipped too fondly, eclipsed by no sheen.

Yea, the spell may break, the charm fade away
And thou wail in secret thy bridal day!
Then chasten thine heart, breathe thy vow
with care;

With thy promises mingle the fervent prayer;
Let thy tenderest hopes to thy God be given
And thy choicest worship be raised to heaven.

Original.

THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. W. H. BREWSTER.

‘Happiness has been defined by a beautiful writer, the gratification of desire and certain it is, that while strong, unsatisfied desire reigns in the mind, happiness is a stranger to the heart. And it is equally true, that all the efforts of men, are made to gratify some controlling desire, some longing wish of the mind; and in attaining that object, they would attain happiness, if other desires were not still unsatisfied. One longs for wealth, another for fame and distinction, while others, like the brute, live only to eat and drink. ‘Some place the bliss in action, some in ease, Those call it pleasure, and contentment these, While in the view of others—

‘Tis twin’d with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field.’

If the above definition be correct, the bliss of heaven consists in the complete and constant gratification of all the craving desires of the immortal soul; the filling every inlet with a stream of felicity.

Man's social nature is to be gratified. His Maker formed him for society, and spake from a knowledge of his nature, when he said: 'It is not good that man should be alone.' Hence he claims and seeks reciprocal pleasures, and tastes—though often with a vicious appetite—the sweets of social life.

The cup of pleasure loses more than half its sweetness when drank in loneliness. And sorrow is almost transmuted into joy, by the presence, association of friends. Their presence turns a prison into a palace, while their absence changes a palace to a gloomy prison.

'With them conversing, we forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun,

* * * nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after show-
ers,

Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
Nor walk by noon,
Nor glittering starlight, without *them* is sweet.'

In heaven, this strong principle of our nature is to be fully gratified. Though the relations established on earth are dissolved by the touch of death, the recollection of them need not therefore cease. And these pleasing recollections, will form the basis of still more pleasing associations. Hence, Paul spoke of his converts being his crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus; which evidently implies a recognition of them in that approaching glorious day.

On those high and flowery plains of light and glory, the long separated pastor and his faithful flock, will meet—meet no more to part—meet to renew the friendly associations commenced on earth, which shall now ripen in heaven, amid the purity and glory of that

'World of spirits bright.'

And though he is no longer pastor, nor

they the flock of his care, yet, the recollection that he broke to them the bread of life in this lower world—that he first pointed them to the Lamb of God, whose glories they now behold with open face; that through his advice they have reached that blessed world,—will make him, even there, a loved and chosen companion.

But after all these pleasing recollections and fond associations, which are so many rivulets, emptying themselves into the full and satisfying stream of bliss which flow forth from the throne continually.

The *peculiar* bliss of heaven does not consist in local circumstances. It is not so much a *place* as a *state*; 'Not all the harps above, could make a heavenly place.' The sinner himself sinks into misery, not so much by a judicial stroke of God's justice, as by a necessity implanted in the nature of things, so likewise, the holy and the good, rise to a state of perfect, unmixed, unending bliss, as soon as freed from the ills, that have weighed down their spirits in this world

'The mind is its own place, and can of itself,
Make a heaven of hell, or a hell of heaven.'

The bliss of heaven is purely spiritual. A bliss which spirits separated from the body, set free from bodily appetites, and holy Angels, who have stood before the throne of God, from the infancy of their being, absorbed in the contemplations of his glory and perfections, have drank from the first morn of their existence until now. Christ says, 'The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation, the kingdom of heaven is within you.' All the elements of heaven—all the essential bliss of that bright and blissful world, is within the sanctified and holy heart: for 'the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

If the reader has ever walked forth to contemplate God in his works; to consider the heavens the work of his hands; the moon and the stars which he has ordained, while his mind has peopled every planet with intelligent beings, and made every star a sun to other worlds,—till overwhel-

med with a sense of God's greatness, and the immensity of his works, till, like David he has asked, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him;' and under a desponding sense of his insignificance, fearing God might overlook him, become unmindful of his tears as they shall fall unpitied to the earth, he has sunk under the gloomy apprehension, and imploringly begged to be remembered by his God, till Jehovah, in the deep communings of his spirit whispered to his chastened & humbled child: 'Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yes, she may, yet will I not forget thee—thy name is graven upon the palms of my hands.' Has he ever experienced this, and does the remembrance of that happy hour linger round his mind like a dream of heaven? Then let him take that experience as the best, and most perfect representation of heavenly joy he can possibly have.

I would not separate spiritual and intellectual delights. God, I doubt not, is even *there*, to be studied in his works. O how much more does Newton *now* know of gravitation, that mysterious law that holds the planetary world in order—that confines the blazing comet deviously driving through the sky within its appropriate and measured circle, than when on earth! And how much more than Newton will the weakest child of God, at some coming period in eternity know of God and his works.

'O happy hour, O blessed abode,
I shall be near and like my God;
And sense and sin no more control,
The sacred pleasures of my soul,'

Original.

THE DEATH-BELL,

BY C. F. ORNE.

Oh, melancholy Bell,
Ringing Hope's funeral knell!
Thy sad and solemn tone
Tells of a spirit gone.

Hush! for thy tolling slow
Speaks in deep notes of woe,

Of hearts bowed down with grief,
And earth brings no relief.

Soon will the silent mould
Receive the pale form cold;
Dust shall to dust return,
Within the narrow urn.

Death! in thy solemn hour,
There is a mighty power,
Whose strong and fearful sway,
Not soon shall pass away.

Dim shadows round us sweep,
And mournful voices deep
Call us to join their hand
Within the 'silent land.'

Children we love are there
With waving golden hair;
Infants like budding flowers
Snatched in spring's sunny hours.

Manhood's undaunted mien,
Woman's fair brow serene,
Truth in its first warm glow,
Age with its locks of snow.

Ah! while we sadly weep,
Call us with voices deep,
To join their shadowy band
Within the 'silent land.'

But ah! with tearful eye,
Faith upward looks on high,
To Him who kindly gave,
Who chastens but to save,

Feeble our mortal sight,
Darkling we seek the light!
Death dims the earthly ray
To bring Celestial day.

Cambridge Port, April, 1842.

THE FAIREST CHRISTIAN. Think you that the soul of woman who suffers much, but looks up with unshaken confidence in God; who, though weeping and bleeding, ever seems the picture of joy before men; and is neither shaken nor darkened by the rough storms of life. Think you that she has anywhere her emblem? In the heavens there stands the rainbow. The clouds and the winds shake it not, but it is radiant in the sunlight, and its drops glitter as it reposes on the sky like the sparkling morning dew of a summer day.—*Knickerbocker*.

BRINGING UP DAUGHTERS. The disposition of some people in moderate temporal circumstances, to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments, is highly to be reprobated. For the notions they acquire by such a course, is in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duty of their proper station; and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing but to be kept like wax-figures in a glass case. Wo be to the man who is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on their music, dancing and embroidery, were employed in the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased four fold.

A MELODY.

BY R. MITCHELL, ESQ.

Thou great Supreme! who gavest birth
To time, and all we know and see!
Art not yon heavens, and this fair earth,
Full of thy wonders and of thee?
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

When morn unfolds her smiling face,
And hills are revelling all in light,
And woods burst forth in song, we trace
Thy goodness in that full delight,
Adoring earth, as in her prime,
And blessing man in spite of crime.

The tempest on its wings of gloom,
The rising ocean's hollow dash,
The lowering cloud, from out whose room
Mid rolling thunders, lightnings flash,
Proclaim how awful is thy power,
Who rul'st the terrors of that hour.

At daylight's close, when soft and still,
The dew refreshes flower and tree,
And sweetly smiles the gold-tipt hill,
And man and beast from toil are free,
And in her covert sighs the dove,
That scenes of beauty speaks thy love.

The blue, eternal vault of night,
The thousand rolling worlds on high,

That awe, yet charm the wondering sight,
All emblem thy immensity.
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

POLITENESS. Politeness does not consist in laying down your knife and fork in a particular manner, nor yet in scalding your mouth by drinking out of a cup, to avoid the indecorum of cooling your tea or coffee in a saucer. There is an anecdote of George the Fourth, which conveys a better idea of politeness, than all that Chesterfield has written. While his majesty was yet prince of Wales, he honored a tea table with his presence, where there happened to be some young ladies not deeply versed in the code of etiquette. These innocent creatures, in the simplicity of their hearts, never dreamed there was any dire enormity in pouring their tea into their saucers to cool; a titter ran around the table among the polite guests, but the prince observing it, and the occasion, to relieve the embarrassment of the young ladies, he poured his own tea into his saucer. This is what may be called real politeness.

From the Knickerbocker.

SONG,

Over the cradle of two infant sisters sleeping.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

Sweet be their rest! no ghastly things
To scare their dreams assemble here,
But safe beneath good angels' wings
May each repose from year to year.

Cheerful, like some long summer day,
May all their waking moments flow,
Happier as run life's sands away,
Unstained by sin, untouched by wo.

As now they sleep, serene and pure,
Their little arms entwined in love,
So may they live, obey, endure,
And shine with you bright host above.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are much obliged to our correspondent, who sends us a copy of an old ballad, for her kindness, but must decline the article on account of its length.

'Logan', has ability, but not enough to obtain a place for his poetry in the Pearl.—'Mary' was received too late for the present number. She has our hearty thanks for her correspondence.

WESLEY ON DRESS. Mr. Wesley was a great admirer of plainness of dress, especially in women. Being invited to dine at a gentleman's house, there were two ladies belonging to the family who had dressed themselves in the most fashionable manner, to do honor, as they thought, to Mr. Wesley. While at dinner, he noticed the young ladies and their dress, and at the same time took particular notice of the servant-maid's dress who waited at the table, which was very plain. 'I cannot,' said he, 'but admire the dress of your servant; I think I have never seen a young woman so neatly dressed; of all that I have seen for some time, I admire it the most.' Thus the mother of the young ladies, as well as themselves stood reproved by Mr. Wesley's commendation of their servant's dress.

PROFITS OF FEMALE LABOR IN MASSACHUSETTS. The number of females in this State, engaged in the various manufactures of cotton, straw-plaiting, &c., has been estimated at forty thousand; and the annual value of their labor is, on an average \$100 each, or \$4,000,000 for the whole.—*Horace Mann.*

WARTS. These troublesome and often painful excrescences, covering the hands sometimes to the number of a hundred or two, may be destroyed by a simple, safe, and certain application. The writer discovered it accidentally, while performing some chemical experiments with soda.

The matter is merely to dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up—then wash the hands or warts with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. This repeated two or three days, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart. Its theory appears to be, that of warts having a lower power of vitality than the skin, so that the alkali is sufficient to produce the disorganization of the former without affecting the latter. The warts never return.

Book Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By Mrs Jane Ermine Locke. Here is another book of poetry, printed in fine taste and handsomely got up. The author is a lady of this city. By the politeness of a friend, we obtained the loan of a copy just long enough to glance at its contents. We have copied one of the poems—the *Bride*, into our Magazine. The volume contains many very fine passages—some superior ones, and taken as a whole we pronounce it a readable book; which, in the present book-making age, is no small compliment to its fair author. We welcome her to a place among the female poets of America, and trust that the wish she expresses of having the volume read by her children's children may be more than realized. We forgot to say, that throughout the whole work, a vein of the purest sentiment flows un-mixed with those perturbed waters that too often mingle with the streams of Helicon. We recommend our readers to buy this book. Pp. 300. Otis, Broaders & Co., Boston.

THE BANK OF FAITH. This is the title of a quaint, spiritual book, written by that very eccentric genius, William Huntingdon, formerly of London. He was originally a coal-heaver but afterwards became a very popular clergyman. His chapel though immensely spacious was so crowded that pew holders were only admitted by presenting their tickets at the door. This book partakes of the character of its author, and excepting certain ultra Calvinistic tendencies, is a work that will please and benefit its readers. Published by P. D. & T. S. Edwards, Lowell, and for sale at the Merrimack Bookstore. 223 pp.—62½ cents.

BOSTON MISCELLANY. This is a periodical that every New England family should take. It has already attained a high standard of literary excellence. It is not a light, frothy production, but a solid, substantial and elegant work, worthy of extensive patronage and support. Its typography and mechanical execution are excellent, and its engravings superb.—\$3. per annum. Subscriptions received at the office of the 'Ladies' Pearl.'

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK. This is a splendid production for young people, with writers of established reputation, unsurpassed mechanical execution, and engravings of the first order. It deserves universal patronage. \$2 per annum. Subscriptions received at this office.

MERRY'S MUSFUM. This charming monthly for the little boys and girls who love pleasant reading, is well worthy the large patronage it enjoys. No parent should fail of making it the companion of his children; it will make them intelligent, happy and good. \$1—to be had at this office.

LITERARY HARVESTER. A finely executed semi-monthly paper, with spirited and varied contents. Hartford, Conn. \$1.



Illustrated by J. H. P. H. P. H. P.

JANE'S COTTAGE.

LADIES' PEARL.

Original.

THE EXCHANGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Have you heard the news?—that Mr. Thomas Talmadge has failed?' said Miss Cutts, hastily entering a neighbor's house, with a shawl over her head.

'You don't say so!'

'Yes—yes. Every thing is gone. They are just as poor as anybody now.'

'I always said it would be so.' Now, he will be for taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, and living just as free as ever, and his poor creditors may go whistle for their pay. No matter about them.'

'But they say he has sold his house, and given up all the goods in his great store, and boasts that he'll pay every cent that he owes, and this afternoon he is going to sell all his wife's furniture at auction.'

'Why, she must be real angry at that. Was he necessitated to do it, do you suppose?'

'I can't exactly say, as to that. Likely, he'd be glad of a little money to put in his pocket, after his debts are paid, and so he sells his wife's things to get it.'

'That's it! I've no doubt. But come, let's go to this auction. Money, to be sure, is pretty scarce these hard times, but I guess I'll pick up a little, for I do so want to see the inside of that smart house.'

'Well, I'll call for you just at two o'clock. Be sure to be ready, for there'll be a crowd, I expect. I can't say but I should like to see how these grandees look, when they come down, to be as poor as other folks.'

With these benevolent intentions, the two ladies proceeded at the first ringing of the auction-bell, to the dwelling in ques-

tion. Quite a throng soon collected there—some, desirous to inspect a mansion, to which they had never before been able to gain admittance; others, resolved to purchase, provided they could get articles far below their real worth. In various recesses and corners of the ample house, there was much gossiping.

'Now, do tell if that is Miss Tom. Talmadge! Why, her gingham gown is not a bit better than mine, and her hair is just as plain as a pikestaff.'

'I raily supposed nothing but the silks and satins would answer her purpose.—Well, she has had her day. I always knew that topknots must come down.'

'I wonder how she'll relish trudging in the mud, like my darters. They are full as good as she, I reckon, though they have not been brought up to have a gay horse and gig, and driver too, at their beck.'

In the meantime, the fair, young creature, who was the subject of this discussion, with her calm brow, and more graceful in her plain, neat dress, than in the costliest array, was ready to render her aid, or reply to any interrogation that might facilitate the sale of their effects. Possibly, she was not prepared for all the rude remarks of selfish dealers, or for quite so minute an illustration of the graphic description of the wise monarch: 'It is naught—it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth.'

'I take it, that bed is under the usual weight, Mr. Auctioneer.'

It weighs forty-five pounds.'

'And the bolster and pillows, how much?'

'Nine and a half.'

'Then I'll warrant they're nothing but old feathers put into new ticks," said a waddling old lady, who was, however, eager in bidding thirty-five cents a pound, thirty-five and a quarter, thirty-five and a half, and so on, until she conquered at thirty-nine and three-quarters, her competitors, and at a convenient time extolled the excellence of the article she had so studiously decried.

'The state of them Brussels carpets is a real shame,' said a busy personage, whose daughter, contemplating matrimony, was eyeing them with irrepressible desire.

'Miss Tom Tammadge never had a chick or child to wear out anything, and I'm sure they're despatch defaced. Look—look! (bending double and peering through her spectacles)—is not that an ile-spot? And them marble-topped tables are considerable out of fashion'—possessing herself of them, however, with an inward chuckle of delight.

A similar struggle went on, among persons of lighter purses, concerning the kitchen utensils.

'You can't in conscience ask much for that lot of worn-out tins, Mr. Auctioneer. They are scoured up pretty bright for the occasion, but they are e'en-a-just ruined for all that. The major part of them ar'n't worth carrying home, I declare.'

The shrewd housekeeper who secured them, was heard to say to her husband, that evening, that she had made a grand bargain, and got them at about a quarter of their true value; and while she extolled her own sharpness, added, 'she'd be bound, the people who sold them would not get as many good things to eat as had already been cooked on them.'

The auction was nearly finished, and most of the purchasers had withdrawn, when a coarse-featured woman, with a patronizing air, said, in a half whisper,

'Miss Tammadge, you ha'n't got a new gownd or two, have you, that you'd sell cheap?'

Mr. Talmadge colored, and drawing the hand of his wife within his arm, would have led her away. But with a sweet, confiding glance, and a few whispered words, she assured him, and he gazed at her with a tender respect, as on a superior being. Her clear, good sense convinced her that her wardrobe comprised some articles, which in the changed state of their finances, would be useless and inappropriate, and with perfect good temper, she produced them. The lady minutely examined their fabric and fashion, professed both to be in fault, and vastly inferior to what she expected; yet, after cheapening them to the lowest point, possessed herself of them, and exhibited them afterwards to her friends who called; as some of the 'trappings which the proud Miss Tom Tammadge, the broken merchant's wife, was glad enough to sell.'

When night came, the house of Mr. Talmadge was stripped both of its ornaments and comforts. It was empty, but not deserted, for in it were hearts sustained by the consciousness of rectitude, and firmly resolved on duty—hearts, united in love, submissive to the divine will, and strong to strengthen each other. The former master and mistress of this once well-furnished mansion, sat together upon a coarse joint-stool, near a few coals in the kitchen grate. A candle, placed in the neck of a bottle, for every lamp and candlestick had been sold, and a little ink in the bottom of a broken tea-cup, aided them in the arithmetical calculations which they were busily making.

'Husband, am I right?' said a clear, animated voice. 'Am I right? My little account-book here, gives a result that we are able to pay all our debts.'

'Yes, dearest—all, every one in full; and this auction enables us to have something left.'

'God be thanked! What heartfelt happiness!'

'But, Mary, how different must our mode of life be from what you have been accustomed to, and the prospects that you had a right to encourage at the time of our

marriage. I could not bear to see those elegant pieces of furniture, which I can never replace, taken away from you.—Those beautiful sofas on which you used to rest after a long walk, cost me many a pang.'

'See if we will not be just as happy without them. Indeed, if God pleases, we will be happier than ever we have been. A life of fashion is not agreeable to either of us. To tell the truth, I have long suffered anxiety—not that I thought we were inclined to extravagance, but our situation forced us to many useless expenses, and the pressure of the times on mercantile effort, made me so fear that some misfortune would come, and leave us unable fully to pay our debts. Now, no human being will suffer by us.'

'Yet, my wife, we have but a mere pittance left.'

'Never mind: it is our own. Poverty is better than unjust gain. I would not like to sit upon nice carpets, and feel that those whom we owed were reproaching us. How sweetly shall we rest to-night—every claim discharged, and the injunction obeyed, to 'owe no man anything, except to love one another.'

'I bless God for your fortitude—for your cheering smiles. They put new life into me.'

His expressions of commendation and love, so dear to the heart of a wife, were interrupted by a faint knock at the door. A poor boy was found standing on the threshold, who had occasionally been employed in the lower services, about the store or the house. He was in tears, and with faltering words expressed his desire to live with them. He said he had no parents, no friends able to take care of him, and that the voice of the kind lady who had sometimes spoken to him when he brought a parcel, reminded him of that of his mother.

'We are poor ourselves, now, my boy,' said Mr. Talmadge. 'We can do nothing for you. We are to move away in a few days.'

'Please to let me go with you. Please, do.'

The lady looked imploringly at her husband.

'What now, Mary?'

'Let us take him, and trust that He who feedeth the sparrows, will not fail to provide for the orphan.'

The husband assented—more because his wife desired, than from any conviction of expediency. Poor Richard thankfully received a portion of the baker's loaf which had been left from their suppers, and slept soundly on the temporary bed that was spread for him.

The next week saw the family, residents of a distant agricultural village. They rented a few acres of land, and a small tenement, furnished only with what was necessary for comfort. Yet the perfect neatness that reigned there was beautiful; and when the occupations of the day were over, and by the bright lamp Mr. Talmadge read aloud from some one of the books which they retained as chosen companions, his wife seated by his side with her needle or knitting work, the beaming smile, the animated remark, the occasional song involuntarily bursting forth, showed how serene and sincere was their enjoyment. A summer or two spent in the country during his youth, had given him a taste for rural employment; and now, freedom from the harassing cares of business, with a life of simplicity and active exercise, gave him a degree of health which he had never before enjoyed. His wife, also, found her elasticity of spirits proportionally heightened, while the charge of her household, her earnestness to learn the policy and promote the welfare of the poultry and bees, whom she styled her own immediate subjects, and her interest in all that her husband undertook, particularly in the pursuits of horticulture, usefully and pleasantly occupied her.

Richard proved himself an invaluable assistant, having considerable knowledge of practical agriculture, acquired by passing his early childhood on a farm, and his grat-

itude to his kind patrons prompted the most untiring efforts.

The state of society, as is often the case in our agricultural villages, was marked by intelligence, morality, and a disposition for friendly intercourse. The new residents were greeted with kindness, and were ready to reciprocate it, and to take part in those social duties which give due exercise to the tender, christian sympathies. Their moderated desires embraced at first only the prospect of a fair living, free from debt, with the satisfaction of being able to aid those who might need their charity. More than this came, almost without their seeking. As, from principle, they wasted nothing, their small gains annually accumulated, until they became owners of the spot where they were originally tenants, and which had constantly been improved under their occupancy.

In process of time, their faithful Richard desiring, with their approbation, to marry a deserving young woman, his kind patrons decided to entrust to their tenantry the place which they had hitherto occupied, and erect for themselves a habitation on some land recently purchased. Soon a tasteful cottage reared its white front on a neighboring knoll, with a lofty walnut grove for a background. An acacia hedge, mingled at regular intervals with the graceful sumach, bordered its sloping lawn, and the fruit-trees which had been prospectively planted, were in full prosperity. Flowering shrubs and vines embowered the lovely mansion, clustering roses adorned the winding gravel-walk, and a noble drooping elm, in patriarchal majesty, spread its long arms over the rustic gate. The traveller often paused to admire the symmetry and simple elegance of the building, and the quiet repose of the shades that embosomed it. There, still in those habits of rural industry which promote and preserve health, but in the enjoyment of all the leisure they could desire, and which they so well knew how to render improving, both to themselves and others, their time passed in felicity and in love.

The lady of the cottage, as years flowed

on, delighted more and more in the society of the young of her own sex, because she felt it was in her power to do them good. The inhabitants of the village, knowing that she had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, were anxious that such of their daughters as had attained sufficient age to appreciate its value, should profit by intercourse with her. Yielding to their solicitations, she consented to give them regular instruction in the studies and accomplishments that were to her familiar. Four afternoons in the week, she saw her parlor pleasantly filled with the bright faces whom she loved, and by whom she was beloved in return. While imparting to their docile minds the healthy aliment of knowledge, she was sometimes led silently to contrast the pure, unostentatious pleasure which she thus enjoyed, with that period of wasting excitement, when the splendor of her dress or the elegance of her accomplishments won the adulation of a heartless throng, she herself, wearied and ill-content with a profitless existence. Striving to prepare her pupils for the faithful and graceful discharge of every feminine duty, she warmly impressed those precepts of morality and piety, whose sustaining influences she had from her youth experienced. Some of her favorite lessons were, that there may be happiness, respectability and influence without wealth; that the pursuit of it, as the main object of life, is mistaken and dangerous; that all expenditure beyond income, is injustice; and that to live in luxury upon the property of others, withheld from them against their will, and to their inconvenience and suffering, is a sin against conscience, of which no consistent Christian could be guilty.

'Pay your debts, my dear young friends,' she would say, 'and when you have husbands, do not lead them into extravagance, but be their helpers.'

The good she accomplished, and the affection she acquired by her judicious labors as a teacher, could not be bounded by this fleeting existence. And as the husband and wife, arm in arm, walked at the close of day, around the grounds that every year

became more beautiful, they often said to each other,

'How much higher enjoyment have we here found, than great riches with their cares and dangers could have afforded us; and how superior is the quiet of an approving heart, to the pursuit of those shadows which the gay world calls happiness.'

Hartford, April, 1842.

Original.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SCENE.

It was evening; one of those bright, beautiful evenings in midsummer, when the deep, blue sky seems to bend lovingly over the green earth, and the stars shine out with a serene and happy light, as at that hour when they sung together over a new-born and beautiful world. But there was noise and bustle, unholy mirth, and guilty strife in the principal street of our usually quiet village. The cause of this unwonted commotion was soon visible—a bloated, staggering wretch was forcibly ejected from one of those very few haunts of intemperance that disfigure the otherwise beautiful scenery of our little oasis in the desert.

It was an ill-timed mirth, that burst forth in wild discordant laughter, as that wretched man throwing his arms aloft, vainly attempted to imitate the tone and gesture of insulted dignity; it was an ill-timed mirth that could thus laugh at moral deformity, and at the utter wreck of an intellect, noble and sublime as was ever committed to mortal trust—but so it was, and the laugh rang loud and merrily, as the drunkard wended his way reeling and staggering towards his miserable, neglected home.

Miserable, did I say? Yes, so far as he, the husband and father, was concerned—and neglected; but there was one, who walked through that lonely dwelling like an angel of light, smiling as if in mockery

of her own broken heart, and shedding a halo of light and blessedness around that home, which would otherwise be dark and drear as the midnight shades. But she was there—she, who was once the cherished, the beautiful bride, but now, the forlorn, forsaken wife—the anxious, but deeply affectionate mother. She was there, a star in the midst of a frowning and tempestuous sky, leaning, by the simple but powerful energy of faith, on that arm which, though invisible, she knew was extended for her protection and support; and nightly did the voice of prayer go up from that humble hearth, and find its way even to the throne of Him, who sitteth in the circle of the heavens.——Autumn came, and on a clear, frosty morning in October, that wife and mother might have been seen walking with a hurried step towards the largest store in the village.—There was a deep flush on that cheek that I had often seen so deadly pale; and a wildness in the eye that might be attributed either to extreme sorrow or excessive joy. I am sure that it was no idle curiosity that prompted me to follow that heart-stricken one; and I entered the store, just as she was approaching the occupant. She held in her hand a small bit of paper which she hesitated to present, but at last muttered, 'my husband says that he has been to work for Mr. ——,' here she paused, and an incredulous smile flitted over her face. The merchant stepped towards her, with an air of kindness, and taking the paper from her hand, replied: 'Mr. —— has given your husband an order on me—I will answer it.' A moment, and that face was pale as the sculptured marble; and then a ray of joy passed over it like the first beam of light darting over the quiet but darkened deep. I stood by that happy but almost bewildered mother as she selected the warm, winter clothing for her beautiful babes, and I caught the glance of joy that she threw on me as she gathered up her treasures, and with a bounding step left the store.

'Marshall has joined the Washington Temperance Society,' said the storekeeper,

as I turned on him a look of anxious inquiry. 'But will he persevere?' I replied, 'surely she must die if he disappoints her now.' 'I really think that he will,' was the encouraging reply; he has great decision, and has taken the step seriously, and deliberately. He has but this one failing, and will be a noble man if he conquer. And so it is, he did conquer—and the victory was complete. Surely 'the parched ground has become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.'

MARY.

Original.

(Illustrated Article.)

THE YOUNG COTTAGER CONTRASTED WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY CAROLINE L. NORTH.

A halo lingers round the spot
Where youthful piety has dwelt,
And sacred is the humblest cot
Where'er its holy charm is felt—
Where a young heart to God is given,
Or spirit wings its flight for heaven.

These are the memories that cling
Around thy cottage, little Jane,
A heavenly influence o'er it fling
And hallow all the rural scene—
There seems a spell upon the air,
As if, unseen, thyself wert there.

Thine was indeed a happy fate,
Thou young disciple of our Lord;
Such peace as dwells within thy heart,
Can earth her favored ones afford?
Answer, Elizabeth, proud queen
As e'er Britannia has seen.

For thou wert great, the world would say,
Glory and power and pomp were thine;
A mighty empire owned thy sway,
And proud ones knelt before thy shrine.
Joy to thy heart did homage bring,
And peace around thee fold her wing?

And thine were threescore years and ten,
Death waited long his royal prey,
But ah, he came too soon e'en then
To bear it willingly away.
How couldst thou die while in thy breast
Earth's passions had not sunk to rest?

How couldst thou lay thine honors down,
Yield up thine all in yielding breath,
With no sure title to a crown
Beyond the rolling waves of Death?
Not such that hour to little Jane—
To die was her infinite gain.

Her humble cot the King of kings
His favored palace deigned to own,
And angels o'er it spread their wings
Attendant on his chosen one—
An heir of glory lingering there,
Awaiting her triumphal car.

The mandate came—a heavenly smile
Spread o'er her childish, happy face,
She sweetly bade the loved farewell,
Her closing lips just murmured 'Peace.'
Death gently breathed upon her frame—
Her spirit was borne to its home.

From the Ladies' Repository.

TRIP FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA

BY S. T. GILLET.

The night of the 26th of August, 1834, was one of the most enchanting that ever witnessed the departure of a pilgrim band from the Holy City. The hour of midnight had passed away. The uproar of our Arab muleteers, and the husky growl of the Egyptian guard died away upon the ear, as the city gates were closed upon us, and we permitted quietly to wend our way toward the west. The mountains around Jerusalem were bathed in moonlight,—all nature was hushed in silence—not even the sighing of the wind among the rocks of Judea was heard, as our party quietly organizing took up a line of march for the ship, reluctant to leave a place of so much interest as Jerusalem, with only the superficial examination we had been able to give it. A sterile scene lay around us, rocks partially coated with moss covering the earth, without leaving a tree or scarce a shrub to relieve the monotony of the view; yet in the uncertain light of the moon, the inequality of the surface, together with the clusters of rocks, presented appearances which a fertile imagination might construe into enchanted ground.

An hour brought us to the extremity of the summit level of the 'Hill Country' of Judea, on whose eastern border stands the city of David, while to the west yawns the deep and precipitous valley of Elah, into the dark recesses of which we were about entering. A hasty glance at the scene behind us, where lay Jerusalem, insensible alike in moral and in natural sleep, and the Holy City at once was lost to our view. The region formerly noted for robbery and violence now lay before us; and although it became us to adopt prudential measures to prevent surprise, yet our minds were occupied with reflections naturally rising from the places we had visited; and yielding to our disposition to muse on the past, we quietly threaded our way down the sides of the valley, and across the bed of the stream which separated the armies of Israel and Philistia when the champion of Gath fell before the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem, as recorded in 1st Samuel, 17. Possessing ourselves of some 'smooth stones from the brook,' as memorials of our visit, we hastened onward, anxious to get clear of the mountain defiles. The unburied bodies of those who a few weeks previous had fallen in an attack of the rebels of Ibrahim Pacha, gave proof of a dangerous vicinity. On our left the hills abruptly reared their summits, with large masses of rock suspended, nearly vertical, over our heads, and which if rolled down would carry destruction before them—beneath us on our right lay the dry bed of a torrent, while our narrow and tortuous pathway was darkened by undergrowth and projecting points of rocks, affording suitable convenience for an ambuscade. Along this track we were quietly pursuing our journey as another party slowly approached us from the opposite direction, doubtless meditating bloodshed and robbery. Unconscious of our danger, we made no preparation for an onset; but the guide, more experienced, anticipated a deadly combat, while the proximity of the robbers prevented the communication of his fears. At this juncture, the light of the friendly moon gleaming on our weap-

ons, and revealing our number and armor, served in the hands of Providence to intimidate the freebooters; and without speaking a word each party gave the road in passing, and were soon separated by the intervening masses of rock. The dawn of day soon lit up the east, and offered its friendly aid in passing the mountain defiles of Ephraim. The summit of the dividing highlands being gained, a fountain pouring forth its silvery stream, invited us to halt beneath the shade of some friendly olives, and restore the energies of nature. Soon a part of the company were seated on the mossy rocks with the 'caterer's wallet' before them, while the more vigorous pursued their course for the plains of Sharon. Here, while breaking our fast, an opportunity was afforded to gratify a taste for interesting scenery. Indeed, our position bordered on the sublime. Far to the west lay the Great, or Mediterranean Sea, with its border of white sand marking the boundary of its waves eastward, while on its farther visible limits the sea and sky seemed to blend—Mount Carmel in the northwest, sinking into the plains of Sharon, farther south, and the coasts of Philistia lay before us—to the east and north a succession of hills and valleys met the eye, clad in drapery alternately sterile and luxuriant. At our feet opened a deep gorge issuing forth into the plain of Sharon near the ruins of Nether Bethhoron, through which annually thousands of pilgrims find their way to and from the Holy City. The plain of Sharon, in its length and breadth, spread before us, with here and there a village, and an occasional cluster of trees, reminding the western traveler of the savannas of America. Its occupants too, sparsely settled, and predatory in their habits, may fitly be compared with the aboriginals of our prairies, by substituting the pastoral life and cowardice of the former for the hunter's life and intrepidity of the latter. Although the plain, in former ages, has been peopled by millions, and might now support a nation, it is mostly an uncultivated waste, affording a scanty support to a few indolent wandering Arabs,

subsisting mostly by the pastoral life and an occasional attention to husbandry. In former ages these mountains also supported a vast population, although now so destitute of soil and inhabitants. The manner of rendering the sloping ground available, is by the construction of stone walls at different intervals along the face of the hill, affording a stair-like formation, and an aggregate area to the horizontal surfaces of the hill; but if these walls are neglected, the heavy rains of this country wash the soil off, depositing it in the narrow valleys below, where it forms a deep mold, in luxuriance equal to the alluvial deposits of the Ohio Valley. Such has been the instability of the government for ages past, that protection was not afforded the occupant of the soil in his improvements, to prevent his stronger neighbor from taking forcible possession when his cupidity became excited, as in the case of Naboth, 1st Kings, 21. Hence, these mountains have become barren, except where wild shrubs and dwarf forest trees have obtained a hold and retain a portion of the soil.

Having finished our repast, we resumed our journey, and entered the plain of Sharon through a deep and narrow ravine, the pathway lined by rocks and undergrowth, which occasionally interlooked overhead. As we neared the edge of the plain, and approached a safer latitude, our anxiety to reach the ship broke in upon our arrangement for close traveling; and in the endeavor of one of our party to overhaul the company ahead, he slipped from his animal and fell to the earth, at the expense of a broken limb. Never was accident more unlucky. From the halt in the mountains all hands commenced a race for the ship. The restless nights, weary days, and wretched fare endured since leaving our vessel, created a desire once more to gain her noble decks. Under these peculiarities each one put his animal to his speed; and as our great number had drained Jaffa of its supply of beasts of burden, we were variously mounted, some on donkeys, scarce two cubits and a span high,

others on mules, jacks, or horses, and these of different qualities, lame, blind, spavined, or perchance sound. Thus, John Gilpin like, we stretched it over the plain, covering some miles of the road with our motley cavalcade. When the officer fell from his horse, his companions were in the rear; but an unknown hand was extended to raise him from the earth. It proved to be an American missionary, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The party in the rear coming up took charge of their crippled companion, but were at a loss how to transport their charge to the ship, distant eighteen or twenty miles. Such a convenience as a wheeled carriage is unknown in Syria, every thing being transported on beasts of burden. A village being near, an unsuccessful attempt was made to buy the door of one of their huts. Finally a litter, constructed of a piece of canvass stretched out by the aid of walking sticks, was placed on the back of a donkey, with four persons to support the corners; and on this he was carried nine miles to Ramla, the Arimathea of the New Testament. In the meantime the senior officer present took command, and placed the sumpter mules and baggage with some drunken sailors under the care of a junior officer. The biped part of his charge proved in the end far the most troublesome. One of the sailors had procured in Jerusalem a bottle of *aqua ardente*, and stowed it away in his clothing. To this he frequently applied, until becoming 'top heavy,' he took a 'lee lurch' into the grass, determined to anchor for the day. Here the reefer was at a stand. His companions were out of sight ahead, and he worse than alone, with suspicious looking Arabs around him, and all the baggage to tempt them to plunder, and not a rope-yarn with which to lash the sailor to his donkey. In this extremity he discovered the bottle of spirit, and disposing Jack of his prize, who parted with it as with life, he went ahead and tolled his troublesome charge along as a backwoodsman would a herd of swine, until he was able to navigate without such attraction.

In past years the traveler moved through Palestine in great danger of robbery; but these regions having been recently scourged by Ibrahim Pacha, the risk is much diminished. Still the separation of our party, and the isolated position of the baggage, offered so strong a temptation, that we did not feel safe until about mid-day, when we entered Ramla. Here we left our disabled companion in care of the American consul, and proceeded on toward the coast, passing over the sandy plain which skirts the shores of the Mediterranean. We succeeded in arriving at Jaffa before the closing of the gates, and without any accident other than an occasional fall from a horse, and a noisy altercation with the muleteers, who commenced their usual system of extortion, in the course of which pistols were drawn but no blood. By eight o'clock we were all on board, but so much exhausted that some had scarce strength to mount the bulwarks by the man-ropes. The distance from Jerusalem to the sea is about thirty miles, and not over thirty-five to Jaffa, as some of our party were on board by ten o'clock, accomplishing the whole journey in eight hours.

Thus terminated a week in the Holy Land, during which we saw many places and objects of interest, but much as a person lounges through a museum, with only time to glance at objects as he passes; yet our visit was profitable to all, and served to establish the believer in his faith, and even to convince the sceptic not only of the truth of the sacred record, but of the reality of the religion of Christ. The writer of this article was gratified to learn from a medical officer who had been an unbeliever, that during his attendance on the Rev. M. Nickolayson, then quite sick, such was the effect upon his mind. 'I have,' said he, 'heretofore regarded missionaries as more shrewd than their friends at home, and as traveling at their expense to see the world, under color of benevolence to the heathen; but my association with that gentleman, and his amiable lady, under the most trying circumstances, leads me to another conclusion. With learning

and accomplishments that would grace a drawing-room in London, they resign the pleasures of refined society, and the comforts of civilized life, and submitting to voluntary exile for years in succession, they take up their abode in the most disagreeable place I have yet seen, their lives in constant jeopardy, and without a single visible attraction, devote their whole time to the task of instructing the despised descendants of Jacob. I not only believe them sincere, but that they are influenced and sustained by principles which can only be accounted for by admitting the reality of religion.'

Original.

THE GEM OF PRICE.

BY ALANSON ORDWAY.

Gems there are of earthly mould,
Sought and set in burnished gold,
To deck the form and make display
Of things that quickly pass away—
But there's a gem of nobler birth,
Immortal and of priceless worth:
The soul—a gem by God designed,
And set in earth to be refined,
And then transferred by Holy Love,
From earth below to courts above;
That it may there forever shine,
A glorious Gem of Grace Divine,
And O may you present that Gem
To God for his own Diadem.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A butterfly hasked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
'Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye?
When she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the church-yard low.'

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
'I was a worm, 'till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph
sings—
Would'st thou call the blest one back?'

Original.

THE THREE ORPHANS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

It was on a beautiful autumnal evening that Mrs. Morris, conscious that her sufferings in this world were nearly ended, begged to have her children admitted into her apartment. Her eldest son was blind, and her eldest daughter deaf and dumb. Her youngest daughter was extremely beautiful, and ardently beloved by her blind brother. On being admitted to their mother's presence, they were struck with grief and astonishment, at the great alteration in her looks since they last saw her.

'My beloved children,' said their mother, in a gentle voice, 'I am soon to leave you, and it grieves me much that I must part from you, so soon. My poor, fatherless children, you must soon be orphans; but I leave you to the care of Him who careth for you, and to the love of Him who gave his life as a ransom for us all. And oh! what a comfort this brings to my departing spirit.'

Here her voice grew feeble, and she was obliged to rest for a short time.

Mary, the dumb girl drew nearer to her mother, and gently wiping the cold moisture from her brow, took a cordial, and affectionately put a few drops in her mouth, which somewhat revived her. The pleased child snatched a faded flower, and placed it in a glass of fresh water, darting at the same time, an angry glance at the nurse who stood by, as though she would have said, her mother, like the severed flower, had perished through neglect, for she had no comprehension of death. Her sister Fanny could indeed see and comprehend all, having her senses; but she thought but little of any one but herself, and her own beauty, of which she was insufferably vain.

Henry, though blind, loved his mother ardently, and the large tears rolled from his sightless eyes, as the tones of her gentle voice ceased to vibrate on his ear. He gently took her cold hand in his, and covered it with warm and tender kisses. 'Oh, my mother!' said he, weeping as he spoke,

'do not leave us alone in the world. Oh! why must you die?'

'My son,' said his mother, 'be comforted, and listen to me while I have strength to bestow my parting blessing.' And she laid her hand gently on his head as she spoke. 'Be kind to your orphan sisters—be both father and mother to Mary,' she continued, placing Mary's hand at the same time on his.

'I will, I will,' sobbed Henry, almost suffocated with emotion.

'Come here, my little Fanny,' said her mother, 'for my sight grows dim. God, my dear child, has blessed you above your brother and sister; read and teach the scriptures to them when I am no more. Practise the blessed precepts they contain, that we may all be united in heaven, never again to part.'

Here her strength failed her. She was exhausted, and lay perfectly motionless. The nurse whispered to the weeping children to leave the room. They obeyed willingly, thinking their mother needed rest; she rested in Heaven.

Mr. Morris had died suddenly, when Fanny was but an infant, leaving but little for the support of his family. His widow had injured her health in her exertions for their support, and the eldest claimed besides, more than an ordinary share of attention. The youngest, as I have before said, being an extremely beautiful child, was as much flattered as ever at her early age, to make her vanity excessive. This fault, and her selfish disposition, gave her mother a great deal of unhappiness, and was her chief source of sorrow in leaving them. Her other children were possessed of affectionate dispositions, and though Mary's feelings of dislike or anger sometimes were violently expressed, she was generally able to control them by a mild, firm course of conduct. Yet she trembled for her, for strangers would neither feel nor act for them as a mother did. She comforted herself with the beautiful and touching promises of scripture, and left her orphans to the care of Him who car-

rieth the tender lambs in his arms, and leadeth his flock by still waters.

Mary saw them lay her mother in the coffin in utter astonishment, and Henry walked round and round, and felt the narrow box all over. He knew his mother was dead, and being old enough somewhat to comprehend the nature of death, he patiently submitted to the stroke.—Fanny was so much taken up with the preparation for the funeral, and her new mourning, that her great loss made but a slight impression on her feelings.

After Mrs. Morris's remains were deposited in the grave, and as the family, weary and sad, were about to retire to rest, Mary was nowhere to be found. Much alarmed, they searched the house and the neighboring woods, but without effect. At last Henry advised them to proceed to the graveyard, which they did. On reaching it, they found Mary howling in a frightful manner, and tearing up the earth by handfuls from the new-made grave, as if in the frantic endeavor to regain her mother.* Poor child! they could not explain to her, and she could have no comprehension of the mystery of death. They took her forcibly home—confined her in her room, and watched her carefully. She refused food, and became very pale and thin, and heeded no one. The expression of her countenance was extremely mournful, and moved the beholder to pitying tears.

After she had been confined nearly a week, it was thought best to set her at liberty, but keep a watchful eye on her. She immediately took some delicate food, and with great care, placed it between two dishes, which she tied with a napkin; then taking a small pitcher of warm tea, she proceeded to her mother's grave. She motioned to her mother to arise, then set down the food, threw herself on the ground, and placed her ear to the earth as she had seen people do when they were listening, and manifested great distress that her efforts were ineffectual.

In order to induce her to leave the grave,

* A fact.

her friends told her that her mother slept, and that she must not wake her. She placed the food carefully on the grave, and after repeatedly kissing the sod, went quietly home. But for a long time, whenever they missed her, she would be found at the grave, endeavoring by her motions to entice her mother home.

As Henry had an excellent talent for music, it was thought best for him to make the science a study, and by earnest application he very soon became a noted performer on the violin, and was able in a few years to gain a competence by his own exertion. He built him a pretty dwelling, and took his sister Fanny home to live with him. This wicked girl, who had great influence over him, used every endeavor to prejudice him against his sister Mary; because, she wanted all the money he could spare, for dress and shows. She finally persuaded him to put poor Mary in the almshouse, where she was shamefully neglected, and left exposed to the contamination of vicious example, and the guidance of her own violent passions.

Fanny was a beautiful dancer, and her brother often took her with him to balls, where her uncommon elegance and beauty attracted around her a crowd of idle and flattering admirers. One of these gay young men became so much fascinated, that after declaring his love to her, he asked and obtained her brother's permission to their union. Fanny really loved him, as far as her selfishness and vanity were consistent with love, and for a time she imagined herself perfectly happy. Her husband's eyes however were soon opened to her weakness of mind, and though without principle himself, he yet despised her want of it. By artful manœuvres he contrived to get a large part of Henry's property into his hands, which he soon squandered, and reduced himself and family to want. For a long time his wife had to struggle with distressing poverty, and her husband's ill health, peevishness and irritable temper. Yet no one pitied her, for all thought she deserved to suffer.

Henry had meantime married a good in-

dustrious girl, and having his own family to provide for, could not be of any assistance to her. Her husband at length died, and she did not long survive him. She departed, apparently without having repented of her evil deeds, and ill-spent life.

Henry's wife took poor Mary from the almshouse, and treated her kindly. She showed her gratitude for kind treatment in every possible way, and made herself useful in the family in various ways. I recollect, when a very little child, being frightened by her violent gesticulations and the strange noises she made in the effort to make herself understood by strangers. She resided for a few years in her brother's family, but previous hardships had broken her constitution, and she at length departed in peace, with kind friends to smooth her pathway to the tomb; and her remains were placed in the silent mould with all proper demonstrations of feeling and respect.

Henry having learned not to trust to any thing earthly, endeavored to instil into his family those principles which alone produce happiness, and for the want of which his sister made herself criminal, embittered many years of his life, and caused so much suffering to the unfortunate Mary.



Original.

THE MARINER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Upon the mighty deep I live ; billows
And clouds among. Upon the sea, the deep
Blue sea, I cheerily pass the hour, as
Warring winds, in wild uproar, chant their
Sweet minstrelsy. To gaze upon the crested
Waves; and watch their bright phosphoric glare,
Like liquid fire upon the blue expanse ; to
See him roll in solemn grandeur to the
Whitened strand, and fancy how they rise and
Break, and sparkling kiss the shore ; to me
Yields sweet delight.

'Neath their pellucid face, the
Mermaids deck their coral bowers, or on some
Tow'ring rock, 'mid Ocean's foam, forming
white

Draperies round their graceful forms, unmov'd
They sit : where dolphins play and leap the bristly
Tide. Their taper fingers twining their long
Hair, floating in waving curls upon the
Passing breeze. 'Mid emerald bowers and
grottoes

Bright, their fleeting hours they spend, nor
know of

Aught beyond the rolling deep. Amid their
Revelry and sports ; o't from afar, a
Gurgling sound breaks on their startled ear,
which

Nearer yet, and nearer comes, as opening
Circles cleave the deep descent, and to their
Wildering gaze, the hapless form of some young
Sailor brings, seeking his last sad rest, where
Love's sweet tear upon his beauteous face,
Its impress ne'er can leave, nor his cold form
Affection's breath embalm.

Quickly within

Their dimpled arms, the mermaids clasp their
child,

Grieving they bear him to their pearly rooms ;
Upon their coral bed they lay him down—
His sapphire pillow bright with sparkling gems ;
Deck his fair brow with sea-flowers green :
then lift

In one deep wail, their voices loud and clear :
Old ocean, echoing with their requiem wild
Gives back their mournful dirge, as murmuring
winds

In deep-toned music, blend their steady roar.

They tell me of the land and home, green
groves,

And shaded bowers ; of blushing roses on
Their mossy stem ; sweet-scented shrubs, and
dew

Bespangled vales ; meandering streams, and
Cooling fountains, murmuring as they flow.

'The sea the sea, the open sea !' This is
My home. Here I delight to dwell. The
heavens

Above—the flowing deep beneath. My gay
Craft's deck, my amphitheatre. To me
No bounds are set ; no stinted city claims my
wanderings ;

No pent up walls re-echo to my voice ;
Ocean reverberates with its eloquence.
My home is here upon the mountain wave,
Where howling winds and flying clouds combine.

My hammock rocked by fitful gusts, bursting
From wing'd winds.—Powerful opiates—
Like cradle hymns my mother sung, when her
Young boy she rock'd, they lull me to repose.

Yon azure dome, my gilded canopy;
The stars my chandeliers, sparkling and bright;
More brilliant far, than million astrals lit.
Guardians kind, sweet watchers of the night—
their
Faithful vigils round my pillow keeping,
Till slowly, one by one, they disappear,
As forth the king of day on his pavilioned
Throne, his trackless career ascends.

Wafted by

Gentle gales I feel most happy; long tales
Of by-gone days, in sailor style are told,
So coarsely rough, and yet so bold; they bring
In full relief before my spirit's eye,
The times in which they lived. Old eastern
tales
Of magic lamps, enchanted streams and tow'rs;
Arabian scenes are pictured forth, till all
With one accord, believe the story true.

But when the winds and tempests raise their
powers,
Mocking at man's most vigorous strength; then
wakes
My soul to thoughts of noble daring. Up,
Up the shrouds we fly, and in a trice our
Bark is rified of her bellying sails, and
She who lay like a white swan upon the
Sleeping wave, now 'neath bare poles before
The shivering gale, pursues her course 'mid
angry
Surges, lashed by mutual strife.

Such is

My life upon the bounding deep. Sunshine
And storm each other quick succeed. Striving
As if to see which should predominate.

And such is man: such his existence. Such
Is human life! The strife of passion, calm
Repose precedes. Like Ocean's ever varying
Tides—reckless he rushes on, heedless of
Every beacon, 'till death's dark rolling wave
His few remaining sands sweep quick away,
And forth he launches in the broad ocean
Of Eternity!

Seg Harbor, (L. I.) April, 1842.

Our principles are the springs of our
actions; our actions, the springs of our
happiness and misery. Too much care,
therefore, cannot be employed in forming
our principles.—*Skellon.*

Original.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY REV. SCHUYLER HOES.

What period between the opening and
the closing of human life is more import-
ant than that of youth. No being upon
earth is more interesting than the infant,
the child, the young person. Among them
are found the tenderest sympathies, and
the most endearing relations. In them the
painter finds subjects for the most touch-
ing exhibitions of his art; by them the
poet is inspired with the sweetest melody
of song. If there be a human being who
remains unaffected by the charms thrown
around this period of probation, he must
have a heart that is either naturally incap-
able of exquisite emotion, or which is
chilled and frozen by the pernicious influ-
ences of the world. But, alas! when we
come more closely to contemplate even
this period which so forcibly reminds us
of paradisaic innocence and bliss, we find
that sin has entered the world, to poison
its joys, and to mar its loveliness; we find
that youth, like manhood, must be sancti-
fied, must experience the purifying and
elevating influence of religion—must come
into possession of the peace of the gospel
before it becomes an object on which God,
or angels, or holy men, can look with com-
placency. There may sometimes, it is
true, be much that is amiable, where nothing
is unfolded but the natural affections,
drawn forth by their native simplicity, or
regulated by the forms of refined educa-
tion. But, compared with the christian
virtues, shedding their heavenly influence
upon the youthful heart, all this loveliness
of nature is as the inanimate picture, com-
pared with the living, thinking, and act-
ing original. The body may be fair and
well proportioned, but the soul, the living
image of God; is wanting. The Son of
God came down from heaven to restore
the 'beauty of holiness' to the young
heart, as well as to the individual whose
visage is wrinkled, and whose head is
frosted with the lapse of sixty annual
revolutions. And his religion is the only
power that can restore it—the only power
that can secure to the hearts of the young,
unmingled truth and unfeigned love—the
only power that can give reality and per-
manency to their virtues, and secure to
them the abiding presence of God.

Contemplate pious youth in their gen-
eral aim. They have learned in the school
of Christ that this world is not their home,
and that its objects however splendid or
attractive, are not their chief good. They
view by an eye of faith, beyond these transi-
tory scenes, an inheritance incorruptible
and unfading. They regard it as their own,

and expect soon to have it in actual possession. And while they faithfully perform the duties which spring from their various relations in society, it is in reference to their christian vocation, and to the loftier purposes of their being. The regulations which they establish, the plans which they form, the pursuits in which they engage, are all made subservient to the same great object. Their spirituality is not lost, but habitually cherished and heightened by their intercourse with the good. Their souls constantly stretch forward to their more enduring inheritance. And in this respect, who does not discover the marked difference between the irreligious and religious youth. The former seeks for present convenience or comfort, and is intent only on present acquisitions. His principal solicitude is to increase his treasures, and secure his respectability for time. His arrangements and his modes of thinking and acting, are all adapted merely to the attainment of some earthly, temporary good. There may be decency, there may be refinement, there may be much that is attractive; but you look in vain for evidence that religion exerts its due influence, or that heaven is the chief object of desire. You see not the sweetness of piety, you hear not the voice of prayer; the great interests of etern'ity, if not entirely overlooked, are regarded only as objects of secondary consideration. But in the latter, the case is widely different, his leading aims and purposes of life are infinitely more lofty than any objects of this world. By him God is acknowledged and enjoyed as a present Deity—by him it is made a serious object of life to possess a treasure in the heavens when this earth is burnt up—by him the power of religion is exemplified in everyday concerns—by him its benign influence is shed, like the dew of night upon the tender herb, upon all the circles in which he moves. Such a youth is loved and honored by the good of every class, and God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit will be with him.

Consider pious youth amid the sacred employments of the Sabbath. This day is regarded by them as sacred, for they hear God say from the cloud-covered Sinai: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Nor is the day unwelcome to them, for they know the happiness of living near to God. No season is so precious to them, none so much desired, as this sacred emblem of heaven's rest. As the holy day therefore, approaches, youth, such as I have described, cheerfully let go the world, to be in readiness for more spiritual employments. The last hours of the week are not burdened with excessive cares and labors so that the Sabbath may be em-

ployed in mere bodily rest: but there is a gradual withdrawing from the world, a gentle transition from the bustle and fatigues of the week, to the hours which God has consecrated. The blessed morning comes. A sacred stillness now pervades the city, the village, the country neighborhood, and the family circle. To piety, it is not the stillness of apathy, or sloth; but of solemn reflection, of heavenly thoughts; thoughts of Him who created the world with all its grandeur and beauty; of Him, too, who died for the world's redemption. The Bible, or some other good book engages their morning attention. Then with the precious 'Book Divine,' they repair to the Sabbath-school room, some to teach, others to be taught, and thus spend an hour in sowing, and receiving seed which is to spring up in the harvest of Eternity. And when the hour of public worship arrives, you see not only hoary age and manly vigor, but buoyant youth and smiling childhood, repairing to the temple of God.

No slight cause ever detains them from that sacred place. How still, serious, and attentive they are in that place where God has recorded his name, and where he mantles all the good with his glory. Thus the Sabbath is to them a day of interest and improvement, while to others, who waste its sacred hours in sleep or idleness, it becomes of all others the most irksome. Thus in secret or public devotion, in the study of the scriptures, in the delightful exercises of the Sabbath-school, in pious conversation, and in meditation on the wonderful works of their Creator and Redeemer, are passed the sacred hours of pious youth.

Contemplate pious youth at the close of life. For in this world of mutation and decay, every thing comes to an end. Some in one way, and some in another. The aged, the middle aged; yes, and those in all the greenness of youth, fall before the infallible archer. Some at home amid all the sympathies and friendships of loved ones, others among strangers where no hand, nor eye, nor voice is recognized. Some fall suddenly and unexpectedly, like the autumnal leaf before the withering frost; others with the sepulchral cough and the hectic flush, are years wasting away, still they are in the sure pathway to the tomb. I see the pious youth in all the freshness of life laid by the hand of Providence upon the couch of death, called to endure excruciating sufferings, which pierce the hearts of fond relations. But this youth remembers that God is the same kind and merciful Father that he was when he or she walked forth in all the vigor of health. The heart flows not

in prayer, and in return is heard the still small voice, 'It is I, be not afraid.' O how does religion tranquilize the spirit, and preserve a holy calm even under ills which would seem to admit of no alleviation! I see tears in the eyes of that youth, while friends approach the bed of death with almost inconsolable grief; but I see, too, the calmness and serenity of heaven in the countenance of that dear one. Now comes the trying hour. The 'King of Terrors' has arrived—the last conflict begins. The heart's Almighty guest, the Savior, who conquered this monarch in his own dominions, gives the victory to his youthful disciple. And now religion is sure in all its reality, and in all its importance, both to the living and the dead.

Finally, look at pious youth in heaven. In this imperfect state they had their cares and disappointments, their hopes and fears, their lights and shades; but now, the struggle is over, the victory is achieved, they have entered the mansions of that bright world, with cherubim and seraphim to enjoy unmingled happiness, and triumphant bliss before the throne of the Holy ones. Their crowns are received, and their harps are set to the tune of the unceasing song, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Thus they coruscate and brighten in the effulgence of the God-head forever and ever.

Lowell, 1842.

Original.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The ocean-wind is sleeping, and the wave
Lovely and blue as the o'erarching sky,
Lingers with low, sweet murmuring sound to
lave

The tall, proud vessel as it passes by.
Hark! plaining sounds that tell of wo are there,
And dirge-like music floats along the air.

But there is leaning o'er the vessel's side,
One whose deep sorrow rests within her
breast:

Nor word nor sigh escapes—fair youthful bride,
How does thy burthened bosom ache to rest,
Beside that death-clad form:—it may not be—
Yet a few years of suffering must thou see.

They bend and gently raise him—rough eyes
shed

Their mingled tears o'er that cold, youthful
brow.

The deep receives him in its watery bed—
its countless waves are rolling o'er him now.
Roll on—he sleeps too calm, too sweet to wake,
A sleep, your wildest rush no more can break.

The last note of the dirge has died away,
And the last ripple of the circle's blent,
And lost among the waves—yet does she stay,
And with a gaze, as though it might be sent
To cheer the mysteries of the ocean-cave,
Still watch the spot that opened for his grave.

Alas, sad mourner! soon the with'ring blight
Of sorrow far too deep for words to speak,
Has fallen on thee—and the smiling light
Of thy young brow, and bloom of thy fair
cheek

Have past away—and thou would'st have it so,
Why wish for beauty, now that he lies low.

The silvery light of stars is on the wave—
The breeze awakes, and round the vessel's
prow
The glad waves dance. 'Farewell, in thy lone
cave,

With all the dark waves o'er thee, I must now
Forever leave thee—O that this sick breast,
Might share, beloved, thy low place of rest.'

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE KIND PROVIDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

'I feel, sometimes, well nigh discourag-
ed, Mrs. Clement, about this matter. I
have already tried three schools for my
little boy and girl, but have felt myself
compelled to take them away from each,
successively. And for the reason, that I
could distinctly perceive a change passing
upon their dispositions that was not for
good. This is doubt, owing in a de-
gree, to their contact with other children.
But I am convinced that such contact
would prove beneficial were the teacher
who has charge of them possessed of the
true wisdom of one in so important a sta-
tion. I am not disposed to attach blame to
the teachers with whom my children have
been placed. No doubt they performed

their duty to the best of their ability. But the want of a true perception of their duties is what I cannot but regret.'

'And few indeed, Mrs. Van Wych,' replied the lady to whom the above had been addressed, in the course of a conversation—have a true perception of these duties. Yet how important it is, that the minds of young children should receive, in the first development, a right direction; for upon this depends, greatly, the tone of their future character.'

'I have had a painful consciousness of this fact, Mrs. Clement; and it is the more painful under the reflection that it will be impossible, in transferring them for a time to the care of others, to secure that wise and judicious influence.'

'I believe,' Mrs. Clement remarked, after sitting silent for some moments—'that if there is any one thing more than another for which I am, by nature, better fitted, it is for the management of young children; and if I were compelled to follow any pursuit for a living, it would be that of keeping a school for little boys and girls. And I would have none who were over eight years of age. After that period, all, and boys especially, should be placed under the care of a judicious master.'

'I wish—no, I cannot wish that either; for it would be a selfish and cruel wish.'

'Wish what, Mrs. Van Wych?'

'I was going to say, without a moment's reflection, that I wished you might be compelled to keep such a school.'

'I certainly cannot join in the desire.'—At my age, and with my habits, such a change would be an exceedingly painful one.'

'It would indeed, Mrs. Clement.'

'I sometimes wish that I had half a dozen children around me, that I might observe the effects produced on their minds by a contact with the world, full of wonders to them and guide their thoughts aright. I am often very lonesome, and grow tired of myself. For, you know, I have nothing to do. But I cannot turn schoolmistress now. That would be a

strange employment for a lady, with a clear income of five or six thousand dollars per annum.'

'Not so strange, really, as the world might think,' Mrs. Van Wych said to herself.

About a week after this conversation occurred, a friend came to see Mrs. Clement. He was a man in business, and had always interested himself for her ever since her husband's death. In fact, he advised her in all matters relating to her property, and his advice was always taken.

'I have been thinking a good deal, lately, about your affairs, Mrs. Clement,' he said, 'and have made up my mind that the best thing you can possibly do is to sell all your houses and lots at once, and invest the entire proceeds in United States Bank stock. Property is now high, and yours will bring the very best prices, if offered at this time. But there is no telling how long present rates will be maintained. On the contrary, United States Bank stock is the safest and surest investment in the country, and the dividends are always large. Stocks are also the best kind of property for a woman to have. There is no trouble and loss from bad tenants; no painful necessity from distrainments; no loss in repairs, nor the constant attention to insurance, taxes, and other matters that are not only troublesome, but constitute a very heavy drawback upon the annual income. All that is required, is to go every six months, when dividends are declared, and receive your due.'

'You certainly know best Mr. Stevens,' was the old lady's reply. 'Much better, of course, than I can know. If you really think the investment a safe one, I see no objection to its being made; and to tell the truth, these matters of rents, and repairs, and insurances, etc., are no little annoyance to me.'

'Safe, Mrs. Clement! why I should as soon trust the United States Bank, as the Government itself! Its stock is one hundred and fifteen now, and those who have

money to place at interest are seeking eagerly to obtain it.'

'Well, I am willing to be governed by you in the matter. If you see best, you may make arrangements to throw all my real estate into the market, and with the proceeds, purchase for me shares in this excellent institution.'

Acting as he supposed, for the true interests of the widow, now considerably advanced in years, Mr. Stevens sold off, as rapidly as possible, and at good prices, the whole of a fair estate that had been left to her on the death of her husband. The proceeds amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars, and were all immediately invested in the stock of the bank just mentioned.

Not long after this event, occurred that unsuccessful effort of resumption by all the Philadelphia banks; which was sustained for only a few weeks, during which period, millions of dollars in gold and silver were drawn out and transmitted to New York. Then came the shock of another suspension, the cause of which was mainly charged upon the United States Bank. Suspicions of her solvency began to circulate through the country, uttered in low, ominous whispers. Then her stock began slowly to decline. Day after day it fell, and continued to fall steadily until it reached its par value. How many a poor widow's heart trembled as her little all melted thus slowly away, like ice in the warm sunshine. A thrill of alarm passed through the whole country, as the stock, after lingering briefly at one hundred, fell to ninety-eight—then to ninety-seven, ninety-six, and so on downwards.

Still there was hope that it would go up again, and few were willing to sell, and meet the heavy loss that would be the consequence.

'Had I not better let it go at ninety?' Mrs. Clement said, in a concerned tone to her friend Mr. Stevens, when the stock had fallen to that amount. 'I shall still have enough left for all my wants.'

'Oh no, not on any account, Mrs. Clement. The stock must certainly rise

again. I have a large amount invested in it, and I would not sell my shares at even the par value. These are times of doubt, and fear, and strong trial. But we shall pass through them. So don't be alarmed, Mrs. Clement, all will come right again.'

'I hope so, Mr. Stevens.'

'I know so,' was the positive reply.

'Well—I still confide in your judgment Mr. Stevens. I have never yet had cause to question it.'

'You may rest with perfect safety.'

Still the stock continued to fall, slowly but surely, from day to day; and there was little hope of any more dividends for a long time to come. In spite of all Mr. Stevens' efforts to assure Mrs. Clement, she still felt greatly troubled—nor could he, after a time, conceal the deep concern he himself began to experience.

'I did it all for the best,' he said to her one day, when his own fears had become so strong that they could not be disguised.

'I am sure of that, Mr. Stevens; and I do not blame you. But do you not think that I had better sell now?'

'At fifty dollars a share, when you paid one hundred and sixteen? Oh, no, Mrs. Clement. That will never do! It would be throwing away more than fifty thousand dollars in a single moment. The stock certainly must go up.'

'I would rather sell, Mr. Stevens.'

'Wait a little longer. I cannot bear that you should submit to such a terrible loss.'

Thus persuaded, Mrs. Clement consented to delay, day after day, and week after week, until with the hundreds who had been vainly hoping to see a rise in the stock, she was startled by the announcement that the bank had closed its doors.

This event swept from Mrs. Clement her entire property. The shock was such, as, for a time, almost to paralyze her energies of mind. From a condition of liberal affluence, she was suddenly reduced almost to a state of dependence. For a time she held on to her stock, in the vain hope that it would rise, and, finally, sold for six thousand what had cost one hundred thou-

and dollars. But, unfortunately, as it seemed, even this sum could not be retained by her, as there were some claims due by her, which had not been closed at the time her investment in stocks had been made, and which she had expected to liquidate, mainly by the dividends that were expected to accrue. When these were paid off, she had scarcely five hundred dollars left.

Having known, all her life, no condition but one of affluence, to be left at the age of fifty, almost alone in the world, and in poverty, was a trial of no light character. But Mrs. Clement was a woman of a decided cast of mind, and had been, at one time in her life, eminently useful in her sphere. But, as years passed on, the enervating habits of a life with few strong external impulses, gradually enfeebled the activities that had once been exercised for good to others, and she sunk into a condition of ease and indolence.

'I am too old now,' she would sometimes say, 'to engage in these schemes of active benevolence. I must give place to younger persons. At my age, repose is necessary.'

Still she was not happy in her inactivity, nor did she feel altogether satisfied in thus voluntarily ceasing to be engaged in positive uses to others. She felt that she was living in vain.

But the shock that her whole moral nature sustained in the loss of her property, aroused the slumbering energies of a mind yet unenfeebled.

'What shall I do?' was a question often asked, and the answer long pondered.

About three weeks after she had closed up her business, and settled down in the certainty that she was worth only about five hundred dollars, instead of one hundred thousand, her friend Mrs. Van Wych called in to see her.

'How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Clement?' she asked, in a kind and sympathizing tone.

'Really, Mrs. Van Wych, I can hardly tell how I am: my mind seems like a sea that has recently been vexed by a great

storm—the ground swell is still heavy, and comes, at times, with powerful shocks. But, I am trying to bear up like a woman and a christian. Our sex, it is said, though weak, and fragile in the sunshine, can brave the tempest with even more than man's firmness. It may be. But not in our own strength can we do it. We must look up to the Strong for strength. Up then, to Him, who bore our sorrows, and is acquainted with our grief, and I am endeavoring to look with patient confidence.'

'And you will not, I am sure, look in vain, Mrs. Clement.'

'I humbly hope not. The question with me now is—what shall I do? I must do something, of course, or I cannot live—for I am resolved not to be an idle, moping dependent on any one. I feel younger, by many years, than I did a twelvemonth ago, and fully able to perform my part in life. What an utter blank my life has been, Mrs. Van Wych, for the last few years! I have added nothing to the common stock of good. To others I left the business of performing uses, content to fold my hands in unproductive ease. But I can do so no longer. Whether I am willing or not, I must enter the arena of life as an active participator. I wish to receive, and, in turn, I must give to others.'

'I am glad, my friend,' Mrs. Van Wych replied, 'that you can look thus calmly through this distressing event, and extract sweets from bitterness. It is a wise Providence that rules the events of life, and happy will we be, if we can see and acknowledge the Divine hand in what is adverse, as well as in what is prosperous.'

'Thus have I felt,' Mrs. Clement said. 'But the trial is hard indeed, for one of habits like mine, to acknowledge with submission the hand that sweeps away all earthly dependence.'

'Truly it must be! But only in that feeling can there be any happiness.'

'Of that I am fully convinced. And my daily, indeed, almost my hourly effort is, to subdue a murmuring and repining spirit.'

A pause ensued, when the visitor said,

'Have you yet, Mrs. Clement, been able to decide upon what you will do?'

'Indeed, I have not, I have about five hundred dollars left, and with this I might open a little dry goods and trimming store, and readily support myself. But, somehow or other, I have a most unconquerable reluctance to doing so. Not that I would feel above it—for I believe that I have fully subdued that low feeling—but the place does not seem the one suited for me. I might take a few boarders, but I have an aversion for doing that, and it would, besides, involve a high rent and many heavy expenses, and might result in my falling into debt—a condition that I think of with feelings allied to horror. I wish you would suggest something, for something I must do—the former, should nothing better present itself.'

'I can think of but one thing, Mrs. Clement, but I am afraid that you are almost too old for that.'

'Name it.'

'How would you like to open a select school for young children? I have two, whom I should be rejoiced to see under your judicious care,—and I will engage to get you just as many more as you want, and at a good price for tuition. How does that strike you?'

'Strange that I should not have thought of it myself!' Mrs. Clement said in a low musing tone, falling into a state of mental abstraction, from which, she at length aroused with a deep inspiration.

'You have suggested the very thing for me, Mrs. Van Wych,' she said. 'It will not be irksome nor laborious. I love children, and seem to have an intuition of what will please, at the same time that it will instruct them. It may seem strange to you, but I feel a delight, already, enkindling in my heart at the thought of being surrounded with children. Most earnestly do I thank you for the suggestion.'

In the course of a week, arrangements were made for receiving a number of children, and Mrs. Clement's school was opened, with about twelve little boys and girls, each of whom had often met her before

and loved her for her uniform kind attentions to them. Her natural love of children, went out in an affectionate interest towards her young scholars, and was felt by them, and while there was in her mind the delight of imparting instruction, there was in their minds a reciprocal delight in receiving. She did not seem to them a school *Mistress*, requiring an arbitrary obedience, but a kind mother, who loved them, and in obeying whom, they found an unalloyed pleasure.

'Well, Jane, how do you like your new school-mistress?' asked Mr. Van Wych of his little girl, taking her on his knee one evening on her return from school.

'Mrs. Clement aint no school-mistress, father'—the little girl replied, in a half-offended tone.

'Then what is she, my dear?'

'I dont know what to call her, father. But she aint like the school-mistresses that we have been to. She is never cross, but always speaks so soft and good to us. Oh, I would not do any thing that was wrong for the world.'

'Why would you not, my child?' asked the father.

'Because it would make Mrs. Clement feel so bad. When any of the children do wrong, she does not get angry and scold, but seems so sorry, and tells them about their Father in Heaven who sees all that they do, and who cannot love any thing in them that is disobedient.'

The heart of the father was moved. 'Does she always tell the children about their Father in Heaven, when they do wrong?' he asked.

'Not always.'

'What does she say to them, then?'

'Sometimes she does not say any thing to them, but only looks them right in the face, as if she felt very sorry.'

'And then they cease to do wrong?'

'Oh yes. There are no little boys and girls in the school who would act bad, for a long time, after she has looked at them for doing wrong.'

'You all love her very much, do you not?'

'Yes, father, all of us. And we are so glad that she lets us come to her. We like to go to school now. Sarah Armon, our minister's little girl, you know, says that Mrs. Clement's school is like a little heaven.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes.'

'And why does she say so?'

'Because we all love one another, and Mrs. Clement loves us all. And then, when we come in the morning, before school opens, she takes the Bible and reads some of the beautiful verses in it to us.'

'She does?'

'Oh yes. About little children and Heaven, and being good. And then we all get down on our knees, and she says—'Our Father—' and we all say it over after her.

In spite of his manly effort to check the instant emotion that arose in his heart, tears started to the eye of Mr. Van Wych, but he wiped them away, as he said—

'And does she always do that?'

'She always does now. But the first few days she did not do it. We were not so good then, nor did we love her so much, nor did she seem so kind and affectionate to us.'

'Sarah Armon was right, my child. Your school is like a little Heaven, and Mrs. Clement is your good angel, for she loves you, and tries to do you good. I am glad to hear you say that you love her.'

'Oh, I do love her, father, and we all love her very much,' was the child's earnest response.

'How do you like your new employment, Mrs. Clement?' asked her friend, Mrs. Van Wych, a few evenings after the above conversation had occurred between her husband and child.

The moisture dimmed the eyes of the old lady, as she replied in an earnest tone.

'I can hardly tell why it is, Mrs. Van Wych, but I never felt so much delight in the performance of any thing in my life as I do in teaching these children. For the first day or two, it did seem a little irksome, but, that passed away, as I lifted up

my thoughts, and asked from above, a blessing on my efforts to teach children: Since then, I cannot express the delight I experience, whenever I am in the effort to impart some good or true things to the little ones who have been committed to my charge.'

'But do not the evils of their natures sometimes become manifest, especially in the form of disobedience to you, or unkindness to each other?'

'Yes, sometimes, of course. But to meet these, I first look into my own heart to see that I am not angry, and put away all that is not of love to them, and then my words and manner seem instantly to subdue them, even while I speak in the mildest possible tone.'

'You seem really, happier, Mrs. Clement, than you did, before your great change in external circumstances,' Mrs. Van Wych said, after a pause, in which she was endeavoring to keep down the rising emotions of her heart.

'Far happier, my dear friend. It is said that the happiness of the angels in heaven, consists in the delight of doing good; and I can believe it; for something of a corresponding delight is mine while engaged in trying to do good to the children under my care—a delight so far above any merely selfish delight, that it is, in comparison with the other, inexpressible. 'That which I thought the greatest evil that could have befallen me, I believe is going to prove my greatest blessing. How wise are the dispensations of a good Providence!'

Six months have passed, since Mrs. Clement parted with the almost worthless representatives of a handsome fortune. She is still engaged in keeping a small school for children, to whom, her ministrations are indeed a blessing. A few days since, in conversing with a friend, she said,

'I cannot but see and acknowledge the hand of a Divine Providence, ever active for the good of his creatures, in the recent events of my life. My friend, Mr Stevens, who acted for me with a sincere desire for my good—of this I have never had a doubt—induced me to sell all my property and

invest it in United States Bank Stock, but a very short time before the Institution began to lose its hold on the public confidence. I might have sold when the first shock came, and had a handsome property left; or I could have sold, and wished to sell, at various points of the stock's depression, but it was overruled, until the proceeds of the sale, when it was made, were barely enough to pay off a few unsettled claims against me. Had it not been that I was, in consequence, driven into active usefulness, I should have wasted the rest of my days in indolence and ease. Nor should I have been in any degree so cheerful and happy as I now am. Thus, I am really elevated in my internal and true condition, and am actively engaged in doing good. I have thought much on the subject of Providence, of late. How remarkable it is, that all the various uses in society are made to go on by a kind of necessity acting upon the selfishness of individuals. All employments that result in benefits to the whole, are prosecuted, not for the good of the whole, but from a desire to benefit self. And thousands are kept poor, as the only condition in which they would be active. But how happy a social condition it would be, were all engaged in the performance of general uses, from a feeling of regard and love to the whole!

Under such a condition of things, individual benefit would be the certain result; for even now, he that renders the greatest good to the whole, generally receives the largest return. As for myself, I believe that my peculiar use lies in teaching the young: I have been driven into it. Had I remained rich, I could not have been induced to enter into such an employment. But now that I have been forced into it, I find a delight in its performance that I did not imagine I could feel in any act of use to others. And of how much more importance that some twenty, or perhaps more than a hundred children should receive judicious early instruction—should have good seed sown in their minds—than that a single individual should be protected in

the possession of wealth, which only prevented her from filling her true place of usefulness in society!

Who will say that Mrs. Clement did not reason fairly?

Original.
THE DEW-DROP.

BY MISS L. S. HALL.

I hid me to the lowly vale,
To catch the health inspiring gale,
To view the wild-flower in its bloom,
To breathe the violet's sweet perfume,
To pluck the primrose from its bed,
To raise the lily's drooping head,
To seat me in some grassy nook,
And read a page from nature's book.
The birds poured forth their grateful lays,
In concert to their Maker's praise;
The silver rill went laughing by
As if rejoicing in their joy;
And every leaf on every tree,
Responded to the harmony—
The very grass beneath my feet,
Seem'd with true melody replete—
The mountain reared its summit high,
And held communion with the sky—
The mist in fleecy drapery hung,
And far around its shadows flung;
King Sol peep'd through the veil and smil'd,
As smiles a parent on his child;
One slanting ray fell on a gem
That graced the lily's diadem;
And gave a more than diamond's hue,
To that lone, crystal drop of dew—
That stainless tear that fell last night
Was radiant now with morning light,
From heaven the pearly drop came down,
And joy'd to be the lily's crown;
I gazed upon the emblem fair.
For innocence was imaged there.

My hand the prize would fain have taken,
And placed with pride in my boquet,
But, ere its slender stem was shaken,
I turn'd me from the thought away—
It seem'd like sacrilege to mar
The beauty of the valley's star.

Methought 't were cruel mockery
To take so meek a thing away;
Methought 't were very treachery
To give the lily to decay:
To steal the crown which grac'd its bloom,
And give it an unhonored tomb.

My hand withdrew, and gratefully
 I watch'd the beauteous thing, and long;
 I bent my ear attentively,
 And caught the music of its song,
 And treasured up with deep intent,
 The dew-drop's every sentiment.

Methought it said, in accents mild,
 'Come listen to me, erring child;
 And many a simple tale I'll tell
 Thy thoughtful heart should ponder well.
 My home has been in many a place,
 I've looked on many a mortal's face,
 And much I'll speak with silent voice
 To make thee sorrow and rejoice.'
 I took the hint, and closer drew,
 And thus began the drop of dew.

'But one little moment is left me to stay,
 For yonder bright sun will soon call me away.
 His chariot is waiting to take me on high,
 To join my companions at home in the sky.
 On my sofa of down, I shall quietly rest
 And sail, in my soft, snowy drapery drest,
 Through regions of limitless space and of light,
 But the lily's pure cheek is my pillow at night.
 Come hither to-morrow at earliest dawn,
 While dew-drops like crystals begem the gay
 lawn—

While earth is reposing in quiet, come here,
 I've words of my own for thy glad trustful ear;
 The day is advancing, and bustle and strife,
 Confusion and care are the business of life—
 I leave thee with mortals its moments to spend,
 Forget not to be to all creatures a friend—
 From the tall forest-oak to the least grain of
 sand;

Forget not that each is the work of His hand—
 Forget not who made thee a sister of all,—
 Withhold not thy aid, when the lowest may
 call.

Forget not thy office, to keep thy own heart—
 Forget not thy duty to HIM whose thou art.
 Thy God for thy portion—Thou hast not a foe,
 Farewell till to-morrow—I go, I must go."

A rustling sound among the trees,
 Proclaim'd the coming of the breeze;
 The lightwinged gallant kissed the flower,
 And snatched the pride of nature's bower;
 And bore his prize of beauty rare
 In triumph through the fragrant air.
 The lily scarcely said adieu
 To her departing pearl of dew,
 So quickly from her grasp it flew.
 The valley sighed to be bereft,
 For scarce another gem was left,

I almost thought it cruel theft.
 But then, I call'd her words to mind,
 And knew the dew-drop must be kind;
 Though selfishness had made me blind.
 The lingering accents said "Make haste,
 Thou hast no precious time to waste."
 My nature whispered first—'Be sad,'
 But conscience answered, 'Nay, be glad'
 Rejoice with all things in THAT hand
 By which the universe was planned.
 Learn of the dew-drop and be wise,
 Improve each moment as it flies—
 Redeem the time; let early dawn
 Conduct thee to the dewy lawn;
 We gaze on nature's works in vain;
 Her teachings all are pure and plain—
 So gather from each shrub, a gem
 'T' adorn the spirit's diadem.'

I turned me gratefully away,
 And waited for another day.
Lowell, May, 1842.

Original.

SEMIRAMIS.

BY D. WISE.

So frequently is the name of this celebrated personage referred to in history, poetry and general literature, that it is unpardonable in any lady to be ignorant of the leading facts in her character and life. To supply those facts is the object of this brief sketch.

That such a person ever existed is a question around which even credulity might throw some doubts; still it seems scarcely creditable that her name and exploits should be so frequently mentioned by historians without the existence of some person of whom these wonderful accounts are predicated. The probabilities are in favor of her real existence.

Ascalon in Syria, claims the honor of being her birth place. The period of her birth is a matter of more doubt. It is probable, however, that she was contemporary with Gideon the well-known judge and leader of the Israelites, about 1000 years after the flood. Some historians, however, give her a far higher antiquity, mak-

ing her contemporary with Abraham 600 years earlier.

She first appears on the stage of public life as the young wife of Menones, a general of Ninus, king of Assyria. She attended her husband to the siege of Bactria; and after many fruitless efforts, it was at her suggestion the city was taken. She discovered a weak and undefended part of the fortification, and directed the soldiers thither by a secret path at night. By this path the walls were scaled and the city subdued.

After this event, Ninus, the king attracted by her charms and skill, determined to obtain her for his wife. He offered his daughter, the princess Sosana, in exchange, to Menones; threatening him, if he refused, to have his eyes put out. The faithless Semiramis favoring his suit, the unhappy Menones hung himself in a fit of despair; and his wife became Queen to Ninus, monarch of Assyria.

There is a somewhat doubtful account of the mode by which she obtained the sole sovereignty of his vast empire. It is said that Ninus, blinded by his foolish attachment, granted her the absolute power for a single day. Placing her on his throne, and giving her the royal signet, he did her homage, and commanded his officers to follow his example; declaring that for that day her decrees should be unalterable. The cunning and unprincipled Queen immediately ordered her deoting husband to be imprisoned and then strangled: her next step was to declare herself his successor; and thus at the age of twenty she became exclusive mistress of the proud Empire of Assyria.

No sooner was she firmly seated on the throne, than she devoted herself to the prosecution of magnificent enterprises.—The accounts of her surprising monumental and architectural productions are scarcely to be credited; and indeed they would not be, but for the gigantic remains that encumber her plains of the ancient dominion.

Her most unfortunate enterprise was an expedition into India. Determined, if

possible, to immortalize her name as a conqueror, she gathered an army of three million foot soldiers and five hundred thousand cavalry. To cope with the elephants of the Indians, she disguised and caparisoned a vast number of camels like elephants, and then took the field. At first, victory floated round her banners, but when she had penetrated far into the interior of the country, the Indian monarch assailed her with great vigor; crushed her mock elephants, and cut her troops to pieces. She escaped with difficulty, and returned home with less than a third of her vast army.

Doubt rests on the manner of her death. Whether she abdicated her throne and died peaceably, or whether she was put to death by her son, are questions about which history is undecided. When she was dead, however, the Assyrians deified her, and offered her sacrifices under the form of a pigeon.

Such was the public character of this celebrated Queen. Her private life was stained with vices of the blackest hue; and on the question of desert, the poorest cottage girl in her mountain home, is more meritorious and deserving of a place on the roll of fame than Semiramis.

From the New York Observer.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

In an upper room of an humble dwelling, in the city of New York, I found, a few days ago, a dying girl. She was about eighteen years of age, and far from home. In early life, she had left her mother's cot, in the 'Emerald Isle,' and, with a band of emigrants, had sought America, trusting to the labor of her hands for her daily bread. In one of our thousand mills she had found employment, but had laid up nothing against an evil day; and when sickness overtook her, and consumption stretched her on a dying bed, she was dependent utterly on the *charity* of others—relatives she had none this side of the great water.

It is needless to say how I was led to her chamber. Upon sitting down and speaking of the only refuge of the soul in the hour of dissolving nature, and of the happiness of those who trust in Jesus, I asked her if she was willing to die. 'Yes,' said she, 'but—but—I should like to see my mother;' and, as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and she drew the covering over her head and wept.

It was a tribute of filial love. Those who were present felt it, and we sat in silence till the swollen tide subsided.

I have mentioned this fact, not to repeat the conversation that ensued, but simply for the sake of this expression of a daughter's love for her mother in the hour of death. Years and years had passed away since she had seen that mother; and oceans had rolled between them; and hard labor, and poverty, and sickness had been her lot. She had been an exile from home, in a strange land; but through all the changes of her hard journeyings, the memory of a mother clung to her, and melted her heart while death-chills were on it.

There is something to be learned from this little incident. It is the mother's power. If the ties are so strong, how deep the obligation to make those ties fast to the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ! In very infancy, in the tenderest years of childhood, the mother, as she winds her own heart-strings around her children, should bind those children, with cords stronger than earthly ties, to the cross of Jesus. Many a proud man has felt 'the pressure of his mother's hand' restraining him from sin, long after that mother had been in her grave. Many are the youth whose first awakening to a sense of sin has been the revival of the memory of a mother's prayers and tears. Who can tell how many daughters, now outcasts on the world, lost to honor and hope, might have been ornaments to earth and stars in heaven, had maternal influence impressed their infant minds with the truths of God's word? Will mothers think of this?

The young woman whose touching re-

mark suggested these lines, had never forgotten the impressions of childhood.—Though a stranger in a strange land, with no parent to counsel or restrain her, she had been kept from the paths of vice, and had early hoped in a Savior. She assured me that in the midst of her protracted illness, she had found that Savior precious, and trusted only in him for salvation.

This was my first visit. She asked me to come again. They told me, as I came away, that she would probably live a month or two; but three days afterward I called, and she was buried! They said she lived a few hours only after she told me she should like to see her mother. I hope she will.

Poor girl!—poor as the world goes, for charity gave her a burial! Blessed girl! if now with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

IRENEUS.

Book Notices.

APOLLOS: or Directions to persons first commencing a religious life.

This is the title of a neat little pamphlet just from the press. It is replete with good advice to young christians, though we could wish, in such a work, to see more about *faith*, than is said in this tract. Also, we think the pious author erred in the following passage on page 4.

'Do not expect that the evidence desired will come immediately and at once. It must come *progressively*, as the result of continued effort in obedience to the will of God.' We think there is scarcely enough of *present* salvation in this passage, to make it fully comport with the spirit and the letter of the gospel. Still, as a whole, we commend it to our readers as a useful little pamphlet.—For sale by N. L. Dayton, 67 Merrimack street.

HISTORY OF LONDON.—This is a book for children, written in conversational style. It contains numerous interesting facts respecting the rise and progress of Ancient London. It corrects several popular errors in respect to individuals said to have lived there: as for example, the popular story of Richard Witt ngton, is stripped of its fictitious drapery and its real foundation exhibited. We hope it will prove a useful book.

Published and for sale, wholesale and retail by Rice & Wise.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

WORDS BY O. W. WITHINGTON, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S PEARL, BY B. F. BAKER.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

TENOR.

ALTO.

TREBLE.

BASS.

In the morn - - ing of life, when its

vis - - ions are gay, And hope, like a bird, hovers

o'er its glad way, - - - O God, may we

kneel at thine al - - - tar a - lone, Our hearts be re -

- - - - newed, and be whol - - ly thine own; Our hearts be re -

- - - - newed, and be whol - - ly thine own. With -

..... out thee, the pleasures of earth are but vain; They

wake in the spi - rit no soul - moving strain; But thy

peace, O our Lord, like thy bow in the sky, Is

brightest and nearest when danger is nigh; - - - - - Is

brightest and nearest when dan - - - ger is nigh.

2.

In the evening of life, when its pleasures once bright,
 Like mountain mists vanish, and melt from our sight,—
 O Lord! from its clouds unto Thee may we fly,
 And find Thee a God ever present and nigh.—
 With Thee there is joy, which no terror nor gloom
 Of earth can o'ercast. Thou hast conquered the tomb.
 And our Lord, from his throne in the heavens above,
 Sheds his mercy o'er all,—and in all breathes his love!



THE LADY'S PEARL.

JULY, 1842.

Original.

THE TWO BEAUTIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll eclipse every girl there!" ejaculated Emma Thompson, as she surveyed herself in a large mirror with evident tokens of self-satisfaction.

"They call me a beauty," she added, thoughtfully, as she paused to observe herself more narrowly, "and I believe I am."

And nine out of ten who looked upon Emma Thompson, would have come to the same conclusion. Her skin was fair, her features regular, and her eyes bright and sparkling. In her manners, she was gay, frank and playful. A fine flow of spirits gave effect to her personal attractions, and made her, at all times, an agreeable companion. She was, in consequence, much caressed and flattered.

About the same time that Emma was arraying herself, in showy apparel, for a large party, another young lady, of very different appearance, was preparing herself for the same social entertainment. Her name was Lucy Harper. In person and carriage, she was, by no means, as imposing and attractive as Emma; and her face, though regular, was one that, ordinarily, excited little interest.

As she proceeded to array herself, there was a quietness in her manner, and an evident unconcern as to the impression her appearance would make. She seemed careful to dress with neatness and taste—not so much for the sake of effect, as to satisfy her own sense of propriety—her own perception of the chaste and beautiful.

Early in the evening, Emma Thompson entered the room where were already assembled numbers of the gay company with whom she had been invited to spend a few pleasant hours. She was richly attired, and instantly attracted general attention.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after, that Lucy Harper came in, dressed in modest white—her only ornament a single white rose half hid among the luxuriant folds of her glossy hair. Her entrance seemed to attract but little notice.

"Really, Miss Thompson is beautiful!" said one young man to another, during the evening, as the object of his remark passed near them, leaning on the arm of one who had been so fortunate as to secure her for his partner in the promenade.

"There is one here, in my estimation, far more beautiful," was the quiet reply.

"I have not seen her, then. Miss Thompson, I do not hesitate to pronounce, the most beautiful woman in the room."

"I consider Lucy Harper as much handsomer."

"Lucy Harper! O, no. She won't compare with Emma."

"Here we differ. Emma Thompson, it is true, has something imposing and bril-

lignant about her. But with Lucy, there is a gentle, modest, thoughtful beauty of face and manner; that to me is irresistible—while Miss Thompson makes no impression upon me whatever. Look at her, as she sits, now, in earnest conversation with old Mr. Gray. How sweet her smile! How full of innocent beauty her fair young face! And now turn your eye upon Emma, and mark the difference."

"There is a difference, truly," said the young man, in a changed tone. "The one seems all unconscious of her attractions, while the other is, evidently, desirous of winning admiration."

"Just the difference that I have always observed between them. While Emma appears anxious only to be courted and admired—to have all find pleasure in pleasing her, Lucy seems never to think of herself, and to be concerned only for others. There is not another young lady in the room, who, judging from the conduct of each, would sit thus, and endeavor to interest that old man, while all is gaiety and gladness around. See how she leans towards him, and listens, while he, fond of a good listener, is indulging, no doubt, in some pleasant reminiscence."

"I never thought her beautiful before," was the reply. "But now there is a gentleness and sweetness about her, that is far more winning than the self-conscious charms of the gayest girl in the room."

"I need scarcely say, that so she appears to me. The moral beauty of her mind flows out into every lineament of her face, and gives to it an expression of innocence and loveliness; that is unsurpassed by the mere external forms of beauty, into which no beauty of the spirit enters, giving to them life and power. The latter will fade and change—the former knows no autumn. Nine out of ten who are present to-night, would give the palm of loveliness to Emma Thompson, while they passed by, with scarcely a glance, the modest, unobtrusive Lucy Harper. Ten years from this time, if both are living, how different will they appear! The ruling affection of each will, as now, be seen in the face, but, in one, how changed in its expression."

"I do not fully comprehend your meaning," the friend said.

"It is simply this: Do you not perceive in Emma Thompson an overweening love of admiration?"

"Plainly."

"That love of being admired is a purely selfish love, and finds its happiness, of course, in the many attentions and flattering compliments that are paid her while in society. But these will not always last. She will, ere long, pass from the point of general admiration, and then will come the unhappiness which flows from a disappointed love of being admired, flattered and courted by all. This unhappiness will show itself in her face, and change its now beautiful expression into one, no matter how regular her features may remain, no matter how pure the color of her cheek, that will repulse rather than attract. She will not, perhaps, understand the true secret of her unpleasant feelings, and will attribute them to other and various causes; but disappointed self-love will be the fountain from which flows the turbid stream."

"A just conclusion, it seems to me."

"On the contrary," proceeded the young man, "Lucy Harper's affection seems to be, to make others happy. Her thoughts, I should think, were rarely turned inward, in self-complacent reflections, but rather outward, from kind feelings towards others. The consequence will be, that her ruling love will meet no cruel disappointments. There will ever linger on her path, those upon whom she can exercise, as she now does towards old Mr. Gray, the genuine impulses and good emotions of an innocent heart. And, spite of time's impressions on her quiet face, her features will ever reflect the loveliness of her real character. Do you understand me now?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will agree with me, that, of the two, Lucy is far the more beautiful."

"I certainly will. And I can never look upon Emma Thompson again, without thinking of her selfish love of admiration—her consciousness that she is handsome, and see, or think that I see, its expression in every lineament of her face. Nor upon Lucy, without perceiving the true moral beauty that increases tenfold the physical beauty of her countenance."

On the morning after the party, Lucy called to see her friend, Emma. Could the two young men, who had, on the evening previous, observed so narrowly the young ladies, have seen them now, they would have perceived far more clearly the superior beauty of Lucy Harper. The calm, thoughtful, serene expression of her countenance strongly contrasted with the lowering brow and troubled aspect of the other.

"You do not seem happy, this morning," Lucy said, after she had been seated, and observed the sober look of her friend.

"Nor do I feel very happy," was the reply.

"What is the matter, Emma?" was asked in a kind tone.

"I can hardly tell, myself. But I never go to a party that I am not miserable for two or three days."

"That is strange, Emma. For my part, the pleasure is continued for many days afterwards."

"The pleasure? Why, I thought you didn't enjoy company at all!"

"And why should you think that, Emma?"

"O, I don't know. But you never seem to me to enjoy yourself any; and I can't see how you can, when every one seems so indifferent towards you."

"Indifferent towards me!" Really, Emma, you have made a discovery! I am sure every body treats me kindly, and I am always gratified when I attend a party. Why did you think that I was treated indifferently?"

"The young men never seem to pay you any attentions, Lucy; and you sit, it seems to me, all neglected for the greater part of an evening."

"All this is new to me, I am sure!" Lucy said, in tones of surprise. "If I can recollect rightly, I am always engaged in pleasant conversation with some one."

"O, yes, with some old man or woman. But I should die with dullness if I had no one else to talk to."

"Really, Emma, you have a strange way with you, sometimes. I believe I converse with old and young, grave and gay. It is true, that during the last evening, I was engaged in talking, or rather listening, to old Mr. Gray, for a greater part of the time. But I am sure I was very far from not being pleased, or gratified, especially, as none of the rest of our young friends seemed inclined to pay him any attentions."

"O, dear! If I had to sit down and entertain all the old men and women who happen to stumble into evening parties, I should die of dullness. Why don't such people stay at home? It is much the better place for them."

"Why, Emma! How can you think and speak so of old people! For my part, I love to see them in company with the young; and when I meet them there, am always drawn towards them."

"Indeed, then, I am not!" and the beauty tossed her head with an air of contempt.

"I'm young, and I like young company. Let old people keep to themselves."

Lucy was shocked, both at the words and manner of her friend, and feeling that any thing which she might say would only excite Emma's mind further on the subject, remained silent for some moments, when she said—

"So you do not feel happy, Emma, notwithstanding all the attentions that were shown you last night?"

"Happy? No, indeed! I feel miserable."

"Why so, Emma?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, but I always feel wretched after I have been to a party. Something or other is sure to go wrong."

"Go wrong! Did any thing go wrong last night?"

"No, not exactly. But—then—to tell the truth, Mr. Granger seemed to treat me with indifference, and I cannot bear to be slighted."

"O, I presume not, Emma. Mr. Granger is a gentleman, and, I am sure, would treat no one with indifference."

"Yes, he did, though, with marked indifference. He kept all the evening with other girls, and didn't appear to care about being over polite to me. Not that I care any thing about him, of course. But, then, I always feel a slight. It may be foolish; but, still, I cannot help it."

"But you had nearly every other young man in the room dancing attendance on you, as they say; so you needn't care about the indifference of one."

"Yes, but I do care though. As I said before, I cannot bear to have any one act towards me as if it were no consequence to him whether I were alive or dead."

"You and I are somewhat different, in that respect, Emma. The opinions of others in respect to me, never give me any trouble. I try to feel right, and to act right, and there let the matter rest. What I am, is of far more consequence to me, than the thoughts which others have about me. Others can never know me thoroughly,—necessarily, there must be false judgment in respect to me: were I, then, to trouble myself about the opinions of others, I should all the while be unhappy. But I do not. Indeed, I rarely, if ever, give the subject a thought."

"It is well that you do not, Lucy. If I were neglected, as much as you are, in company, I should be the most wretched creature imaginable."

"I am sure, Emma," her friend said, half-laughing, half-serious, "that if any such neglect as you speak of, exists, I am perfectly unconscious of it. Everybody seems kind and attentive to me, wherever I go, and I try to be kind and attentive to all."

From this brief conversation, the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the difference in the dispositions of the two young ladies we have introduced. The one seeking for happiness in the admiration paid to her personal attractions, and miserable whenever an expression of that admiration was withheld; the other, all unconscious of her own true moral worth and beauty, and anxious, rather, to gratify others, than thoughtful of her own pleasure. It will be seen, too, how the ruling affection of one was a fountain of troubled waters, while that of the other was as the steady flow of a pure and peaceful streamlet. Both, as has been intimated, were young, and both esteemed beautiful. Let us look upon them once again, after the lapse of ten years, and into time's changes on each fair face. The lesson may be worth remembering.

(Concluded in our next.)

FILIAL PIETY.—There is a remarkable instance of filial piety in the history of China. In the reign of the emperor Viren Ti, a mandarin was condemned to death; and was guilty enough to deserve it. He had the good fortune to have a daughter affectionate and dutiful to him, beyond the ordinary measures of filial piety; who addressed the emperor in his behalf, presenting a memorial to him, wherein she offered herself a slave for life, to save the life of her father. The emperor, struck with so extraordinary an instance of piety, pardoned the father, and left the daughter in her freedom. And this was the more remarkable, inasmuch as daughters are little regarded by the Chinese, and are often exposed.—*Churchill's Collections.*

[ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.]

Original.

THE TOILET.

BY MISS CAROLINE L. NORTH.

BEAUTY with her charms has crowned thee ;

Lady, thou art fair—

Fortune strews her gifts around thee—

Rich her treasures are ;

Pleased, upon thyself thou gazest.

In thy gay attire ;

Now the silken tresses bridlest

Of thy jeweled hair.

Lady, doth thy mind's adorning

Steal no thought of thine ?

Ne'er hast tasted Wisdom's fountain,

Knelt at Learning's shrine ?

Know'st thou not a purer pleasure

Than from earth e'er springs ?

Striv'st thou not for richer treasure

Than terrestrial things ?

Lady, ah, that glance admiring,

On thyself now cast,

Tells not of a soul's aspiring—

Thine is bowed to dust.

O, 'tis strange, that mind undying

So can worship clay ;

Till some magic stay its fading,

Shield it from decay.

Original.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"How do you like our new neighbor?" said Mrs. Crossman, addressing Mrs. Dennis, on whom she had called to have, according to her own phrase, a little chit-chat.

"Extremely well, what I have seen of her; but our acquaintance, as yet, is very slight."

"I should so imagine, if you are inclined to think well of her. My first impression of her was unfavorable, and the more I see of her, the more I dislike her."

"I am sorry for that; for, although I have seen but little of her myself, I have been informed, by a person who formerly lived near her, that she was a most excellent neighbor, and that, in cases of sickness, especially, she was ever ready to lend her assistance."

"I dare say; for she can run in to see a sick neighbor, without having it cost her any thing."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Crossman, but it costs her both time and labor; and as I am informed that she is a woman of very industrious habits, time is valuable to her."

"Yes; and she is as parsimonious as she is industrious when she ought to be generous, and lavish when it would be more becoming for her to be economical."

"Perhaps she thinks she ought to be her own judge in these matters. We cannot always judge by appearances."

"That is true; but I judge by realities. You know that I am exceedingly anxious to increase the number of members belonging to our "Female Benevolent Society," and took an early opportunity to call on her to see if she would join."

"And she saw fit to decline?"

"Yes."

"On what grounds?"

"O, she had half a dozen excuses—some of which I cannot remember. One was, that she did not feel able to give away a great deal, and that what little she did give, she chose to have the privilege of appropriating in her own way. Now, any person might see that this was only a plausible pretext for saving her dollar. You may possibly think I was rude, but I could not help telling her that persons who could afford to wear elegant and fashionable bonnets, might afford to give one dollar yearly, for the relief of the poor. She felt the allusion pretty keenly, I know, for she blushed the color of scarlet."

"I regret that you made the allusion. I have called on Mrs. Hooper only once, but it so happened, the day I called she was engaged in ripping to pieces an old bonnet. It was very much faded, but she said she was going to turn it and alter the form, as it was not convenient for her to purchase a new one. That was the elegant and fashionable bonnet she wore to church last Sabbath."

"Why did she not tell me, for she knew I thought her extravagant. It was her pride that would not permit her to undeceive me. I shall now think her less excusable than ever; for, surely, a person who can turn her ingenuity to such good account as to make an old shabby bonnet look like a new one, can save enough, in a short time, to enable her to join our society."

"You will remember the old adage, that 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' But, to return to the society, I have myself, of late, had serious thoughts of withdrawing."

"Surely, you are not serious, Mrs. Dennis. What can be your reason? Do you not approve of benevolent societies?"

"Yes, if conducted upon right principles, and the funds are judiciously appropriated."

"You don't mean to insinuate that ours is not rightly conducted?"

"I don't mean to insinuate any thing which cannot be proved. I have here," said she, taking a piece of paper from the workstand drawer, "a correct statement of the amount of money received by the society during the first year, and the different modes in which it was expended. There were twenty members, which, of course, gave twenty dollars to the treasury. In addition to this sum, ten dollars were received for plain and ornamental needle-work done by the members. An equal amount was realized by the society from similar kinds of work performed by poor widows and other indigent females, who received just one-half of the sum from the society which was given by the original employers. Of the forty dollars thus obtained, I find twelve were paid for the room where we meet. For a table, chairs, stove, fuel, candles, stationery and a few other items, twenty-nine more were expended, leaving the society at the close of the year, just one dollar in debt, without its having accomplished a single object for which it was intended, if we except what was paid to those poor women, to whom the aggregate sum of twenty, instead of ten, dollars should have been given."

"Surely, Mrs. Dennis, you must have made some mistake in your calculation."

"Not the least. You will find my statement perfectly accurate, if you will take the trouble to examine the books."

"Well, we shall do better this year. We have done a great deal more sewing than we did last."

"The more we do, the worse it is for those who earn a subsistence by their needles. I was first made fully sensible that we were doing evil rather than good, about two weeks since, from calling on Mrs. Grey. She is a widow with four children, the eldest of whom is seven—the youngest, about a year. I found her engaged in wash-

ing—an employment far too fatiguing for a person with her indifferent health. I enquired why I found her thus employed, in the room of plain needle-work, with which, on former occasions, I had found her busy. ‘I have been unable to obtain any for the last six months,’ she replied, ‘except from the Female Benevolent Society, which has secured for its own benefit all the sewing hired in the village, and it pays so low a price, that I find it impossible to earn a living. Before that society was formed, I could obtain as much work as I could do, for which I received a fair compensation, which enabled me to procure a sufficient quantity of comfortable food, and decent clothing for myself and children; but this Winter, I have been obliged to keep the two eldest from school for the want of shoes, and sometimes we are obliged to be content with very scanty meals. Since I have commenced taking in washing, I have done better, but I fear I shall be unable to continue it long, as I find my health is failing.’ This one example, exclusive of several which have since fallen under my observation, will serve to show that what we have very innocently been terming our benevolent society, is a real evil, as it has hitherto been managed.”

“It would so seem,” replied Mrs. Crossman; “but I sincerely thought we were doing a great deal of good. The next time we meet, I think measures should be taken to conduct it on different principles.”

“Yes; this underworking system should be entirely relinquished. If the society engrosses all the needle-work which the village is able to furnish, it should employ those who need the proceeds at the same price which it receives.”

The next day after the foregoing conversation, Mrs. Hooper, the new neighbor, put on her cloak and bonnet for the purpose of returning Mrs. Crossman's last call. On her way, she met Mr. Crossman on horseback, riding very swiftly. When she arrived at the house, she was informed by a woman who met her at the door, that Mrs. Crossman had been suddenly and violently seized with what appeared to be the spotted fever, a disease which was at that time prevalent in an adjoining town; and that she had, at the urgent entreaty of Mr. Crossman, consented to remain with his wife while he went for a doctor; “but now you have come,” she added, “I may as well go home, for I don't think the mother of six helpless children should expose herself to taking a disorder which is almost certain death.” Saying this, she hurried out of the house.

Mrs. Hooper hastened to the apartment of Mrs. Crossman. Having been accustomed to the alarming malady under which the patient was laboring, she knew that it was necessary to be prompt and energetic, and proceeded with wonderful readiness and self-possession, to adopt those measures which she had formerly seen resorted to with the most salutary effects. In a few minutes, Mr. Crossman returned with the information, that the doctor had just been called to visit a patient eight or ten miles distant.

“There is not another physician,” said he, “within five miles, and before he can be obtained, it will be too late.”

“I have,” replied Mrs. Hooper, “been present where persons have been ill of this alarming fever in all its stages, and have thus learned the most successful mode of treatment. Your own house, I find, affords all that is necessary in the way of medicine, and with your concurrence and assistance, I will do the best I can.”

During the whole of that long Winter's night, Mrs. Hooper never, for a moment, left the bedside of the sufferer, except to prepare something for her relief. Twelve hours from the time she was first taken—a space in which some, after having been stricken with the disease, breathed their last—the crisis took place. The struggle between the fearful malady and a firm constitution, appeared doubtful. A few suppressed and anxious whispers were interchanged between Mr. Crossman and Mrs. Hooper, who did not for a moment suffer her exertions to relax. In less than fifteen

minutes, there was a perceptible and favorable change. Perspiration broke freely from the flushed and burning brow, and the quick, laborious breathing became free and natural. Though she soon sunk into a quiet sleep, Mrs. Hooper still retained her station by the bedside.

A little after sunrise, the doctor and Mrs. Dennis arrived nearly together, the latter having just been informed that Mrs. Crossman was ill. The doctor pronounced her out of all danger; and having been informed by Mr. Crossman of the part Mrs. Hooper had taken, took the opportunity of pronouncing a warm eulogium on those females who do not, under the plea of excessive sensibility and weak nerves, shrink from the performance of disagreeable and painful duties.

Mrs. Hooper, who now that the hour of danger and excitement was past, found herself nearly exhausted, at the request of Mrs. Dennis, who offered to take her place, arose to withdraw to another apartment, to obtain, if possible, some rest. Mrs. Crossman grasped her warmly by the hand, and said, with much emotion,

"I shall never forget that it is to you that I owe my life."

Two weeks afterwards, she was well enough to be present at a meeting of the Female Benevolent Society. By her influence, it was voted, that those indigent females to whom the society gave employment, should thereafter receive full price for their labor. It was likewise voted, that, for the future, a stricter regard should be had relative to a judicious expenditure of the funds. Among other regulations, the members concluded, at the expiration of the year, to relinquish the room for which they paid twelve dollars annually, and to meet at their own dwellings.

Original.

THE STRANGER'S SEPULCHRE.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

WALK gently o'er that nameless grave,

No weeping eye hath blest;

For he, who sleeps within, hath now

A calm and holy rest.

Ye knew him not—he walked amid

Your pressed and peopled way,

Unheralded and unacclaimed,

Nor marked by proud array.

Ye saw him—yet ye marveled not.

He was not decked in gold;

Or costly drapery did not throw

Round him its purple fold.

Ye asked him not his name or race,

Or questioned whence he came;

While proudly rose on distant hills,

His household altar flame.

And they who waited by its hearth

Grew weary of his stay;

And sadly wept, in sacrifice

Of soul, his long delay.

They 'broidered o'er the canvass leaf

With beautiful device,

And spread it for his feet in love

Than gold of greater price.

And trained the myrtle and the vine,

And fragrant budding flower,

To greet him in his glad return,

And cheer that promised hour;

And wept and wearied yet again,

And called upon his name,

And twice and thrice from morn till night

They prayed—he never came!

And proud ones missed him at the feast,

And nobles in the hall;

While cyprus weeds flowed long and full

For him, the pride of all.

But ye in stinted kindness gave,

Amid your burial place,

Your "Potter's Field," his sepulchre,

The honored of his race.

And marked it not with shrub or tree,
 Or piously, with stone,
 But heaped the dust in hasty toil,
 And left him there unknown
 Because no messenger for him
 A lordly way prepared—
 No proud heraldic lines his name
 Or ancestry declared.

Have ye not learned the *great are meet*,
 And void of high pretence?
 Go, look upon that nameless grave,
 And learn the lesson thence
 For he who sleeps within, in life,
 Than they, was more caressed,
 Whom sculptured urn and towering shaft
 And epitaph have blessed.

Original.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE AGE.

BY ABNER H. BROWN, A. M.

CHRISTIANITY is a progressive system. We do not mean to say, that the truths which Jesus came to establish in the earth were not perfect; nor do we mean that he did not teach all that was necessary for the full illustration of the purposes of his divine mission. When the despised Nazarene left this polluted abode of his enemies, Christianity, as a system of truth, was perfect: it had been moulded by the hands of a divine artificer; it bore the impress of its heavenly origin; no part was wanting to complete its beauty or strength. But though Christianity itself was perfect, it did not receive its full development in the time of Christ, or his apostles. It was designed for the world, in all the different stages of its progress. What was imperfectly developed in one generation, received a fuller and more practical manifestation in another. One feature was more prominent in its early history, and another at a subsequent period.

Thus, though the central truths of Christianity can receive no addition or diminution, the manifestation of those truths, in the history of the human family, is progressive. We do not say, that every generation is in advance of its predecessor, or that every pretended new manifestation of Christianity really arises from a clearer insight into its doctrines; but the conclusion is irresistible, that, upon the whole, the religion of Jesus is continually exhibiting new adaptations to the wants of man, and new capabilities for all the emergencies of the world's eventful career.

It would be an interesting and profitable work, to trace the history of the Church through successive ages, with especial reference to the peculiar phases which Christianity exhibited in each period; but it would require more space than can be afforded to this article. What are the peculiar characteristics of the Christianity of our own day? This is the question which we propose briefly to consider.

Nothing strikes the mind more forcibly, when considering the present state of the Church, than the *spirit of activity* which pervades every Christian sect. The zeal and perseverance which are manifested for the propagation of the faith in its various forms, are, in some measure, worthy of the high objects which Christianity in its purity proposes to accomplish. The modern Church long enough slept over the command of its Founder, to "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was a glad era in earth and heaven when she shook off her guilty slumbers, and addressed herself, with confidence and alacrity, to the great work of the world's redemption. A new influence seems to have been operating upon the hearts of men, arousing them to a more faithful examination of their duty in relation to the condition

and prospects of the human race. This examination has resulted in earnest and extensive labors for the diffusion of that religion whose first principle demands love to God and man.

This spirit of activity has infused itself into every subject of religious thought and effort. The pulpit has felt its power. The dull and abstruse questions which were wont, in a former age, to be the topics of discourse, are no longer the most prominent subjects which the preacher discusses. It is but a few centuries since the works of Aristotle, instead of the Bible, were read in the churches. The clergy often selected their texts from the same source, and made them the foundation of long and intricate discussions of the most knotty and useless subjects of philosophy. At another period, the works of Plato were regarded as almost divine, and the beautiful and rich mysteries of the "ideal philosopher" were the themes of discourse in cathedral and church. But these things have passed away; Christianity has become more active, and the people demand more exciting nourishment—it has become more pure, and its own sublime truths have more weight than all the show of a false philosophy. The preacher, if he would keep pace with the spirit of the age, must bring forth things new as well as old, from the treasury of the Lord. He must have a true conception of that enlarged philanthropy, and of that spirit of activity and progress which the gospel so eminently inculcates.

But perhaps the most striking exhibition of the active spirit of the Christianity of our own day, is found in the numerous missionary and other benevolent societies which have sprung up in almost every village and parish. The religion of Jesus embraces in its comprehensive charity all classes of men, and demands of its professors, not only a personal obedience to its precepts, but a watchful care for the general good. It enlarges, as well as purifies, the human heart. It teaches man to send out his thoughts and sympathies to the distant and polluted places of the earth. It reminds him that this world is only the scene of his pilgrimage, and that he is bound to his fellow travelers by inseparable ties. Christianity would gather within its ample fold, all who wear the human form; it makes no distinction of age, or sex, or color, or birth; but "all are one in Christ Jesus." It visits with equal gladness, the lowly cottage and the royal palace; it blesses the heart of the degraded slave with the same joy which it confers upon the polished and learned. Dishonored and profaned, it has been; but even in its error and disgrace, it has spoken eloquently for humanity and virtue.

(Concluded in our next.)

Original.

WOMAN'S TRUST.

WATCHING by the couch of pain
Till the light of day shall wane—
Till the evening star is high—
Till the midnight shadows fly—
Silent, wakeful vigils keeping
O'er the sufferer's fitful sleeping:

Soothing with a gentle tone,
When the wearied bird has flown—
Pointing upward to those bowers,

Fragrant with undying flowers,
Where a sunless light is glowing
O'er the waters gently flowing:

Seeking out the humble home
Where the widow weeps alone,
Raising with a lenient hand
That forsaken orphan band—
Pouring forth the oil of gladness
On the heart oppressed with sadness:

Weeping unregarded tears,
Striving with unutter'd fears,
Gathering fresh and blooming flowers
For life's seré and blighted bowers,
Radiant, gentle as the glow
Beaming from the covenant bow :

Drawing from the guilty heart
Sin's polluted, poisonous dart—
Telling of that balm so free,
Gushing fresh from Gilead's tree—
Of that stream whose healing flow
Washes crimson white as snow :
Lincoln, Me., April, 1842.

Watching with unwearied eyes
Till the Savior's day-star rise,
Latest where He bows his head,
Marking well his lowly bed,
Casting spices and perfume
Earliest on his hallowed tomb :

This thy trust, oh, woman, this—
This the sign that seals thy bliss—
This the purest, brightest gem
Sparkling in thy diadem—
This the power thy God has given—
This thy pathway up to Heaven.

MARY.

Original.

THE ALPS.

BY REV. LEMUEL PORTER.

"Mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

THE Alps are the noblest mountains in Europe. Stretching, like a crescent, over the north of Italy, and dividing that land of song from France, Switzerland and Germany, they shoot out majestic branches in almost every direction. Their lofty summits, covered with perpetual ice; their extensive ranges, presenting every variety of climate; the vast rivers, that hoarsely rush from their dark, cold reservoirs; the avalanches of snow, ice and earth, that thunder down into their valleys, have always invested the Alps with a stern, yet fascinating character. Over their craggy top, the ancients believed that Hercules passed in the progress of his labors, and not a cavern, or peak, or dell, but what they peopled with satyrs or other supernatural beings. Banditti, more terrible than elves or fairies, actually lurked in many gorges of the mountains, and often robbed and murdered the muleteers passing from Savoy to Piedmont, and made themselves formidable to the villages that are sprinkled through the valleys.

Mont Blanc is not only the loftiest of the Alpine chain, but is also the most elevated mountain in Europe. It reaches upwards through the clouds, to the dizzy height of nearly sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and, like its giant brothers, is clothed with fearful glaciers, and armed with frightful avalanches. So rough is its exterior, so scarred with the slides of ice and rock, so dreadful its precipices, that it seems, in its stern composure, like some champion of old covered with the marks of desperate victory. In many places, Mont Blanc is sheeted with thick ribbed ice, as though its cataracts had been suddenly congealed. Coleridge thus apostrophizes them :

"Ye icy falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!"

The next highest peak is the Great Saint Bernard, that divides Switzerland from Piedmont. Here is a mountain road from France to Italy. This road ascends, amid tempests and snow, eleven thousand feet into the cold, transparent atmosphere. Many lives are lost here annually, and many more would perish, but for the beneficence of certain monks, whose hospitium is fixed here on the highest habitable spot in Europe, and who, in perpetual winter, with their dogs and servants, guide the lone wanderer on his way, or place his frozen corpse in their receptacle for the dead. Here rests the embalmed body of General Desaix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. It was over the Great Saint Bernard that Napoleon poured his ambitious troops into Italy, in 1800, astonishing the world, not more by the success of his plans, than by the boldness of their conception. It was not enough for him to conquer. He wished to throw around his name an almost superhuman glory; and, bursting as he did, with heavy artillery and fierce legions, from the Alpine clouds, upon the unsuspecting enemy, he really seemed to personify the god of war.

Hannibal, the renowned Carthaginian general, fought his way over the craggy Mount Cenis, with an army of a hundred thousand foot and twenty thousand horse, contending not only with nature, but also with immense hordes of mountain warriors.

"Great was the tumult there,
Deafening the din, when in barbaric pomp,
The Carthaginian, on his march to Rome,
Entered these fastnesses. Trampling the snows,
The war-horse reared, and the towered elephant
Upraised his trunk into the murky sky,
Then tumbled headlong, swallow'd up and lost,
He and his rider."

After a desperate struggle of nine days, and the loss of thirty thousand soldiers, he found himself in Italy, opposed by a Roman army under P. C. Scipio. Victory perched upon his standard. Again and again did his Spanish bands overwhelm the Roman legions, until at the battle of Cannæ, he made a bridge of forty thousand Roman bodies, and sent home three bushels of gold rings taken from Roman knights slain in battle.

The difficulty of passing the Alps, by large bodies of men, will be perceived, when we consider the fearful precipices that they must encounter; the steep, icy rocks, rising many hundred feet into the air; the deep snow, into which they must plunge, and the avalanches poised above their heads, which sometimes thunder down upon the traveler who agitates the air even by his voice. The hunters of the chamois often hold their breath in passing certain valleys, lest they should be crushed.

"From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass."

It is now, however, comparatively easy to cross the Alps. Napoleon has carved his name upon these mountains in more glorious and permanent letters than on the field of blood. In 1805, this universal genius caused a winding road to be made over Mount Cenis, thirty miles long and eighteen feet wide. This road can be passed at all seasons; and its value may be estimated from the fact, that in a single year sixteen thousand carriages and thirty-four thousand mules crossed over it.

He also constructed another road over Mount Simplon, thirty-six miles long and twenty-five feet wide. This road crosses the most dangerous precipices, runs hundreds of feet through solid rock, and winds,

"Like a silver zone flung about carelessly,"

around perpendicular obstructions. The grand tunnel is six hundred feet long, cut

through granite, and lighted by openings, through which, on the one side, are seen fields of ice, snow and rock, and, on the other, green pastures and cheerful cottages. The bases of these mountains are rich in fruit and grain; then follows a belt remarkable for its forests; above this are found the finest pastures; then begins sterile rock and eternal winter. It is probable, that not less than seven million inhabitants are scattered among the Alpine ranges, multitudes of whom are herdsmen and hunters.

The patriot and the christian feel an unusual interest in these rugged mountains, for they know that they are the retreat of liberty and piety. In the valleys of Piedmont, and in the almost inaccessible defiles of the maritime Alps, dwell the actual descendants of the ancient Waldenses, who never bowed the knee, even in pretence, to idols, or to popery. To this day, protestantism has its stronghold there, and regards the spiritual denunciations of the pope, and the bayonets of his soldiers with equal indifference.

Dormillouse is a wretched hamlet in the highest part of the wild Val Fressinière. It is situated upon a rock, to which there is but one approach, and that very difficult from the rapidity of the ascent and the narrowness and slipperiness of the path. A cascade throws itself across the contracted road, and plunges into the abyss below. In Summer, a sheet of water, and in Winter, a sheet of ice, obstruct the entrance to the hamlet. Nine months in the year, it is buried in snow. The huts are mud hovels, and the people dress in sheepskins. Yet this place is dear to the protestant, as the asylum of persecuted truth. When all the rest of the world apostatized or dissembled, to screen themselves from the cruelties of Rome, the dwellers in this forlorn hamlet barred up the entrance to their rock, and, amid their stern scenery, faithfully maintained their religion. The cold caves, in which they met to read God's word, are yet there, as unchanged and unchangeable as the noble hearts that once beat within them. Strange, that Christianity should be driven from sunny plains, from populous cities, from the palaces of kings, from the cathedral of priests, to the rugged defiles of the high Alps!

Original.

THE CAPTURE OF GEN. CORNWALLIS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THE banks of Yorktown blushed with mingled hues
Which Autumn's suns had changed—the morning dews
Fell lightly on each beauteous shrub and tree,
Which decked the borders of the grassy lea.
Upon the point which mirrored back their charms,
The deep green point which shook with war's alarms,
Cornwallis lay, surrounded by a band
Seven thousand strong, the terror of our land.
With vaunting prowess, and superior power,
Waiting impatient for the coming hour,
When our bold eagle in the dust should lie,
And England's banner sweep this western sky.

The hour had come when Freedom's beaming star
Turned with its light the fickle god of war.

Fortune's bright ray, which weighed the balance down,
 A halo formed around our Washington—
 Which brighter grew with each revolving hour,
 Till foreign armies quailed beneath his power.
 The moon's pale beams illumed the silvery tide,
 When noble hearts, our country's joy and pride,
 Met in the "flag ship" on the flowing deep,
 Which like a cradled infant lay asleep—
 Hushed were the waves, as safely from the shore
 Their precious burthen to the ship they bore,
 There to consult what measures to devise,
 Which should at once their haughty foes surprise.
 With plans well-formed they to the conflict fled,
 With hearts of steel and firm, undaunted tread.
 Through Penn's fair town with martial pomp they passed,
 With spirits nerved to meet the trumpet's blast:
 From open windows as the troops marched by,
 Was seen the light of woman's beaming eye.
 With kerchiefs waving as they moved along,
 All smiled delighted on the brilliant throng.
 Rochambeau, Washington and La Fayette,
 Cheered by the scene, their loveliest glances met.
 Their hearts elate—neath music's thrilling strain
 Each pulse was quickened—through each circling vein
 The warm blood coursed, as on the distant height
 The warrior lay, armed for the deadly fight.

Boldly before their hostile foes they stood,
 Resolved on victory though they swam in blood—
 A Spartan band, panting with every breath,
 To gain their cause, or sink alike in death.

Through the long day, and still more dreary night,
 The cannon roared, and bombshells winged their flight,
 Whirling above, recrossing the dark sky,
 Like blazing comets on the startled eye.
 Deep in the ground the dreadful engines laid,
 High in the air the spouting waters played,
 By the fierce rockets in vast columns thrown,
 And man expiring, breathed his last alone.

Throughout the dreadful struggle to obtain
 Their rights as freemen, on the ensanguined plain,
 Ne'er did life's current more deliberate flow
 Than on that morn, when fell the deadly blow
 Which crushed their prowess, brought their spirits down—
 The haughty minions of the British crown.

How like a god, before their ranks then stood,
 The immortal Washington—the brave, the good—
 A nation's champion, with a bosom warmed
 Towards mankind, which e'en a foeman charmed.
 With modest dignity his form was bent,
 As forth they came from their deserted tent,
 A captive army, marching slow along,
 Silent and sad, a humbled, suppliant throng—
 With their proud banners furled, and lingering tread—
 Their hopes of victory forever fled!

From Washington no look of wrath was seen,
 But all was passive, heavenly and serene—
 His soul absorbed in wonder, joy and awe
 As he the changing tides of fortune saw.
 Forward they came, and every eye was turned:
 To see Cornwallis, every bosom burned;
 But he, a crushed, a fallen foe, hung back,
 And sent O'Hara in the foremost track.
 Then was the sword to the brave Lincoln given,
 And shouts of joy went up from earth to heaven.
 The scene was closed—the cannon's thundering roar
 No more re-echoed 'long the murmuring shore;
 The sword relieved into the scabbard leapt,
 And war's artillery on the ramparts slept.
 Hushed was the life, the martial trump, the drum,
 And hope's bright star allured the weary home.

O! for our country, 'twas a glorious day:
 Bright rose the sun—the mists flew quick away.
 Ne'er since the hour his circuit he began,
 Smiled he more sweetly on the face of man.
 Freedom, delighted, from her gilded bow
 Unrolled her banner on that joyous hour;
 An angel caught a fold in either hand,
 And flying, spread it o'er our happy land.
 Our nation's altar glowed with hallowed fire—
 One universal pean swept her lyre.
 Nature, bright-robed, sent up her minstrelsy;
 Mountains and valleys, every shrub and tree
 Which decked the landscape, in that hour combined;
 The moon and stars in the grand concert joined;
 The lakes and rivers kissed the pebbly shore,
 And e'en old ocean with its thundering roar
 Swelled the loud song of general jubilee,
 As million voices shouted, *We are free!*

Sag Harbor, April 18, 1842.

VOILA LA CROIX!—BEHOLD THE CROSS!

(Extracted from a Journal of Travels in the Alps.)

At the close of the year 1827, I crossed the Alps, with a small party of friends, from Pignerol in Piedmont, to Briançon, in France. After proceeding to Finistrelle, we furnished ourselves with mules, men, and the other requisites for the journey. Urged by the apparent necessity of advancing on account of the season, when all preparations were duly made, we set forward amidst descending rain, and a wondering crowd.

We soon began to ascend along the ledge of a mountain which opened immense precipices to our view. The road was wholly unguarded, and we were accompanied by the concerto music of a roaring torrent, that foamed along the valley, and the howling winds. Nothing was more obvious, than that our temerity would be repaid by cold, wet, and possible danger. Without adverting to the little incidents of the way, I may simply state that, after some hours of painful march, in which we passed through the small villages of Pourriere, La Rua, and Traverse, we began the ascent of the

mountain called Chanal du Col. The rain, as we rose, changed to sleet, and then to snow, the previous accumulation of which rendered our progress slow and difficult. The march of pompous diction seemed consonant with the gigantic scale of the scenery, and we thought of Johnson's description in the Hebrides, "above, inaccessible altitude; below, immeasurable profundity."

The snow was now rapidly deepening, the mountains in succession presenting their formidable ridges, and the pathway gradually disappearing from view, till we found ourselves amidst all the "charms of solitude," and all the sublimities of danger. This was the place, and this the season, for the moral philosopher to portray the higher order of emotions, for the christian to realize the "terrible majesty" of the infinite and eternal God.

Two hours had brought us to the crisis of our circumstances. Imagine us then, a melancholy train; each on his mule or horse, thickly covered with cloaks or mantles to screen a shivering frame, and enveloped in a snowy fold; imagine us moving like a forlorn hope in rank and file, slowly, silently and apprehensively along the edge of precipices, to which in making the necessary circuit, the trustworthy animal would often, perhaps unconsciously (not so his rider), approach within a few inches—ah! slippery, and dangerous, and uncertain footstep! Each hapless traveler now cast a wistful eye at the other; for not a sound was to be heard; not a trace to mark the course was to be seen: the winds were hushed, the flakes of snow fell like the feather in an exhausted receiver, and "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Two guides accompanied us, but the sphere of their knowledge seemed to be bounded at this very spot; and after giving the word of command to stop, they began to consult together (an ominous sign to bewildered travelers) on the course to be pursued, professing themselves to be altogether uncertain of the way. It was a dead calm, and with more truth than prudence, one of them exclaimed, "If the wind rises, we are lost." In fact, it is impossible for any one who has traversed Alpine regions to conceive of the violence of those gusts which seem to rush like furies between the mountains, as if commissioned to hurl them from their bases.

A few minutes determined us to advance cautiously and prayerfully; for in danger it is natural to call upon God; and the sanctified mind does not merely utter the cry of distress, and seek an interference, which in the hour of safety and comfort was despised, but lifts up believing and confiding thoughts to Him who is recognized as "the hearer of prayer." We may not always experience deliverance from evil; but we may be assured, that through Christ, our Advocate and Friend, we shall enjoy consolation, and reap improvement.

The moment I have described was one of those of intense emotion, which now and then occur in life, whether of joy or sorrow. Silence reigned, nature frowned, danger threatened. I will not say that the incipient feeling did not arise which suggested the self-inquiry, Was life hazarded for an adequate cause? for to sacrifice it for a small object is sinful, while to yield it to the claims of duty and of God, is the martyr's heroism. But hark! there is an exclamation of surprise and joy. The foremost guide is in ecstasies! all is well, and the sleeping echoes are roused by "*La croix! la croix! voilà la croix!*" "See there the cross, the cross!" In these bewildering regions it is not uncommon, for the twofold purpose of guiding the stranger, and eliciting a superstitious worship, to fix a large wooden cross on the summit of a hill, or on the edge of a precipice, as well as frequently by the roadside; by which, when the Winter snows obliterate the path, some indication of the course may be given. Our guides became instantly aware of our safety, and knew that we should soon commence the descent.

May not the reader of this narrative compare without any forced application, or inappropriate analogy, his own situation with that of these travelers? Are we not, in

fact, all pursuing the great journey into eternity? Have we not missed our way? Have we not departed from God, by wicked works; and are we not universally and individually, in the language of infallible truth, utterly "lost?" The course of transgressors is difficult and dangerous; but the cross, the cross! there is hope, and peace, and safety! Not the cross of superstition, or the cross of temporal safety; not the wood or the tree upon which a Savior was transfixed; but Christ crucified; the blood he shed for the remission of sins; the offering which he presented for a guilty, deluded and perishing world. It is not deliverance from Alpine danger, but from eternal torments; it is not direction to a temporal abode, which may shelter me from inclement skies, or provide the sweets of social intercourse, but elevation to the bliss of heaven, which I obtain by trusting in those merits, embracing that Savior, clinging by faith to that redeeming Cross!

Original.

TO A SNOW-BIRD IN SUMMER.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

HA! why come so early, thou little stray bird?
 Say, why so soon are thy chirpings heard?
 Thou art here like ice in the track of the plough,
 Or like gray locks on a youthful brow.
 See! the fields are green, and the clover in bloom,
 And the air's sweet breath is the flower's perfume;
 The trees are tinted by the Autumn hue;
 The frost-king congeals not the droppings of dew;
 Our windows are up at meridian day,
 And fountains before them their waterfalls play;
 The butterflies flit in the road as we pass,
 And insects are hopping to hide in the grass;
 The farmer is cleaving his corn to the ground,
 And the tall sheaves are lying unpressed and unbound;
 Not a snow-flake is seen, nor a hail-cloud nigh,
 And thunders and rainbows are yet in the sky:
 Then tell me, young stranger, why comest thou here,
 To skip, ere 'tis dug, o'er the grave of the year?

Original.

AYESHA, OR, THE BELOVED.

BY MADAME ANTONIA.

WHEREVER tyranny exists, take what shape it may, its dark, debasing shadow will be found to rest on the oppressor as well as on the oppressed. Where it is the slavery of *caste*, the ruling race becomes unjust, arrogant, licentious, and his enervated children reap the whirlwind, because he would sow the wind. Where it is a household—a family evil, there is nothing pure, or good, or stable, in any institution of govern-

ment of which it forms a part. Take, for example, the base servitude of the Orientals. With them, all who are not tyrants, are generally cringing vassals; they are perfidious and cruel, and often as cowardly as they are uncertain in their political conduct. In these countries, woman is a chattel—every man, therefore, is the child of a slave, and has been nurtured and trained to reverence power as the best law of right; hence the base yielding to tyranny, the insecurity of property, the want of mutual confidence, and, as the inevitable result of all, the violent and bloody changes that are constantly taking place in their governments. Of the situation of women in Mohammedan countries, the life of the daughter of a Moorish prince may be given as an example. True; some Moslem countries are more civilized, and women are better treated, but the *principle* is coexistent with the Moslem creed; and only with its fall can woman become free.

Ali, surnamed The Brave, the descendant of the Prophet, and nephew of the then Emperor of Morocco, commanded, at the beginning of the present century, a walled city in the rich and beautiful province of Algarve. He ruled prosperously for six years, and managed during that time to wring from the Jews of that city a handsome fortune, which for all that period he was suffered by his master, the Sultan, to enjoy in peace. Of the four wives (he kept exactly the orthodox number) who shared his capacious heart and well-appointed haram, Zulma, though neither the youngest nor the most beautiful, was the favorite. In vain the other three wives represented to their lord, that each of them had presented him with sons; while Zulma was merely the mother of a girl. Ali was only moved to pity his unfortunate wife the more. "It is her destiny to have a daughter," he would say: "we must submit to the will of Allah."

As if to compensate her child for the misfortune of her sex, Zulma called her Ayesha, "the beloved," and vaunted her surpassing beauty. Such was the state of Ali's household, when one fair morning a party of horsemen dashed into the city with an order from the Emperor to Ali. He was commanded to transfer his treasures to the Sultan, his office and his family to his successor, and his head to the executioner. All this was done. His slaves and three of his wives became the property of his successor, but Ayesha was sent with some other girls, selected for their beauty, as presents to the Emperor. Zulma attended the party as the chief of their female servants. Arrived at Fez, Ayesha was placed in the haram among three hundred other candidates for the Emperor's favor, and for a time was forgotten.

When a Moorish leader returns victorious from the blood-stained field, it is an established custom to present him with a robe of honor and a horse. If he is rich in spoils, the Sultan is often pleased to add a wife or two to the imperial gift. Sometimes the lady presented is the daughter or sister of the monarch; sometimes she is selected from among his slaves. A chief, noted for his lawless ferocity, happened to render acceptable service to the Sultan in chastising some refractory Arab tribes, and when he presented himself before the throne, the fair and gentle Ayesha was led to his haram as part of the usual testimony of the Sultan's favor. For a time, she reigned alone in the affections of her savage lord. The bath, the toilet, the song and the dance of the alwins—the actresses of the East—beguiled the monotony of her gilded prison; and no doubt Ayesha thought her destiny a proud one, in having so fond and indulgent a master. Time rolled by, however, and the husband of Ayesha became, as her father had been, too rich, or too popular, to be tolerated by his jealous and sordid master. Unwarned and unheard, he was condemned to death, and his establishment broken up. His wife, though but little past twenty, had lost the freshness of her beauty, and despite her princely lineage, she, with the rest of his slaves, was sold in the slave market, and her price went into the imperial coffers. She was bought by a

venerable priest, who lived in safe obscurity, and might have been very happy in his well-ordered family, but that his favorite wife saw fit to become jealous. In order to allay the domestic tempest, and save Ayesha from a daily beating at the hands of his privileged vixen, he gave her to an old friend, a trader from a city on the borders of the desert. The long and toilsome journey was accomplished, and her sufferings repaid by meeting with her mother, who had become the property and confidential servant of a cook. The master of Zulma bought Ayesha, and again for a time Fortune seemed to relent.

The death of Zulma, however, and soon after that of the cook, left Ayesha once more afloat on troubled waters. Three times more the daughter of a high and popular chief changed masters. Each change happened to bring her nearer the beautiful city her father once ruled, and her last master left her possessed of freedom and five hundred dirhems (about thirty dollars), in the place of her birth. She repaired to the haram of the Basha, and solicited an appointment in his household. The boon was granted, and she was, a short time since, "mistress of the bath," or one of the chief servants of his household. She now treads, as servant, the halls in which she once received from fifty slaves the attendance due to a princess. Yet she was always a slave, and the vicissitudes of her life are scarcely thought uncommon in a land where woman has no rights. Will the light of knowledge and Christianity never illumine that dark land? I sincerely hope they may.

THE POOR LINEN WEAVER.

A TRUE STORY, FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG STILLINGS.

In a small village of Germany, lying at a considerable distance from cities and large thoroughfares, there lived in the early part of the past century, a young linen weaver, who was honest and religious, but at the same time poor. His wife, as pious and kind-hearted as himself, cordially assisted him in his work, spooling his yarn, and doing whatever she could, from morning till late at night; and still the good people had nothing better to eat than potatoes with salt, for whole weeks together. Nevertheless, they were happy, for they loved each other, and had a clear conscience. God had blessed them, too, with three promising children, whom they took great pains in educating, and in training them up in every good way. All who visited this honest couple, were delighted with their spirit of contentment, and their affection for each other, and many a one gladly partook of their frugal meal of potatoes, for the purpose of enjoying their christian conversation.

One beautiful Summer evening, a well-clad man came to the house of the linen weaver, and addressing them in a very friendly manner, begged them not to take it amiss that he troubled them at so late an hour. "I am going," said he, "to Weinsheim on foot, and am not acquainted with the way. Will you have the goodness to accompany me three or four miles? Then I shall be able to make out the way very well myself. I will reward you well for the trouble." The weaver sprang instantly from his seat, put on his threadbare, but nicely mended coat, and with a friendly air and a nimble step, preceded the stranger.

Along the way, they talked on various subjects, and the stranger appeared extremely civil and confiding. When it had become quite dark, he stopped, and pulling a whistle from his pocket, blew a note so shrill and piercing, that a cold shudder passed

over the poor linen weaver, and made him tremble in every joint. In a moment up sprang eight or ten ruffian-looking fellows from amidst the bushes around, and commenced a conversation with the stranger, who was their captain, about breaking into a mill in the neighborhood, which they proposed doing that very night. The captain then introduced the poor linen weaver to them as a newly enlisted comrade, who was somewhat timid, it was true, but who would soon get the better of that. The poor man fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy, but the robber put a pistol to his breast, and roared out, "*Go with me, or die!*" They then linked him arm in arm between a couple of them, and thus dragged him along. About midnight they reached the mill, broke it open, and the poor weaver was obliged to stand with one of them as a watch. But the officers of justice were upon the trail of these rogues. Their measure of iniquity was full; and the captain, the linen weaver, and several others were arrested, and the rest escaped.

Meanwhile, the poor wife at home began to feel anxiety, and at last alarm at her husband's absence; and when morning came and he did not return, her anguish became insupportable. The neighbors went out to seek for him, but returned without either seeing or hearing any thing of the unlucky man. The poor woman was driven almost to despair, but still she never dreamed of the fearful tidings she was doomed to hear. Towards evening, news was brought of the breaking open of the Boltzheim mill—that the linen weaver was engaged in it, and, with the captain, had been arrested and lodged in prison, where he was awaiting his trial for this capital offence. The poor wife could contain herself no longer, but intrusting her children to the care of a neighbor, she hastened as fast as she could to the town where her husband was imprisoned. Her first resort was to the judge, to whom she related the whole case, so far as she was acquainted with it, and throwing herself at his feet, besought him to set her poor unfortunate husband at liberty. The judge, though he pitied her from the bottom of his heart, could render her no assistance, as her husband must undergo a formal trial, according to law. Still he permitted her to visit him.

The scene that now followed between the poor husband and his wife, beggars all description. They wrung their hands, and lifting them to heaven, implored the assistance of that God who is the Savior of innocence. Then the husband sought to calm and console his poor wife, exhorting her to cleave fast to God, who in this fearful calamity would not forsake her; for although he himself had failed, since he should, perhaps, have preferred death to going with the robbers at all, still the Omniscient knew that he shrunk from death only on account of his family and out of love to them, had shown himself weak, in the hope that God, who knew his innocence, would deliver him from this danger. Then the honest couple separated with confidence, after looking up to their heavenly father, and the wife returned to her children. Still she visited him often, and at every meeting they were mutually strengthened by their mutual faith and prayers.

Owing to the repeated burglaries which had lately succeeded each other, the authorities were resolved to administer the laws with great rigor, and according to law, the poor linen weaver deserved the gallows, because he was taken in company with the gang of robbers. But the worst circumstance in the weaver's case was the fact that the captain had concerted with his comrades to secure his execution, cost what it would. Accordingly they had an understanding with each other what they should say concerning him, in their respective examinations. The captain asserted that he had been with them in several of their robberies, and went so far as to mention the places; and in this declaration the rest all agreed. When, therefore, the judge examined them all together, and the poor linen weaver protested his innocence, the robbers were able to make their assertion so probable, that no farther doubt remained

in the case; yes, they could even ask him to his face if he was not afraid to utter such a falsehood in the presence of God! So it went, from one examination to another, and the poor linen weaver had no advocate but his tears.

The trial was at last brought to a close, the prisoners were adjudged guilty, and sentence rendered against them. It was, that they should be hung, the linen weaver first, in the presence of his comrades, and they afterwards; but his punishment was lightened, not only by this circumstance, but also by the concluding part of the sentence, according to which their bodies were, after execution, to be cut in quarters and broken upon the wheel. As soon as the sentence had been signed by the prince, it was communicated to the prisoners, and it was at the same time determined that the execution should take place in three days. The sympathy with the poor linen weaver was universal throughout the whole neighborhood; for almost every one regarded him as innocent. Only he should not have gone with the robbers, said they. The clergyman who had married him, visited him often, and found him, as might be expected, in the most wretched condition. He endeavored to strengthen him by the consolations and supports of religion, and prayed with him in so moving a manner, and so effectually, that the good man finally gained courage and delivered himself with a child-like spirit into the father-arms of God. His wife cried aloud to gracious Heaven for deliverance; and the day before the execution she hastened to the palace, and standing at the gate with disheveled hair, desired to speak with the princess. Now it happened that but a few moments before, a gentleman at the dinner table had been telling the story of a poor man, the father of a family, who, though quite innocent, had been executed. This gave to the company occasion to speak of the poor linen weaver, for his case was known at court, and the prince had already entertained some doubts of his guilt. It was just at this moment, and under these circumstances that his wife was introduced. Her honest and amiable appearance, together with her distress, appealed so loudly to the compassion of the princess, that she could not refrain her tears: she was soon convinced of the weaver's innocence, and led his poor wife at once to the prince. He was as much moved as the princess herself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, "Good woman," said he, "your husband shall live. I will immediately despatch a messenger to the judge with a pardon for him."

And it was high time that it was done; for it was now evening, and at nine o'clock the next morning the poor linen weaver was to be led to his execution, and the courier had forty miles to ride. The prince ordered the now happy woman some refreshments, after which she hastened away again, her heart filled with the highest joy, and her mouth with thanksgiving to God. But she had traveled scarcely ten miles, when overcome with fatigue, she found it impossible to proceed, and was obliged to stop and take a few hours' rest, so that she did not reach the town where her husband was confined till ten the next morning.

The messenger, too, had his difficulties, having been thrown from his horse, and broken his ankle, so that he could go no farther. Fortunately, however, this happened near a posthouse; he stopped, therefore, and put the pardon into the hands of the keeper of the posthorses, who sent it forward by a postillion. The result was, that it arrived some hours later than it should have done. And all this while the poor linen weaver was profoundly ignorant of the pardon which his wife had obtained, and so also was the judge himself.

The clock struck nine, and the bell announcing the hour for execution, sounded its deathknell in slow and mournful notes. The school children came in and sung a funeral hymn. After which the linen weaver was led out, attended by the clergyman, and followed by the captain of the gang, and the rest of the prisoners, the procession being closed by the executioner and his assistants. A mass of people followed the

little procession, which was attended by a company of armed citizens, and slowly approached the scaffold. The linen weaver spoke not a word; his grief admitted neither language nor tears, but it was observed that the captain of the robbers kept his eyes fixed constantly upon him. The procession had now arrived at the scaffold, and the linen weaver was conducted to the ladder. At this instant, the postillion rode up at full speed, leaped from his horse, and handed the judge, who was in attendance, a large letter. He hastily tore it open, and cried, "A PARDON! A PARDON for the linen weaver!" At this announcement the thousands of spectators set up a shout of joy, which, it seemed, would never come to an end.

The captain of the robbers now solicited permission of the judge to address the people, and when it was granted him, he stepped upon the scaffold, and motioned the spectators to be silent. All were still, and not a whisper was heard through the whole multitude. In a loud voice the robber then spoke—"There is a God! and that God is just! This truth I have not hitherto believed, and hence I did not fear God, but indulged myself in every kind of sin and transgression. But things frequently occurred in the course of my sinful life, suggesting that there was a God who governed the world, and I wished to ascertain whether it was really so. I thought if I could bring into my company a virtuous and pious man, and force him to participate with us in all our crimes, a just God, provided there was one, would not suffer an innocent person like him to be punished with us, should we ever be detected. I thought that he must save him. And so he has now actually done; for the linen weaver is perfectly innocent, and a pious and upright man. With him have I made my trial, and God has saved him. Yes, there is, there is indeed a God; and that God is just!"

He then begged the favor of being taken back to prison, as he assured the authorities, he had some important disclosures to make, and afterwards he would willingly submit to his punishment, which he had deserved, again and again. This request was granted to the robber, and he and his comrades were conducted back to prison and laid in chains.

Meanwhile the linen weaver was set at liberty, and having taken some refreshments, and being quite restored again, they led him out of the crowd; a great number of young men gathered around him, and raising him upon their shoulders, bore him into the town. Others collected money for him, so that he was put in possession of several hundred dollars. As they were carrying him along through the streets, his wife also came from her journey into town. She saw the people running together, and heard the cry, "They are bringing the linen weaver! He has been pardoned!" and presently she saw him at a distance, borne upon the shoulders of his fellow men, and entering the town. With tears and cries of joy, she followed the procession to the public-house. The meeting of the husband and wife surpasses all description. They were at last put into a coach and conveyed home, for their past sufferings, and the present scene had so overcome them, that they were incompetent to the task of walking. By means of the money which he had received, the poor linen weaver was enabled to help himself along, and God's blessing attended him; and if he still lives, he must now be an old man of about seventy years of age.

LIFE.—Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquility, till having lost all, we can lose no more.

Original.

SONNET.

ON FINDING A WELL-KNOWN FLOWER IN A FOREIGN LAND.

BY MRS. C. T. CLARKE.

Oh! earliest blossom of the sweet spring time,
 Just from thy bed of green so modest sleeping,
 Hast left with mother earth thy sisters sleeping,
 To smile thy little hour, and waste thy prime,
 Unknown, unnoted by a human eye,
 Save the pale minstrel's who in this lone wild,
 Now bendeth o'er thee like a very child.
 And, as an old friend, greets thee joyfully?
 One moment, unalloyed by shade of ill,
 Again, in vision, is the wanderer blest:
 He seems to stand beside the favorite rill.
 So loved in boyhood! Fresh within his breast
 Past joys are thronging, mixed with hopes to come,
 And yearnings for his far-off cottage home!

Springfield, May, 1842.

Original.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

FAIR, intelligent and happy, a young lady we will call Henrietta, plighted her vows of connubial fidelity at the nuptial altar, to apparently as promising a young man as ever won the heart of woman. Peace smiled at their union, and even wolf-eyed malice scarcely dared to predict evil to that noble pair.

But evil did come. Beauty, piety and innocence were insufficient shields from its attacks. The bridegroom became a drunkard!

The stricken wife bore this sore trial, as only a Christian woman could. At last, every thing was consumed, poverty reigned in her once comfortable home, and, to crown her misfortunes, the sheriff swept the house of its furniture to pay the brutish husband's grog bills. Then, might that crushed woman have been seen entering her quiet chamber, and, kneeling over her babe, on the bare floor, exclaiming: "O Lord, if thou wilt in *any way* remove from me this affliction, I will serve thee upon bread and water all the days of my life!"

Heaven heard that prayer; the husband disappeared, and never returned while she lived.

Then, that sick, feeble mother opened a school, and refusing the offered assistance of her church, devoted herself to works of usefulness and charity. Where many would have fallen into hopeless despondency, she rose to a shining position of usefulness. Very persuasive in her address, she succeeded in inducing many grog-shops to close their doors on the Sabbath—scores of poor were led by her influence to the house of God—a large bible class of apprentices met weekly to feast on the instructions of her lips, and, through her agency, several young men were drawn forth from poverty and obscurity, educated and inducted into the ministry.

This active piety was continued until she departed to the better land. Her pastor pronounced a high eulogium upon her character, when he said: "I should not have felt the loss of six of the most devoted men in my church as I feel hers."

This devotion was true heroism. Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort; Zenobia defying the Legions of Rome at Palmyra; Semiramis ruling Assyria; or the wife of Petrus voluntarily sharing the destiny of her cowardly husband, appears not half so heroic, so noble, so worthy of admiration, as this humble Christian, contending against afflictions sufficient to overwhelm; and winning victories for Christ that many a minister might emulate in vain.

Song over a Child.

POETRY, BY BARRY CORNWALL.

MUSIC, WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND BY GEO. J. WEBB.

Pia. ANDANTINO CON AFFETTUOSO.

Dream, ba-by, dream! - The stars are glow - ing: Hear'st thou the stream?

'Tis soft - ly flow - ing, soft - ly flow - ing. *pp* gen - tle glide the

hours; A - bove no tem - pest lowers; Be - low are fragrant

p flowers In si - lence grow - ing, In si - lence grow - ing.

Sleep, ba-by, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why wouldst thou weep,
Who know'st no sorrow?
Too soon come pain and fears:
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!

Dream, baby, dream!
Thine eye lids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure!
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever!"



W. G. Wood

H. P. P. P.

Ye that fear the Lord praise him.

Psalm 133:2.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

AUGUST, 1842.

Original.

THE TWO BEAUTIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded from page 10.)

"WHY do you make yourself so unhappy, Emma?" asked Mr. Hartly of his wife, the former Miss Thompson, who sat leaning her head upon her hand in moody silence. No one who looked upon her face, would have called Mrs. Hartly beautiful. And yet, her features were still regular, her eyes bright, and her cheek blooming. But the selfish, restless, unquiet spirit within, governed the expression of her countenance, causing each one who looked into her face, except when it was arrayed in smiles, to turn away, rather than permit his eyes to linger.

To the question of Mr. Hartly, though made in a tone of sympathizing tenderness, his wife deigned no reply. This seemed to annoy him, and he said, after the lapse of a few moments, in a firmer voice,

"Emma, it seems to me, that a simple regard for your husband's comfort would be sufficient to make you more watchful over your feelings, so as to prevent these periodical seasons of imaginary unhappiness. When you look so troubled, it casts a gloom over every one around you."

This aroused Mrs. Hartly, and she replied in rather a sharp, indignant tone,

"O yes! Every body's comfort must be studied but mine! I must consider every one, but nobody thinks of considering me."

"I do not understand what you mean, Emma. Speak out plainly," her husband said, still more decidedly.

"I mean just what I say. I am expected to consider every body, but nobody thinks of considering me."

"I am sure, Emma, that I consider your happiness as much as I can."

"You have a strange way of showing it, sometimes;" and the wife tossed her head with an air.

"Emma! I do not understand you. Speak out plainly. If I have wounded your feelings in any way, I am perfectly unconscious of having done so."

"O, of course!" and the head was again tossed, while there was on her lip, the slightest perceptible curl.

Mr. Hartly was a quick tempered, though kind hearted man. He was indulgent to his wife, and thoughtful of her comfort, but always felt more or less irritated whenever she put on any of her unreasonable airs. He had been annoyed so much by

them, and was so constantly giving offence without meaning to do so, that he was becoming sensitive in regard to the matter, and was often on the point of using harsh language. But, hitherto he had restrained himself. Now, however, he was tried beyond endurance, and he said, in reply to his wife's sneer at the remark that he was unconscious of having wounded her feelings,

"I have borne this kind of language, and this chiding, contemptuous manner long enough, Emma. Now, let me tell you, distinctly, that I intend bearing it no longer. If I have, unconsciously, wounded you, in any way, speak out, and tell me plainly. But do not, any longer, jeopardize our happiness by a course of conduct which your husband cannot, and will not endure. Now speak out, and let me know what I have done."

But Mrs. Hartly was in no mood to deal openly and frankly. And the result of the peculiarly stern manner, and reproachful words of her husband, was, to cause her to give way to a gush of tears. Against such an argument, he had nothing to urge; although it tended in no degree to soften his feelings. Finding that she continued to weep and sob, notwithstanding all his efforts to bring her back to reason, he grew impatient, and suddenly turning away, took up his hat and left the house. As soon as he had done so, his wife rose from where she was sitting, and, retiring to her chamber, threw herself upon her bed, and there continued to sob and weep, until she fell into a quiet slumber.

The cause of all this trouble was simply this: At breakfast time, Mrs. Hartly had asked her husband to step into a dry-goods store, and have a piece of muslin sent home. This he promised to do, and ordered the goods accordingly, which the store-keeper promised to send home at once. But ten o'clock arrived, and no muslin came, and as Mrs. Hartly had arranged to devote the morning to the preparation of work for the seamstress, she grew impatient at the delay. The only cause of the non-arrival of the muslin, of which her mind would conceive, was, the neglect of her husband, and, as the minutes hastened away, she brooded over this in a chiding and ill-natured spirit.

"It's just like him!" she muttered, as the clock struck eleven. "Out of sight, out of mind. If he cared for me, as he ought to, he wouldn't forget my requests in this manner."

And then she thought of a dozen times where he had forgotten her requests; and of a dozen more where he had seemed to treat her with neglect and indifference. Thus she fanned the embers of discontent and unkind feelings towards her husband, until they burned into a flame. The muslin had not arrived when Mr. Hartly came home to his dinner, and there was a dark cloud on the brow of his wife in consequence. He observed it, but did not, of course, dream of the cause; and it pained and disturbed his mind. Two or three efforts to induce his wife to converse during the dinner hour, proved ineffectual, and then the attempt was abandoned, and the meal passed in oppressive silence. It was half an hour after they had risen from the table, that her husband alluded to her unhappy condition of mind.

It was about four o'clock, when Mrs. Hartly was awakened from the sleep into which she had fallen, by the entrance of a servant with a large bundle. It contained the muslin that her husband had bought in the morning, and with the bill was a note of apology from the storekeeper for not having sent it home early in the day, as he had been requested. The soothing influence of an hour's slumber had calmed down her excited and angry feelings, and prepared her to see her own folly in a strong light. Her husband, it was now clear, had not been unmindful of her requests. All her unhappiness, and its consequent reflection upon him, had been from an imaginary cause. When this became apparent to her, she was pained and mortified; but, we are grieved

to say, not sufficiently so to cause her to acknowledge freely and frankly her errors to her husband, and thus relieve his mind from a burden that pressed heavily upon it. He still remained in ignorance of the cause of her troubled feelings, and equally so in regard to the discovery that she had made of that cause being an imaginary one. Once or twice, during the afternoon, when thinking of her husband, and the manner in which he had left her, she partly resolved to tell him the cause of her clouded brow at dinner time, and thus restore a mutual sunshine. But pride whispered an objection, and the idea was abandoned. Thus, she concealed her error, and gave to the fault of her character greater power over her.

It was more than a week before their intercourse was free from constraint. And by the time this took place, there arose some other cause for unhappiness, dependent, altogether, on Mrs. Hartly's jealous observance of actions, looks, words and tones, in order to see whether they considered her as much as she thought herself entitled to consideration. The consequence was, that, five years afterwards, the unhappy couple separated. In this separation, both were to blame—for Mr. Hartly grew more and more irritable every year, and frequently treated his wife with real unkindness. But it was an event that never could have taken place, had Mrs. Hartly regarded her husband with half the consideration that she required of him!

A pleasant contrast to this painful picture is presented in the happy condition of Lucy and her husband, the Mr. Granger whose apparent indifference had so troubled Emma on the morning when the two young ladies were first introduced to the reader. This contrast we will present as it appeared to the two friends who ten years before had conversed, as the reader has seen, upon the relative claims to beauty of the two ladies. It so happened, that they called together upon Mr. and Mrs. Hartly, on one of their reserved evenings, and afterwards dropped in and spent half an hour or so with Mr. and Mrs. Granger.

"Really, it is refreshing to spend an evening with our old friends, Lucy and her husband," remarked one of them, as they stepped from the door of their peaceful dwelling.

"Truly it is!" was the reply. "As for Lucy, time seems to have made but little impression on her gentle face. Indeed, she seems changed, if changed at all, only for the better."

"She is a lovely woman," the friend responded. "Lovely in disposition; and that disposition gives to her countenance a beauty that none can look upon without a feeling of admiration."

"She is, indeed, what I call a beautiful woman—for, with regular features, there is an expression of moral beauty flowing into every lineament of her face, that gives to it a peculiar interest."

"How strong the contrast between her and Mrs. Hartly, who at one time was esteemed by most persons, far more beautiful! Really, her manners have grown quite unpleasant to my eyes. Did you observe how coldly she indulged in half-jesting, but, in fact, real and earnest complaints against him?"

"Yes, I saw it all. She did not seem to have any true affection for him, and complained because he did not seem to have more for her."

"So it appeared to me. She is, evidently, still altogether selfish. Instead of thinking how she can minister to her husband's happiness, she is ever looking for attentions from him, and grows dissatisfied because he does not remain as devoted, in word and act, as when he wooed her as a lover."

"I remember now your remarks concerning her and Lucy, made some ten years ago. How true the passage of a few years has proved them!"

"Yes; and too true, in Emma's case. But, as regards Lucy, how pleasant the con-

firmation! Did you note her gentle and affectionate manner towards her husband—yet without ostentation? How she seemed to think of him and regard him, while at the same time it was so apparent that she did not think of or regard herself."

"O yes, it was all apparent. How blessed Granger is in such a wife!—and what a curse must a woman like Mrs. Hartly be to a sensitive mind like that of her husband! The very beauty of her face, that once attracted, has long since faded, and now, to my eyes, she is really repulsive."

"I never, before, saw so perfect an illustration of the fact, that true beauty is the beauty of a gentle spirit, flowing forth and giving life and expression, not only to the face, but to every act and movement of the person. Without this internal loveliness of character, the fairest face soon loses its attractions, and with it, the plainest features have in them something that irresistibly wins our feelings."

"And it is perfectly natural that this should be so," was the reply, as the two friends paused, and were about to separate—"for the expression of the face is the index of the mind. For a time, the ruling affections, if evil, may be kept from becoming too apparent, but, ultimately, they will leave their traces in indelible lines, and none can mistake their import."

Original.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

THEY pass away—they pass away—
The young, with the blush of early day,
The man whose sun in its noontide light,
Scarce verges towards the shades of night,
And the old, whose locks are thin and gray,
All pass away—they pass away.

They pass away in their hour of bloom,
They crowd to the portals of the tomb,
They pass away in their evening blight,
As the meteor passes from mortal sight—
The old and the young, the sad and the gay,
All pass away—they pass away.

The spirit flies on the morning breeze,
As laden with balm, it plays in the trees;
It flies on the wing of the fervid noon,
Away, away to the silent tomb—
It goes with the light of departing day—
On the evening zephyrs, it passes away.

It passes away—it passes away—
But where is the dwelling that fixes its stay?
Oh, would they but pause in their spirit-wing track,
And send but the breath of an answer back:
But in vain we weep, and in vain we pray—
They heed us not, as they pass away.

There comes no voice from the silent tomb;
 No whispered note from its midnight gloom—
 It is darkness drear, and silence all,
 When Death draws near with his blackened pall—
 Where is their home they never will say
 To those who, like them, must pass away.

We must walk the sod as they walked before;
 We must know they have died, and ask no more,
 For the echo will come as it came of old—
 They are gone—they are gone, and the tale is told:
 Where, where we may say—but the cloud is still there,
 And the echo will answer us, "Where, oh where."

Lincoln, Me.

Original.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE AGE.

BY ABNER H. BROWN, A. M.

(Concluded from page 16.)

THIS view of Christianity seems to have attracted little attention, until within the last one hundred years. If it was spoken of at all before that period, it was with that incredulous and feeble tone which reason and the Bible alike would condemn. That enlarged philanthropy which caused a good and great man to declare that the world was his field of labor, found a place in but few hearts. But through the good providence of God, a brighter day dawned upon the church. We find its happy results in the various institutions which have for their object the extension of the Christian faith and the amelioration of the condition of the outcast and oppressed. The missionary of the cross may be found amid polar snows and the burning sands of the torrid zone. One teacher of the truth collects his little group of pupils at the foot of the Himmaleh mountains, and tells them that the pure religion of Jesus shall yet become the study of the unnumbered millions of their vast continent, and endeavors to animate them for the work of regeneration by this apparently romantic expectation. Another herald of the true faith plants himself in the very heart of old Greece—"bright clime of battle and of song"—and instructs the ignorant descendants of Pericles and Plato in the elements of a new system of life and action. I look to Africa—poor, benighted, bleeding Africa—and I behold a little band of rescued captives winding their way along the banks of a golden stream. They bear in their hearts the love of Jesus, and in their hands the implements of civilized life. They go to tell their dark and unfortunate brethren of the great land and the glorious institutions which they have seen, and to lead them in the way that is everlasting. The islands of the sea, too, have been visited by the preacher of the gospel. The cannibal has forsaken his feast of human flesh and blood, and become the docile and humble disciple of the Savior. Barbarous customs have been abolished, and the reign of peace and plenty has begun. The song of lust and carnage has been exchanged for the hymn of Zion.

Thus it is that the active spirit of Christianity manifests itself. When a man feels that his own heart has been blessed with influences from on high, and duly considers his relation to his fellow-men, his first thought is for the improvement and salvation

of the ignorant and sinful. This feature of the gospel has never before received such an exemplification as that which our own day has furnished.* Other ages have been distinguished for a blind and superstitious attachment to particular dogmas, and for the earnest propagation of those dogmas by means of the torch and the sword; but it was reserved for the nineteenth century to exhibit the most persevering labors for the world's regeneration, carried on in the spirit of love, and with the most entire confidence in the power and willingness of God to give a complete and glorious triumph.

The active spirit of Christianity, so peculiar to our own age, is also manifested in the great attention which has been bestowed of late years upon biblical researches. The truth of the facts which the sacred volume records, and the reasonableness of the precepts which it inculcates, have been brought to the test of a rigid and impartial investigation. Points which have for centuries baffled the learning of the wise, have been elucidated; statements which have seemed to be directly opposed to all that was known of the method in which God operates upon the world, have been confirmed beyond controversy by more extensive and profound inquiry; commands which seemed to have no application at the time they were given, have been found to be of essential service in guiding the conduct of men in peculiar and unforeseen circumstances.

No considerate man has given any attention to ecclesiastical and biblical history, who has not been astonished at the want of discrimination and fairness which he has found in the works of old writers on these subjects. All had some favorite theory to establish, or some all-important dogma to defend. The great inquiry with them seemed to be, how can we make this passage or that text support the opinion which we have advanced? What part of this sentence must we quote that it shall tell most effectively in favor of our side of the disputed question? This partisan warfare, though it sharpened men's wits and provoked examination, did little service for sound and thorough knowledge. The biblical scholars of the present century have, we believe, conducted their inquiries, for the most part, in a different spirit. There has been more enlarged and liberal feeling, more candid and honest investigation. The grounds of historical belief have been stated with greater clearness, and examined with closer and more anxious scrutiny.

The results of these inquiries have been made known to all ranks of the people by means of Sunday schools and Bible classes. The church now regards it as one of her highest duties, to see that her members are instructed in the history and antiquities and interpretation of that volume whose light is destined to go forth into all the world. Whatever is useful and interesting, that the biblical critic discovers, is immediately communicated, by pastor and teacher, to the old and the young who throng the church and the school-room. The popular mind thus acts upon those who devote their time and attention to biblical researches. As the mechanic contemplates the sublime morality and the rich histories of the word of God, he becomes interested to know all the particulars of the places and events which have been the themes of his meditations from infancy to manhood. The scholar is anxious to satisfy this laudable curiosity, and directs his earnest endeavors to the elucidation of what is obscure and difficult. Thus the spirit of investigation is kept alive; and, as the more men are taught, the more they are inclined to learn, every year produces new calls for fuller details and more extended discussions.

We rejoice in the activity which is everywhere manifest, for the upbuilding and perfecting of the kingdom of grace in the world. Whether it be exhibited in zealous

* We wish it to be understood, that in these statements we refer to ages subsequent to that of the apostles and their immediate successors. Such were the circumstances which operated in the early days of the church, to promote its growth, that we do not desire to compare the influences now at work with the miraculous assistance which the apostles received.

labors for the salvation of the heathen, or for the freedom of the bondman, or the right understanding of the oracles of truth, it bespeaks a lively sense of the obligations which one man owes to another, and which all men owe to God.

Original.

DEATHBED SCENES.—No. I.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

ROSETTA B. was alive and happy, one year ago. In her disposition, she was quiet, modest and cheerful—sympathetic and kind—anxious to do all in her power to add to the comfort of her friends. She loved, and was loved in return; but her purest affections were placed on her Savior. She enjoyed this life; but only as a school to fit her for that which is to come. She was a *useful* young lady, and for this end desired to live; and none who saw her one year ago, with her clear, intellectual eye, and her round, healthy cheek, but thought her prospect fair, very fair, for a long life. But Rosetta's full-orbed sun went down at noon: not in the clouds of despondency, remorse and horror, but in the murky atmosphere of the sepulchre.

She saw the opening Spring, and heard the warblers of the wood sing their triumphs over the death of Winter. She walked abroad amid the smiling beauties and enchanting loveliness of Summer, while the rose and hily poured their fragrance on the passing zephyr. She lived to see the richer hues, and more affecting, too, of Autumn, and heard the husbandman shout the golden harvest home; but ere the hoarse alarm of the present Winter (Jan. 1842) pealed among our northern hills, Rosetta's fair form reposed in death. But the monster did not find her unprepared: she was even waiting the coming of the Lord, and hasting, in spirit, unto it. Her lamp was trimmed and burning, and ready to pour its light on the gloomy shades of the vale of death; and when the decree went forth for her departure, without a sigh or pang of regret, she left this inhospitable world, with all its ephemeral charms, its enticing, fading beauties, and with the song of triumph breathed from her dying lips, spread out the plumed pinions of her soul, and soared to the bosom of her God!

Who would not die, as died Rosetta B.? What young lady does not desire with her, when time is no more, to be numbered among those lovely virgin spirits who hymn the praises of the Lamb in the ambrosial bowers of Paradise?

"There no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,
Not a tear is left the weeper
To profane one flower above."

HAUGHTINESS.—Some persons, who know that they are great, are so *very* haughty withal, and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll*.

Original.

THE SILENT BOWER.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

The summer wind is softly sighing
Round the maiden's bower;
All the air is filled with fragrance—
Cool the twilight hour.

Golden stars in heaven are gleaming
Near the crescent moon;
Brooks that dance and sparkle gaily
Sing a pleasant tune.

But the maiden's bower is silent—
Comes no sound of harp or lute,
With its soft and sighing cadence
Song of love is still and mute.

Roses hang their dew-gemmed blossoms
All unheeded round the bower;
Cambridge-port, Mass.

She who loved their breath of fragrance
Is herself a faded flower.

Still and cold the maiden sleepeth
Where the broken heart finds rest,
And the green sod presseth lightly
On her pure and guileless breast.

He who vowed to love and cherish,
False and faithless, left her side—
Left the young and gentle-hearted
For a proud and wealthy bride.

Bright the golden sun uprising
Shone on mount and vale and wave;
Shone upon a joyous bridal;
Shone upon an early grave.

Original.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

[The following tale was written by particular request, as will be seen by its preface, for the Ladies' Companion; but the writer has been induced to pass it over to the pages of the Pearl.]

"Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did sit me down within the shade,
Of waving trees and dreamed uncounted hours,
Tho' I was chid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made."

I have adopted in connexion with the title of this article, words from the loveliest lay of a long admired, though on many accounts, objectionable bard, not so much as a motto to my story as to suit my own feelings; for from my very childhood, I have stood entranced, though at the foot of Pimple and Parnassus, and have wandered about the fount of Hippocrene, till my raptures have increased, so that I have myself poured forth feeble numbers, and my earliest, nay, my latest sympathies have gone and do still go forth and interwine themselves with minds alone of poetic order. Alas! my infirmity—who reads the poem but the poet? Now, however, in compliment

to the gifted lady editor of this work, I attempt a tale, and in compliment to her as well as her numerous readers also, I would with

——Poetic trappings grace my prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.

But, I want a hero,—ay, and a more essential appendage to the beauty of my undertaking—a heroine.

Reader, it is the evening of January 1, 18—. Enter with me, yonder splendid mansion, in the centre of a brilliant metropolis; survey its spacious apartments, observe their fashionable decoration. Here the massive marble of Egyptian quarry, reflects in highest polish a lovely landscape, beautiful, even as that spread out over the sacred soil from beneath which it was taken, as if attempting to vie with the brilliancy of the gilded mirror above. Sofas covered with Genoa velvet are nicely arranged around the walls, while on every side are lengthened pictures, embodying the high poetic soul of many an ancient artist, and De Vinci's copy hangs the climax of all ideal. In yonder recess, you see suspended a harp, whose strings have scarcely ceased their vibration since the sweetest note of Mozart's key attuned their melody. Vases of plucked roses and sweet-scented exotics from neighboring greenhouse brought with vegetating, odoriferous plants occupy each otherwise unappropriated niche. Magnificently festooned, around the casement hangs the royal damask, while in the center of all this display of elegance, supported by the ponderous Jamaica wood, stands a sparkling girandole, its transparent pendant rods radiant with its own reflected light. The mantel too is glittering with correspondent brilliancy.

But why is all this illumination and splendor? ask you; for as yet no gentle foot lightly imprints the tufted Persian carpet, or carelessly rests upon the mingled shades of the embroidered ottoman. 'Tis silence there as yet, and nought gives indication at least of the peculiarity of the occasion. The hour of destiny has not arrived, and while glowing coals within the grate are sending forth heat diffusive, we will retreat from this scene of preparation, and having ascended the winding staircase, look within the oratory. See you that maiden on bended knee and with tearful eye, in ecstasy of wo, as she presses to her heart an unsealed letter. Hear you her sobs as they involuntarily break forth from the spirit's sanctuary and mingle with hallowed orisons upon her trembling lip. Alas! that is my heroine—a plighted bride—and wait a little and I will show you my hero, the bridegroom to whom she is affianced. But marvel not, though the scene be reversed ere that, for truth is truth, however strange or disagreeable, and even fiction must be consistent with it, or it has no good effect.

She has finished her toilet, and loving maidens have twined the rose-wreath in her hair, and clasped the silken girdle around her zone, and now attired for the altar, unattended but by cherubim and seraphim, she is secretly communing with Him who instituted the sacred rite she is just now waiting to perform. How admirably appropriate! for when does woman so much need to strengthen herself by prayer, as when she is about to render her very self a free-will offering on the burning altar of affection, when she takes her heart as it were, in her hand, and goes forth to offer it, a gift never to be recalled, whatever change may come over the circumstances or sentiments of him to whom it is given. A gift, not only not to be recalled, but with the offering she transfers also, and forever the power ever of *wishing* it recalled, be the reality in all its minutiae ever so bitterly reversed from the dream! Solemn sacrifice and all unworthily performed and wanting its essential grace and loveliness without this holy preparation, the preparation of secret communion with Him who alone enters the inmost recesses of the heart, where sorrow and joy alike commissioned, perform their ministrations. But most especially does she need his sympathy and

support who has at this time knelt before him, apart from the joyous scene. For while she is now the center of all attraction, and by the most sacred sympathies of our common nature distributing happiness through many hearts, her own is secretly withering within her bosom. Where, O, where has departed the gladness of the morning and the full bright promise of the dawning year! None, ah, none suspect she has been a mark for the archer, and that her bridal attire is but a very mockery.

Three years previous to this time, Mary Emmons left the school of Mrs. W—, in Troy, N. Y., if not complete in education, (since modern phraseology and true philosophy forbid the use of the terms,) at least well educated, one of the most perfect models of a lady. Ingenuous, unpretending, accomplished, and possessed also of that true politeness of heart, whose definition is a deference and nice regard to the feelings of others, whether of low or high degree, which in itself possesses a charm beyond all else, and without which, however accomplished in the world's sense, none are genteel. There was nothing strikingly beautiful either in her face or figure, but she was just one of that kind of persons, who impress our minds at once as something out of the common order, though we are unable to tell why they should, and who momentarily fill our sight though surrounded by a crowd, and who are never to be forgotten or mistaken afterwards. She was the daughter of a worthy private citizen, who had amassed a fortune in early speculation in real estate, and who preferred sitting untitled at his ease in the midst of his wealth, by his beneficence making glad the hearts of many, (and in this he fully believed and practised according to his belief, that the scripture injunction, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," had other meaning than that a man must bestow his gifts in secret, for there was much in the force of example he said,) rather than burden himself with responsibilities and trusts termed honors, which he thought however much they might be coveted, usually prove but weariness, toil, and drudgery.

Thus surrounded by abundance, with a tender, loving father of known eccentric character; the direct reverse of a mother who was an ornament to her sex, and who ever felt the responsibilities of her office, wonder not that our heroine had brought up to womanhood, a heart swollen with deep-rooted, yet contending sentiments; that she asked much of the world, yet secretly expected little. But under the pupilage of a justly celebrated teacher, and in a school, the first at that time in rank, in our Union, characteristic contrarieties had been subdued and properly directed; and conflicting qualities guided so as to exemplify virtue and adorn her heart, and her whole character improved, while her sensibilities were quickened, and her spirit's friendships all renewed.

By constant companionship for three years with new and ever-changing associates, not one impression made by early friends had been effaced or dimmed, and the few well chosen intimates of her youth were as warmly cherished now as when the population of her own native city were to her the people of the whole wide world.

Scarcely had the first greeting passed in her own dwelling, ere she sought the residence of one of her truest friends, Hope Greyson. She found her friend who was overjoyed to meet her again, busily engaged in stitching a broad piece of mecklin to the neck of a gorgeously variegated satin dress. "O, I am so glad you have returned, Mary," after a few kind congratulations, she exclaimed, "and just at this time too, for to-morrow evening there is to be a brilliant assembly at Mrs. Daily's—I knew you were expected this week, and I was afraid you would not arrive in season to make one of the company. But you are here, and I am so rejoiced, for we shall have a fine time."

"At Mrs. D.'s? Indeed, Hope, I shall not," returned Mary, "for I have not much fancy for large parties, there is so little friendship and sociability in them. They are frequently a mere mockery of the kindnesses and civilities of life, by com-

promising show and ceremony, where twenties are drawn together but as 'stupid stories,' who have no sympathies with each other, and who seldom meet, and more seldom acknowledge an acquaintance elsewhere."

"Oh well, never mind that, Mary; it keeps society in good nature with itself; its various members in countenance with one another, and assists one part to approve of the course of the other, besides gratifying individual curiosity, taste, and display, and bribing good opinion now and then. Now do n't moralize."

"No, my friend, I shall not, for I am not to-day exactly in a moralizing mood, though I shall disagree with you and your arguments in favor of them, as they do actually exist at the present day, which happily I know you do not at least believe are the very reasons why I dislike them. Were they composed of members only who have individual friendships and sympathies for each other, and whose society is deemed by each an invaluable acquisition, an essential minister to the happiness of each, and were the atmosphere the breath of sincerity, rather than the whole scene heartless and artificial, they would be much more in favor with me."

"Now do n't try to raise a breeze against it, for you must, nay, you shall go—I have special reasons for wishing it."

"Your reasons another time, Hope. I have no dress to wear, and no time to prepare one, and if that be not a sufficient reason for staying at home, what is?"

"Come, come, no such excuse as that—you do not need a new dress—wear that beautiful white muslin of yours, that you had made for George Anderson's wedding last vacation, with the same elegant white trimmings you then wore, or that splendid black velvet in which you appeared at cousin Sarah's party, and the same simple white scarf—they will either of them admirably become you, for you know all persons of good taste admit that dress, in order to be becoming, must not only be adapted to the complexion and figure, but also adapted to the known character of the wearer.—Sentient, spiritual beings like yourself, Mary, who are so strikingly intellectual, and who have so much decision of character that they never lose their identity anywhere, need but little variety, and the simplest shades of color, and little of show in ornament, to appear well on every occasion, provided the material be not mean. So black and white for you, my friend, and no tinsel or display. But I, who live on the surface of things, love show, love dress, love splendor for its own sake, am sentimental and learned to-day, and to-morrow may not have a single idea in my head—in short, am floated along whichever way the fashionable tide sets in—have no originality of character, but identify myself with whatever meets my eye, may diversify my apparel and wear this gaudy, showy thing composed of all hues, red and green, black and blue, and white and purple, and 'twill be, admirably adapted not only to my sandy complexion, red hair and figure *en bon point*, but also to my character."

"Nonsense, dear friend," replied Mary, "you know me too well to attempt to flatter me, and I am also too well acquainted with you, and have too good an opinion of your character to suffer you to defame it without remonstrance. I doubt not but that rich shaded satin will look well when worn by yourself, and be in truth, becoming both to your face and figure, only do n't wear a red mantle with it."

"Mary, you need not fear I shall, that would look too much like my hair, and I like contrasts as you do."

"Hush about your hair again. I know a young lady who is admitted on all sides the greatest beauty in the county of —, and she has red hair; nevertheless, I should advise you to wear blue—blue is always becoming to persons of your complexion, and indeed you always look well in it. For myself, I suppose were I to make up my mind to go to-morrow evening, (which I am sure I shall not do,) I might not find any thing new that would please my fancy better than the black

the white you mention. I dislike finery and colors about my own person always, and wear a plain dress not because I have the vanity to suppose it adapted to my character as intellectual and ethereal, as you were pleased to term it, but because it has adapted itself to such a style of dress forming my taste for it. Now let us close this chapter on dress, Hope, for I shall not go to Mrs. D.'s, so it is idle to talk thus."

"Yes, yes—you will go too," persisted her friend, "and I have kept something in reserve to tempt you. There is to be a very select assembly, and what is more, an elegant young gentleman from the South, a lawyer who has recently taken up his abode in the city, is to make one of the company. He is of accomplished mind and manners, and we, girls, are all in love with him; and I wish very much you should become acquainted with him, for I am sure you will like him too."

"What! another lawyer, and from the South too? and you wish me to see him, for perhaps I may like him. Now, what if I should? the chance is, he may not like me, and then I shall be less happy for my new acquaintance. And would you wish me less happy than I now am?"

"Oh, no; but I am sure he will like you too, you are so much alike in taste and sentiment, and even in the lineaments of his face, it has often been remarked, he resembles you as much as man can—so you may be made happier. The chance is even on your side, in my opinion."

Never tell a young lady she is similar in character to this or that one of the opposite sex, unless you mean her heart shall go out unbidden on an errand of love—for so surely as you do, let the motive be what it may, she will amuse herself with the fancy and endeavor to search out the like, till she eventually loses her own identity in his.

Hope Greyson knew well the cords of woman's heart, and what string to touch to produce the effect desired; and without looking at consequences, she heartily wished in the benevolence of her soul, that her friend might admire and even love the stranger, and be beloved in turn. Had she expatiated on his merits alone, it had had no lasting effect on her friend's feelings, and she had quietly and contentedly passed the evening by her own fireside, heedless of the gay crowd at Mrs. D.'s; but when she was told she would there meet her counterpart in the person of the southern lawyer, Horace Baker, an uncontrollable curiosity and anxiety possessed her to meet him, even there; and after a few words more, her friend had obtained her passive consent to be present on the occasion.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE INDIANS.

Suggested by seeing a fragment of the Penobscot tribe making baskets on the banks of the Merrimack.

BY REV. L. PORTER.

YE feeble remnant of a noble race,
 Encamp'd for gain within this lonely place,
 Say, where are those who once with bow and spear,
 Rov'd o'er these hills, and chas'd the bounding deer?
 Who drew their warriors round the council light,
 Or led them forth to strive in daring fight?

Where your plum'd chieftains and their gallant band,
 Who proudly march'd o'er this, their native land ?
 Where the bright maidens, for whose winning smile
 The fearless youth engaged in ceaseless toil ?
 Where is the dance, and where the exulting song
 Whose lofty strains the echoing woods prolong ?
 Where are the aged men, whose solemn voice,
 Replete with wisdom, made their sons rejoice ?
 Alas ! no more these valiant warriors wait
 Around their chiefs in wildest regnal state.
 No more the wood resounds with merry note,
 Wrung from the horn, or pour'd from warrior's throat.
 No splendor now around thy tribes is hung—
 Their glory's requiem by the blast is sung.
 We see no more the chieftain on his track,
 With glittering bow and quiver at his back,
 Like young Apollo springing o'er the ground,
 With pride, for former deeds of valor crown'd.
 A wave of death from Europe's distant shore,
 Roll'd o'er this land, and on its billows bore
 Those dark-ey'd people towards the setting sun,
 Whose wars are o'er, and whose race is run.
 As when some world of distant beauty rare,
 With glowing flame burns brightly on the air,
 Then slowly fades, and yields its radiant light,
 Till shrouded o'er by darkest pall of night—
 So once thy tribes, in richest glory drest,
 Roam'd o'er this land, and seem'd supremely blest :
 But now in grief and pain and fear they go,
 Crush'd in the dust beneath their hated foe.
 Soon all will cease, and naught their fame prolong,
 Save wild tradition and the poet's song.

Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. WM. H. BREWSTER.

EARTH has some sacred spots, where we feel like loosing our shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence ; where the common words of social converse seem rude, and the smile of pleasure unfitting ; places where friendship's hands have linger'd in each other ; where vows have been plighted, prayer offered and the tear of parting shed. O how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back, through unmeasured space, to visit them.

But of all the spots on this green earth, none is so sacred as that where rest, waiting the resurrection, those we once cherished and loved—our brothers, our sisters, our fathers, or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better part of mankind have had chosen and loved spots for the burial of their dead ; and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide, to meditate and to weep. But of all places, even among the charnel houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a *mother's* grave.

There sleeps the nurse of our infancy, the guide of our youth, the counselor of our

riper years—our friend, when others deserted us and affliction's cold wave rolled over us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

With sentiments like these, the writer, a few years since, while visiting in a neighboring state, the place of his earliest hopes and aspirations, turned aside from the gaiety of life, to the narrow habitations of the dead. I wandered among those who had commenced life with me in hope. Here distinctions were forgotten—at least, by the quiet sleepers around me. I saw the rich and great, who scorned the poor, and shunned them as if infected with a plague, quietly sleeping by their side. How true the language of Pope:

"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee—
'Tis all thou art, and all the *proud* shall be."

But one consideration, more than all others, made that a season of holy meditation—there, among the dead, slept a mother! I was alone, with none to interrupt my reflections. I was but a child when she died, but the long, dark day when, with a heavy, mournful heart, I followed her cold corpse to the grave, rolled back upon me. I could see the hearse, the undertaker, the minister, and hear distinctly the knell of death—a mother's death. O my mother! I cried—would I could see thee once more, and in tears beg pardon for my every ungrateful act. O my dear, dear mother! how often have I laid my aching head on thy bosom! O how often has thy soft hand wiped the tear from my cheek, and on that very spot imprinted a kiss of soothing tenderness! I see thee now, bending over my bed to kiss me into a quiet slumber.

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me warm and softly laid;
Thy morning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plumb"—

all these, and a thousand other acts of kindness now rise before me. O my mother's grave! Let others stand awe-struck under the roaring thunder of Niagara, or survey with profound astonishment the towering Alps, or reverently tread on Horeb or Sinai, but when I mention the dearest spot on earth to me, I will name my mother's grave. There I stand chastened, subdued, penitent and humbled.

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss. * * *
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was—where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word will pass my lips no more! * * *
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent;
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."



Original.

A SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"NEVER did man speak like this man," was the universal conclusion of the wondering Jews, concerning the Messiah. Happy, indeed, would it have been for that ill-fated race, had they believed as well as wondered! How strangely obstinate do they appear, as we gaze upon them, resisting with increasing firmness the flood of evidence which streamed upon them from every day's development in the life of Christ! What more could they require? To-day, with the mild dignity of a rabbi, He sat upon the green turf of Olivet, and, with voice sweetly musical, discoursed of human duty with a force and purity that filled the astounded listeners with unutterable and indefinable feelings of reverence and terror. Anon, he stood over the bier of the dead, and, with Godlike energy, brought back the escaped spirit to its frail abode; or, with words of power, he awed the fiends of the nether world into abject submission as he compelled their departure from the bodies of the possessed, and caused them to fly, panic-stricken, from his dread presence. To-day, he asserted his authority over the submissive wave and the obedient wind; and anon, he spoke in tones of sympathy and love, to show that in the awful majesty of the Godhead, the sympathies of the man were not engulfed. Strangely hardened race, to resist the force of such convincing evidences!

But I am wandering. I wish here simply to point out the rich beauty of a single passage in the instructions of the Savior. "My sheep hear my voice, and they do follow me." Inexpressibly touching is this passage. Full of meaning, it reveals the strong sympathy of the Master, and the helplessness and obedience of the disciple.

A passage from the journal of the Rev. John Hartley, a missionary to modern Greece, will illustrate the passage, and close my article. He says:

"Having had my attention directed last night to the words, 'The sheep hear his

voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, &c., John x. 3, I asked my man if it was usual in Greece to give names to sheep: he informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names. This morning, I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him to call one of his sheep; he did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience, which I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep in eastern countries, 'That a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.' The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still wild; that they had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching they would all learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called tame."

Original.

THE REFUSAL.

BY A LADY.

"O, could you have seen her, that pride of our girls,
Arise, and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn on her lip that the gazer might feel,
And an eye like the flashing of lightning on steel!—*Whittier.*

A FORM very like her methinks I have seen—
Majestic in person, in soul like a queen;
The lion, lamb, eagle and dove all unite
In giving her character, shadow and light.

Methinks I *do* see her arrayed in bright pearls,
More lasting and pure than the "wealth of her curls,"
With a deep, truthful meaning portrayed in her eye,
Which gleams with a flash like a cloud in the sky.

Ah, yes; and I hear her indignant reply—
The wealthy, the haughty she dares to defy;
With pity, not hatred—no fear, but a frown,
She could turn from the hand that could proffer a crown.

That man who can deal in his brother's life-blood,
And sell for vile lucre the image of God,
He knows not compassion; and why should she heed
A heart harder far, than the hoof of his steed?

The wealth of affection—the slave-dealer thought
Humanity's bosom itself might be bought—
Young life with its beauty and treasure be sold
For luxury, pleasure and plenty of gold.

Thy mistake, lordly king, methinks thou hast found,
For liberty shelters our New England ground;
The song of thy flattery but idly is sung—
Disgust shall repay the soft words of thy tongue..

Inheriting more than the *names* of their sires,
Shall patriots' daughters, beside their own fires,
Relinquish their birthright because they are told
Of coaches and servants and plenty of gold ?

Go home to thy people—thy suit is despised—
Thy dark, selfish nature cannot be disguised ;
Go home—ask thy slave what it is to be free,
For thou art oppressed with worse fetters than he.

One look at the banner which freedom unfurls
O'er the hearts and the homes of our own "Yankee girls"—
Then back to the South : but thou wilt not forget
That CHARACTER *deeper than color is set.*

Lowell.

ABYSSINIAN CUSTOMS.

THEIR manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of the legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women sink down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before.

The Abyssinians, while they profess to be rigid followers of the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of the greater part of its precepts ; which arises chiefly from the want of a good example being shown to them by those of the superior class. The heads of their clergy are in general the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and at feasts, the quantity of raw meat which they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceeds all belief ; indeed, they behave more like drunken beasts, when in company, than civilized beings.

Notwithstanding the libertine conduct of the Abyssinians, they strictly keep all their fasts, which are very numerous, and on those days never eat or drink till about three o'clock in the afternoon, which time they compute by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground. This, indeed, is the only way in which they keep time in Abyssinia. Their great Lent, which commences in February, lasts fifty-six days. Their years are called after the four evangelists—that of John is the leap year. They reckon the number of years from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, five thousand five hundred ; and from the birth of Christ to the present time, one thousand eight hundred and five ; the latter being about nine years short of our time. The administering of the holy sacrament is quite a public ceremony. After receiving it, they place their hands to their mouths, and go their way ; nor will they on any consideration spit that day, even if a fly by chance be drawn into the mouth by their breath, which at other times would occasion them to vomit, as they detest a fly ; and many will not even eat or drink what a fly has been found in.

On passing a church mounted, they alight from their horse or mule, and kiss the gateway or tree in front, according to the distance they are at when passing ; and if at a distance, they take up a stone, and throw it upon a heap, which is always found on the road opposite to the church. In Abyssinia, a traveler, who sees in the wildest deserts large piles of stones, might be led to attribute the custom to the same motive

which occasions similar piles to be found in Arabia, where some one has been killed and buried, and all who knew him, as they pass, throw a stone on his grave; but this is not the case here, those stones being thrown there by Christians, who know that the nearest church lies opposite to the spot: and on this account an Abyssinian traveler, when he sees such a pile of stones, knows that he is opposite to a church, and, in consequence, kisses the pile, and adds another stone to the heap. The priests are numerous beyond belief.

There are priests and deacons, who go about to the different towns, or residences of chiefs, where they find employment in teaching children to read. Their school is held generally in a church-yard, or in some open place near it, sometimes before the residence of the master, and in that case, during the rains, they are all crowded up in a small, dark hut, learning prayers by word of mouth from the master, instead of from a book. When a boy is somewhat advanced in learning, he is made to teach the younger ones. However few the scholars, the master has in general great trouble with them, and, in addition to the ordinary punishments, numbers are constantly obliged to be kept in irons. The common way of punishing scholars is as follows: the schoolmaster stands over them with a wax taper, which cuts as severely as a whip, while five or six boys pinch the offender's legs and thighs; and if they spare him, the master gives them a stroke with the taper; but the correction considered most effective for these young Abyssinian rogues, is that of having irons put upon their legs for many months together, which in one instance I knew, proved fatal. It was a grown Agow boy, about thirteen years of age, who had more than once contrived to get his irons off, and desert from the school; for which the master, by desire of the parents, put so heavy a pair of irons upon his ankles, that he found it impossible to get them off: and this enraged him so much, that he drew his large knife, cut his own throat, and soon afterwards expired.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house, and when they had cried for half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but in a few minutes, the people of Antola, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking in, and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more.

Before the cry was over, the people with *derres* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maza, some cooked victuals, fowls and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full, that I was obliged to go out into the yard until things were put in order, and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maza and a cow. What neighbors and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned, is called *derres*. The bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories, to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I remarked, that, at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a dismal cry, saying, "O, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?" This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry,

which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people standing about will drink all the mazer, and when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door, and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of mazer to drink, they must pour it out themselves, the servants being so drunk that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day, without taking rest.

I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting; and the only fault I can find is, that they bury the dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position; the jaws tied as close as possible, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up, after which the skin called *meat*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbor helps to dig the grave, bringing his own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related.

There is no expense for burying, every one assisting his neighbor, as I have above mentioned. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarreling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune, otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut, where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the land to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his master, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of mazer to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul. This they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettari* (prayers of forgiveness) for one month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labor hard with the pickaxe.—*Nathaniel Pearce.*

BEAUTY.—Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or the flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other *et ceteras* upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever-enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

[ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.]

EVENING PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HUSH ! 't is a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
 With all their clust'ring locks, untouch'd by care,
 And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'t is lovely !—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?
 Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
 What Death must fashion for Eternity !

Oh ! joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

And take the thought of this calm vesp' time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight !
 Earth will forsake—oh ! happy to have given
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

Selected.

PHYSICAL DEBILITY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY MISS BEECHER.

BUT the second and still greater difficulty, peculiar to American women, is, delicacy of constitution, which renders them victims of disease and decay.

The fact, that the women of this country are usually subject to disease, and that their beauty and youthfulness are of shorter continuance than the women of other nations, is one which always attracts the attention of foreigners, while medical men and philanthropists are constantly giving fearful monitions as to the extent and alarming increase of the evil. Investigations make it evident that a large proportion of young ladies from the wealthier classes have the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, one of the most sure and fearful causes of future disease and decay. The writer has heard medical men, who have made extensive enquiries, say that probably one of every six of the young women at boarding schools are affected in this way, while many other indications of disease and debility exist, in cases where this particular evil cannot be detected.

In consequence of this enfeebled state of their constitution, induced by a neglect of their physical education, as soon as they are called to the responsibilities and trials of domestic life, their constitution fails, and their whole life is rendered a burden; for no person can enjoy existence when disease throws a dark cloud over the mind and incapacitates her for the proper discharge of her duty.

It would seem as if the primeval curse, that has written the doom of pain and sorrow on one period of a young mother's life, in this country, has been extended over all; so that the hour never arrives when "she forgetteth her sorrow for joy that a man is born into the world." Many a mother will testify, with shuddering, that the most exquisite sufferings she ever endured, were not those appointed by nature, but those which, for week after week, have worn health and spirits when nourishing her child. And medical men teach us that this in most cases, results from debility of constitution consequent on the mismanagement of early life. And so frequent and so mournful are these and other distresses that result from the failure of the female constitution, that the writer has repeatedly heard mothers say that they had wept tears of bitterness over their infant daughters for the sufferings which they were destined to undergo; while they cherished the decided wish that these daughters should never marry. At the same time, many a reflecting young woman is looking to her future prospects with very different feelings and hopes from those which Providence designed.

American women are exposed to a far greater amount of intellectual and moral excitement than those of any other land. Of course, in order to escape the danger resulting from this, a greater amount of exercise in the fresh air, and all those methods which strengthen the constitution, are imperiously required.

But instead of this, it will be found that owing to the climate and customs of this nation, there are no women who secure so little of this healthful and protective regimen. Walking and riding, and gardening in the open air, are practised by women of other lands to a far greater extent than by American females. Most English women, in the wealthiest classes, are able to walk six or eight miles on a stretch, without oppressive fatigue; and when they visit this country, always express their surprise at the inactive habits of the American ladies. In England, the regular daily exercise in the open air is required by the mother as a part of daily duty, and is sought by young women as employment.

In consequence of a different physical training, English women in those circles that enjoy competency, present an appearance which always strikes American gentlemen as a contrast to what they see at home. An English mother, at thirty or thirty-five, is in the full bloom of perfected womanhood, as fresh and healthful as her daughters. But where are the American mothers who can reach this period unfaded and unworn? In America, young ladies in the wealthier classes are sent to school from early childhood, and neither parents nor teachers make it a definite object to secure a proper amount of fresh air and exercise, to counterbalance their intellectual taxation.

As soon as they pass their school-days, dressing, visiting, evening parties and stimulating amusements take the place of study, while the most unhealthful modes of dress add to the physical exposure. To make morning calls, or do a little shopping, is all that can be called their exercise in the fresh air; and this, compared to what is needed, is absolutely nothing, and on some accounts is worse than nothing. In consequence of these, and other evils, the young women of America grow up with such a delicate constitution, that probably eight out of ten become subjects of disease either before or as soon as they are called to the responsibilities of domestic life.

Original.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS SICK WIFE.

BY REV. C. W. DENISON.

WIFE of my youth! since we were wed,
 'Tis now a half a score of years;
 And oh! how swiftly have they sped,
 With us the path of smiles and tears!
 I see thee now as when we rose
 And vowed, before the nuptial shrine—
 When, for a life of weals and woes,
 Thy hand—thy heart I had—was mine.

Dear Mary! what a chequered scene,
 Since then, have we together passed!
 See! light and shade close intervene—
 The pleasant calm; the howling blast:
 But, Mary, in the clouds that swept
 On wings of gloom across the sky,
 How many mercies sweetly slept,
 To pour upon us from on high!

The darkest storm-cloud often bears
 The brightest rainbow on its breast;
 So, to the christian, gloomiest cares
 Are oft with loveliest rays imprest;
Newton, Ms.

Each cloud becomes, like Israel's,
 A bow of tints, a spire of light,
 Guiding through being's dreary dells,
 A shield by day, a lamp by night.

Mary, I see thee drooping now;
 I hear thee moaning by my side;
 The light seems fading on thy brow—
 Thy life-spring ebbing in its tide:
 But, Mary, thou hast light that throws
 A token on foreshadowed things—
 A well of life that gently flows
 From pure and everlasting springs.

Yes, Mary, 'tis a blissful thought,
 That we together pass away,
 Like kindred clouds in union brought
 To meet and fade at close of day:
 One cloud may linger in the sky.
 When its companion-cloud is gone—
 How sweet to think they join on high,
 And rise together at the dawn.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE always effects a decided change in the sentiments of those who come within its sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well-regulated mind, something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was separate and independent, is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will color the destiny of the other.

But when the union is that of love, this feeling of dependence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged, expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around, until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others, and for society.

But it is the generous and the virtuous alone, who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are, too callous to give nurture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an expansive benevolence. A degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love or friendship.—*Border Tales.*

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PEARL BY I. B. WOODBURY.

Con Espres:

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins with the vocal melody, with lyrics 'Af-ter many, many, many years, How pleasant 'tis to'. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp*. The third system continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'come To the old farm-house where I was born, My first, my childhood's home; To'. The piano accompaniment is marked *f*. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'turn a-way my wea-ry eyes From proud ambition's towers, And wander o'er my'. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp*.

Af-ter many, many, many years, How pleasant 'tis to

come To the old farm-house where I was born, My first, my childhood's home; To

turn a-way my wea-ry eyes From proud ambition's towers, And wander o'er my

na - - - tive hills, A - - mong the trees and bowers. — O, af - ter many, many,

Ritard. *A Tempo. ff*

many years, How pleasant 'tis to come To the old farm-house where I was born, My

first, my childhood's home.

ff

2.

It scarce has changed since last I gazed
 On yonder tranquil scene,
 And sat beneath the old witch elm
 That shades the village green,
 And watched my boat upon the brook,
 As 'twere a regal galley,
 And sighed not for a joy on earth
 Beyond the happy valley.
 O, after many, &c.

3.

Those days I do recall again, —
 That bright and blameless joy;
 I summon to my weary heart
 The feelings of a boy,
 And look on scenes of past delight
 With all my wonted pleasure,
 And feel as though I'd found, at last,
 The only, only treasure.
 O, after many, &c.



C. 1810

M. 1810

the scholar

THE LADY'S PEARL.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Original.

"I SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LADY, eminent for piety, and for the faithful exercise of the maternal virtues, died recently in London; and a few hours before her departure, was observed, with a lovely expression of countenance, to be whispering, "I shall see Him as He is."

"Shall see Him as He is!" Whom shalt thou see?
That dear, dear Friend, who for our sakes did bear
Scourge, persecution and the blood-stain'd cross,
That we the mansions of the just might share?

"Shall see Him as He is!" What shalt thou see?
Hands stretch'd to raise thee to a pardoning breast,
And lips o'erflowing with the words divine—
"Come, good and faithful! enter to thy rest!"

Say, will this win thee from thy cherish'd joys?
The loving partner of thy youthful days?
The pleasant home? the first-born boy, who woke
A warmth that lingered in thy deathful gaze?

The fair, fair girl? the merry, dove-eyed babe,
That in its nurse's arms unconscious leaps,
Nor dreams what treasure rifled from its arms,
Beneath the church-yard's sacred shadow sleeps?

Speak, angel—answer! But, alas, how vain
To put such questions to the blest above,
Who, safe from ills of earth, by tears unstain'd,
Are wrapp'd in Heaven's refulgent smile of love.

Thou, who *hast* seen Him as He is, inspire
Our wandering feet in wisdom's paths to go,
And with one echo from thy golden lyre,
Lure the sad mourners from their depths of woe.

Original.

THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

"Is Ellen at home this morning, Mrs. Lawrence?" said Clarinda Andros, presenting herself at the parlor door with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Yes, Clarinda—walk in and take a seat on the sofa."

"I am obliged to you, but I can't stop. I am going to make a few calls, and should like to have Ellen with me. If she is in her room, I will run up and ask her."

"She's not in her room, but is busy in the kitchen. I hardly think she will be able to accompany you to-day."

"Busy in the kitchen! What has happened? Are Phebe and Sally gone, or are they sick?"

"O no—Phebe is giving lessons to Ellen, and Sally, I dare say, finds enough to do."

"Phebe giving lessons to Ellen! Surely, Mrs. Lawrence, you are joking."

"By no means. Ellen has, for some time past, spent a part of two forenoons in the kitchen every week. She can already make excellent bread and several kinds of puddings; can roast a piece of meat, and knows how to cook potatoes and other vegetables. She is this morning engaged in making pastry."

"She is not qualifying herself for a cook by profession, I hope."

"No; but if she should ever become a wife, I wish her to have a sufficient knowledge of every thing appertaining to household affairs to save her the perplexity, mortification and even tears, which ignorance in that respect has occasioned in several instances which have fallen under my observation."

"Well, for my part I can't see that it is necessary for the only daughter of the wealthiest man in town to descend to the drudgery of the kitchen. My mother would be unwilling to permit me to spend so much time in company with servants, for fear that I should unconsciously imbibe a coarseness of language and manners."

"Ann," said Sydney Bartlett to his sister, "I have, of late, met with two young ladies on several occasions, who appear so nearly equal in mental as well as personal charms, that I can't well choose between them; and as it is thought that women can better discriminate, as respects the good or ill qualities of their own sex, than we men, I should like to have your opinion."

"You refer to Ellen Lawrence and Clarinda Andros, I suspect?"

"Yes."

"Really, Sydney, I don't know but that I should have nearly as much difficulty in choosing between them, as you. On reflection, however, there is one thing which would, I think, cause me to prefer Ellen."

"What is that?"

"She has more energy than Clarinda—more strength of character. Should they both be called to encounter adversity, I imagine that while Ellen would be roused to exertion, Clarinda would be in danger of sinking into utter helplessness."

"Ellen is the girl for me, then; for, although I should wish my wife to be perfectly feminine in her tastes and pursuits, I fear that I should feel a contempt for her, should I discover any thing approaching to imbecility."

Sydney Bartlett was a young man of sterling worth, possessing a fine person and attractive manners, as well as an abundance of this world's goods. Ellen knew that

he was highly esteemed by her parents, and she had for some time entertained a greater regard for him than she cared to acknowledge even to herself; and when, several weeks after the foregoing conversation with his sister, he made an offer of his hand, she accepted it, without deeming it necessary to play off any airs of coquetry.

A young gentleman by the name of Leverett Reed—a cousin to Sydney—engaged himself to Clarinda near the same time; and the two young girls, who had been companions from their childhood, were wedded within a few weeks of each other. Their worldly prospects were nearly equal. Each became the mistress of a spacious and elegant mansion splendidly furnished: it was thought, however, that Mrs. Reed evinced superior taste in the selection of a few costly articles. We have not space to follow them step by step, but will present a letter written by Miss Elizabeth Reed—an aunt to Leverett and Sydney—about six years after their marriage.

Dear Sarah: I had a very pleasant journey from Meadville to the city, and went directly to Leverett's, he being, as you well know, several years older than Sydney. I found the house large and handsome, and full of costly furniture, but which was not in altogether such nice order as that in our little cottage at Meadville. The rich carpets were defaced, and the velvet-cushioned chairs and satin curtains were not wholly free from dust. Clarinda was dressed in a rich silk, but I was sorry to see, that, owing to her being slipshod, she came forward to welcome me with a very awkward gait. She appeared glad to see me, but I soon found that she was laboring under great depression of spirits. It was not long before she revealed the cause. The housemaid, she said, had gone home, sick with the throat-distemper, and Bethiah, the cook, and Janet, the chambermaid, had been both taken ill of the same disorder during the night. Her husband had spent all the morning without having been able to procure any one to supply the place of either. At this moment, our ears were greeted with the shrill cry of an infant. She hastened to a door that opened into a back-apartment.

"Susan," said she, "what is the matter with the baby? Why do you neglect him?"

"I was obliged to set him down, ma'am," replied the girl, "or I shall never get dinner ready. I must go see to the fire, or the meat won't be half roasted, and as for the peas, I have been trying to shell them this half hour, but the child cries the moment I touch one."

"If you will take the baby, Clarinda, I will go and shell the peas," said I.

"O no, aunt," she replied; "I should be ashamed for you to go to work the moment you entered the house."

I insisted, however, and proceeding to the room where the girl had left both baby and peas, I commenced my task. Clarinda followed me, and took the child—a poor, pale-looking little thing, it having just recovered from the distemper with which Bethiah and Janet were ill. The child's ill humor evidently proceeded from a want of repose, for in less than fifteen minutes it was in a sound sleep. It would undoubtedly have fallen asleep long before, had not the girl's attention been divided among so many different things as to prevent her from indulging it with its customary quiet. Clarinda's neglect of her child did not appear to proceed from a deficiency of maternal affection, but from an insuperable aversion to engage in any useful, or what she calls vulgar employment.

As the hour for dinner was approaching, I told her that I would set the table, as I supposed she would go to the kitchen to overlook Susan a little, as she had informed me that she was the nursery-maid, and knew nothing about preparing a dinner. She said, however, that it would be entirely useless for her to go, as she knew still less about it than the girl. I came near making a reply that was more true than polite, but, as I felt a little angry, upon reflection, I thought I had better defer both admonition and advice, till my mind was in a more suitable state to administer them.

"Will you direct me where to find the table-cloth?" said I.

"I will get it for you," she replied; and she commenced searching in different places, with the air of a person quite at a loss where to look. "I can't imagine what Susan did with it," said she—at the same time ringing the bell.

Susan, with a flushed face, which betrayed the heat and anxiety induced by her unaccustomed task, made her appearance.

"Bring me the table-cloth," said her mistress.

"I don't know where it is," she replied; but after hunting a few minutes, she produced a superb damask cloth, very much crumpled, and by no means immaculate.

I spread it upon the table, and Susan and I, between us, succeeded in gathering together the plates, knives and forks, and the other necessary paraphernalia, which I arranged to Clarinda's satisfaction. In a few minutes, my nephew came home. He welcomed me with great cordiality, but expressed his regret at their not being in a condition to entertain me as well as he could desire.

Susan now made her appearance with the meat, which was burnt to a cinder on one side and scarcely warmed on the other. The gravy resembled weak soup, and the peas were only half boiled. While dining upon this unsavory fare, Leverett endeavored to conceal his real chagrin by an affectation of pleasantry.

"Have we no pudding to-day, Clarinda?" said he, after eating a small slice of the meat, and attempting to glusticate a few of the hard peas.

"No; Susan says she never made a pudding in her life, and I am sure I never did."

"We will take the strawberries then, I sent home this morning."

"That we can't do," replied his wife, "for Eddy and Milly found them before they were sent to school, and ate and wasted every one of them before I knew it."

Leverett said nothing more, and we all finished our meal on some dry baker's bread.

Finding that my presence caused considerable mortification to my nephew, the next morning, soon after breakfast, I took my leave, and went to Sydney Bartlett's. I was not without my fears that if the epidemic had crept into his family likewise, there would be but little enjoyment either for them or myself. I had not been there many minutes before I concluded that my apprehensions were without foundation. Order and neatness reigned throughout the splendid mansion. Ellen, who looked as blooming as when I first saw her, had on a very pretty calico frock; and her shoes, I was glad to perceive, were not down at the heel. After the space of about an hour, which we had spent very pleasantly in conversation, she rose, and saying that her cook being unfortunately sick of the prevailing epidemic, requested me to excuse her while she went to assist in preparing dinner. "As you are fond of reading," she added, "you will be at no loss for amusement, as there are a number of new publications on the center-table."

Sydney arrived in due season, and we sat down to a dinner not remarkable for its richness or variety; but every thing was the best of its kind, and so nicely prepared as to have an effect peculiarly grateful. The absence of all other fruit at the dessert, was abundantly supplied by the finest strawberries I ever saw, gathered fresh from the garden.

That knowledge is power in every sense of the word, I was most fully convinced during the week which I remained in the family. Ellen, by being able to direct a girl who, although capable and willing, was wholly unaccustomed to the kind of labor required of her, without incurring any great fatigue herself, succeeded in preserving the order and comfort of the domestic establishment unimpaired, till those members of the household suffering from indisposition were so far recovered as to resume their appropriate duties.

I had a homelike feeling while at Sydney's, although I am not accustomed to so

large a house and so much splendor, which I am sure I could never have at Leverett's, for there can be no real comfort where the mistress of the family is so wholly dependent on others as Clarinda—at least, there can be no real New England comfort.

I am, at present, at your brother's, with whose princely style of living you are too well acquainted to need a description. With all my enjoyment here, I have not forgotten my home at Meadville, and almost envy you your happiness these long, quiet afternoons, as you sit in the little back parlor, with the windows shaded with my favorite white roses and honeysuckles, now in full bloom. I like to walk in your brother's large garden, and listen to the rustling of the leaves, for it seems like a voice of home; and a clump of violets which I discovered one day growing at the foot of a tree, while I was at Sydney's, gave me more pleasure than the rarest plant.

Tell Edwin and Mary, that if I find they have been good children, I shall have something for them, when I return, the first of next week.

Yours, truly,

ELIZABETH REED.

Original.

POETRY.

BY L. S. H.

POETRY is an attribute of every created thing; and he who best utters it, but gives a tongue to all the works of his Maker's hand. It acknowledges no limits: it pervades the undivided universe. Its origin is with the great Uncreated.

Poetry deals in truths the eye cannot see; but they are immutable realities, nevertheless. And is it naught that the gifted spirit should soar away far from earth in its lofty imaginings, and feast its imperishable self upon things invisible? And if it chance to bring here and there a gem from the upper sky, in token of its aerial flight, who shall spurn away the rich treasure because it was not dug from the earth beneath our feet? Who, that glories in an immortality of being, shall deny the sway of the incomprehensible unseen, and call visionary all that is not tangible? Who would chain up the soul within itself, and narrow the limits of its prison-house, and make it "all of life to live," and make that living consist in a mere enjoyment of what the eye can reach, and the hand can grasp? Nay, that is *not* life which finds its pleasure thus: it may be breathing, acting, but that word, *life*, hath a higher, a holier import. There is a soul in the unsophisticated man, that *will not* take its portion of daily bread even, much less its luxuries and adornings from the material world.

But, perhaps I mistake terms; for I confess I do not know what ideas are, in common parlance, attached to the word. If it means simply, rhyme—sounds that must jingle, sense or no sense; words measured arbitrarily into feet; lines that begin with a capital, and end with a flourish—why, then, I have been cherishing a phantom, and clinging to a delusion, and will haste to give back my theme to the hand whence I received it. My own definition would be, that poetry is a lucid, vivid, forcible expression of invisible realities. The language of deep feeling, strong emotion, and the sweeter music of the flow of the soul's gentler current, are poetical. Whatever moves the inner being, and disengages it from this "earthly clog," is poetry. Whatever has power to control the passions, to disannul the sway of "things present"—to rob temptation of its charms, and snatch from the snare its prey, contains the essence of poetry. Its name, then, is no unmeaning one. They call it a twin sister of fiction, and link

it, even, to the ideal inhabitants of vague nonentity. But, methinks, they have forgotten that the spiritual shall exist when this corporeal veil shall have ceased to darken its clear-sighted vision. They shall understand what poetry is, when this "mortal shall have put on immortality."

Poetry is the broad expanse of truth, natural, moral, or intellectual, unfolded to the senses through the medium of the *mind*. It ceases to be poetry, in proportion as its knowledge depends upon what our eyes can see, and our hands can handle. Nature is all poetry, for we can trace the Invisible with the keen eye of our better self, through all her domains. Philosophy, astronomy and mathematics are not strangers to the muse. Without her aid we can readily understand that two and two make four, but a few moments' abstract contemplation of the harmony, order, utility and grandeur of the whole "science of numbers," rouses a feeling far more elevating than any fact contained in elementary principles. Perchance she had naught to do with inventing telescopes, discovering the motions of the heavenly bodies, or calculating eclipses; yet how much pleasure would such knowledge give us, if it were not for the lofty aspirations, the hallowed associations, the dreams of the unseen and spiritual, that connect themselves, unavoidably and always, with the wonders unfolded by astronomy? What beauty should we behold in the starry sky, if it were not that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork"? Our senses take cognizance of the finely curved arch, the brilliant tints and delicate blendings portrayed in imagery drawn by the sun upon the vapor-cloud; but those who discover not in the rainbow a beauty beyond that of form and hue, have yet to learn the art of living much in a little while.

If, then, poetry is everywhere around us, above us, beneath us, and in the depth of our own spirits, it is not, as some would have it, an idle task to bring to light the hidden treasure. Was it not given to unman us of pride and selfishness, to annihilate care, discontent and vexation, and win us away from too close fellowship with such things as "perish with the using"? Whispers it not to us the alphabet of our existence, and gives it not initiatory lessons in the art of living? Is not unuttered poetry the dialect in which we talk with spiritual existences, when, in the stillness of unbroken thought, we leave this "clay tenement" and commune with other beings in other climes? How could we hold converse with absent or departed friends, if the poetry of feeling were erased from among the elements of humanity?

The book of books is a text-book of poetry. This fountain is "ever flowing, ever full." I envy not sensibility of soul to that person who has not been wrapt in ecstasy by the melodious harp of the "sweet singer of Israel," the tender pathos of the weeping prophet, or the unearthly inspirations of the high-souled Isaiah. Whose spirit has not been stirred by the thrilling accents of the apostle Paul, and whose heart has not been touched by the affectionate strains of "that disciple whom Jesus loved," and whose being has not yielded to the omnipotent eloquence of Him who "spake as never man spake"?

Our holy religion abounds in poetry. It beamed in the very aspect of its divine Original. There is untold poetry in that word, *eternity*. There is unutterable poetry in the character of the triune God; and it is here only that all its mighty energies can be called into exercise. No theme beside can fill up the measure of the word. Say not that this is desecration to the name of the Christian's God. If there is sacrilege in the thought, it is because the term expressive of our highest sense of Him has been polluted by companionship that belongs not to it.

Poetry is inseparably linked to the doctrine of the soul's immortality; and "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Original.

SONNET. TO SHAKSPEARE.

BY MRS. C. T. CLARKE.

Thou, of the master wand, whose murmur'ing lay
 E'en yet across the soul in music floats !
 Hushed (not forever) are those magic notes,
 Though mingled with the dust thy slumber'ing clay !
 No more on Avon's tide the white swan sings,
 No more thy hand shall sweep the golden lyre ;
 Vanished for aye, from earth those eyes of fire
 The bird hath closed in death its weary wings !
 Amid the stars thou dwell'st ! Thy meed is high !
 Shrined 'mid the elements that bade thee live,
 Inspired thee with a power that could not die,
 Thine be the fame eternity doth give !
 How vain all mortal homage ! Silver wave !
 That blest his birth, make hallowed *Shakspeare's* grave !

EMILY LANGUERRE,

OR THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

THE gray of morning was already dawning, when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But, alas ! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked, in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, wet to the skin—curse it," said the man, "why aint you in bed and asleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping, for?" said the wretch—"it's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning—get to bed, you imp—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer—fear seemed to have deprived him of speech ; but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Aint you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into fury—"give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh, father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother ; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now." And as

the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, and said, "You mustn't—you mustn't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate, angrily; "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey *me*?—take that, and that, you imp;" and, raising his hand, he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain, soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which there was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh, woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year, he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still, through every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him, should she too leave him? She had borne much, but, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption—but it was not that which was killing her—*she was dying of a broken heart!*

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man, besides, was in a passion.

"Curse it, woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—"is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, "but why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh! mother's dead!"

It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself.—He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he sobered at once; "dead, dead," he continued, in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I

have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead, say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand—watering it with his tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts at length partially restored her and the first thing she saw, upon reviving, was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Wo, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as man never sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God, annihilate me for my guilt!"

"Charles," said the dying woman, in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like a whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but, oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh, no, you must not, ~~will~~ not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly—

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour; and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come, for I have felt that within me which whispered that all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done. I am weak—I feel that I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers—he kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is your child—our only born—when I am gone, he will have none to take care of him but you; and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live;" she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings—"will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker above me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed, against which he leaned, shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy?—as you love your mother, child, you will."

"Oh, yes," sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but, mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing the child feebly to her. "Father, give him strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and boy, and the low deathlike tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that, giving way to his grief, pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone; and then, after a second, added, "poor babe, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet, how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter—"this is death—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But, oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

Original.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY MRS. J. E. LOCKE.

(Continued from page 44.)

THE anticipated hour at length arrived; lovely features and young forms, moving to the impulses of gentle minds and trusting hearts, paired with the galliard and gallant, had already gathered and exchanged their greetings and congratulations at Mrs. D.'s; and the loud laugh, accompanied by music and song, awoke the spirits, even of those who had turned aside from the dull and toilsome occupations of the day, or who had attempted for an hour to throw hypocrisy of heart over their secret grief and care. In a recess, slightly apart from the many and the gay, stood one in a costume bordering on the Grecian, whose very presence, not only by her graceful exterior, but by her inward character, gave a charm to the whole scene. On her countenance sat a joyousness of expression that seemed not to demand such worldly effort at parade, or the ministrations of the many to confirm the spirit's happiness. From the deep fountain of her own heart, there seemed to flow a channel broad enough to fertilize its

own rich pastures, and needed but the tributary streams of a few congenial minds; and yet, so far from betraying in any way a sadness preventing her from joining in all the joy around her, or a contempt for what she had not chosen to participate in, she looked there a mere spectator of the manners of others.

Many people suppose it should be rather humbling to those of uncommon mental resources, to pine for society—to desire to mingle in scenes of festivity and mirth; but it was well said, by one whose sentiments we are not disposed to approve in all things, though, in common phrase, she has told many a lovely truth in a winning way, and to whose skirts we cannot cling through evil and through good report, Harriet Martineau, that “the resources of the mind cannot supply the wants of the heart,” and so thought our heroine, for it was no other than she whom we just now described, and therefore was she frequently where heartlessness and superficiality take the place of solid interchange of thought and true sentiment, and where mirth and merriment frequently pass for joy.

But, on this occasion, as I have already said, she had other motives than a momentary relaxation or excitement, or a desire to fill a vacuum which probably naturally exists in every mind, however great or well furnished, appropriated originally and expressly to variety and amusement, which is often supplied by society indiscriminately, for she believed there would be present more than one whose thoughts and feelings were in unison with her own—more than one the temperature of whose heart was raised to the glowing heat and enthusiasm of that which beat in her own bosom. Curiosity was, perhaps, her ruling motive, on this occasion; nor was she disappointed or mistaken, in her conjecture, for directly opposite to her, on the other side of the room, stood the stranger before mentioned, Mr. Baker, whose character, in many respects, was a counterpart of her. Having been educated at the North, he had acquired a relish for our northern habits and manners; and therefore, as soon as his professional studies were completed, he located himself in the city of ———. Though the inheritor of wealth from a long line of ancestry, he had none of that sluggishness of spirit which characterizes the sons of the rich, but he felt he could only be great by his own individual efforts, and that to enjoy the patrimony of others, he must secure it by his own exertions—a lesson many an heir to nobler heritage has left unlearned, and therefore the glory of his house has departed. While at the time we introduce him to the reader, he had resided in the city but a few months, yet report had spoken most proudly of his mind, and public opinion had noted on its ledger many a ‘count taken from mental application and talented research, which might have been at a future day, a seal to his glory. He possessed, also, a dignity of person and accomplishment of manners, which, while it went before him a kind of halo for his character, had, without an effort, won his way to many a female heart—at least, he was taken into general favor; and be it to the credit, or otherwise, of the young ladies in the city of ———, there was scarce one who, for some reason or other, could appear unembarrassed in his presence. There were many others, also, present at Mrs. D.’s, who were strangers to Mary, but with an adroitness of calculation her eye had already singled him out as the subject of her friend’s encomiums the day previous. While she was eagerly scanning his imposing figure—tall, straight and athletic, and of noble proportions—her attention was diverted by a cordial grasp of the hand, and a cheerily “Good evening, Mary—I thought you would be here,” from her friend, Hope.

At first, a blush suffused her face as if ashamed of the motive that brought her there—for, on the way, she could not but feel she was doing a weak, if not a silly thing; thus, on the principle of “a guilty conscience,” whether of crime or folly, a slight embarrassment came over her. True, however, to her own high nature, she immediately replied:

"Yes—I could not withstand your entreaties, and a desire to see what I never saw before—my own counterpart and likeness in the character and person of another; and such a curiosity would have taken me a longer mile even."

The two friends then held a long and low-toned conversation; and when it was finished, they walked to the other side of the room, where Mr. Baker was standing, engaged in a sportive conversation with a young lady, who seemed not a little piqued when, after a formal introduction by her friend, and a few commonplace observations on his part, he led Mary Emmons through the whirling mazes of a *cotillon*,* a participation in which he had but a few moments before declined, when invited by the host to join it.

The dancers ceased at length, and upon a sofa at the upper end of the room, seated in earnest conversation, were our heroine and Horace Baker.

How easily do we note the acquaintance of some persons, and how kindly, cordially and readily are we led up to their hearts and into their affections; while, in others, when there are no outward barriers even, and the customs of society present no obstacles whatever, we are distanced, and they seem to gather up the very skirts of their hearts and gird the falling drapery of their souls about them, as if resolved no one should be the wiser or the happier for their acquaintance. Heaven forgive such coldness and harshness in the world: it has caused more of uncharitableness and misanthropy than barefaced injury and envy have ever done. We say, where there are no outward barriers, and the regulations of society present no obstacles, for we are of Miss Sedgwick's opinion, that "there can be no true equality except among the Hot-tentots," meaning there must of necessity be *grades* in society, yet, perhaps frequently, the lowest should be highest, and the highest, lowest. But the pair we have just seated had neither of them anything of the latter propensities, and it needed no art of divination to predict that an intimacy would rapidly grow from acquaintance between two natures so similar, whatever some may say of the most sacred of all intimacies being formed, in many instances, of the very opposites of character. That they are sometimes, we admit, but we should be loth to be one of the parties, or even the chosen confidant of any such, or more especially look in upon their private hours, so fully do we believe that the union of congenial spirits alone can produce happiness. Opinion from one drew forth from the other opposing or corresponding opinion; mind wrought upon mind; and acquaintance there commenced, even in one short hour had advanced and reached a maturity from which neither could recede, and which, I warn the reader, had been attended with far happier consequences had their companionship or intimacy ended with the dance. We are not either a believer in the verity of love at first sight, though we have personal acquaintance with several matches that have continued long with most enviable results, where the prejudices in favor commenced by a casual meeting of the parties while strangers, in the street or in a merchant's shop, but in this simple tale it was not sight alone that fixed the mind of either party, for the lady was all prepared for such an event, not only by her natural propensity to cling closely to whatever in itself was lovely, but also by her friend's observations, which had imperceptibly stimulated her sensibilities, while the gentleman was prepossessed more by her peculiar deportment accompanied by intellectual grace. Yet, with Mary's superior mental capacities and acquirements, we would impress upon the reader there was no attempt at display of learning or talent—no pedantry, (a female pedant who can endure?) but a peculiarly modesty of mind which not unfrequently feigned ignorance, lest she should be thought learned, or that by some expression of her uncommon taste for literature, she should seem vain of her gifts. We might

* A silly amusement; and one which, in spite of the voice of fashion, we consider unworthy of man or woman of sense, and opposed to pure morality.—ED. PEARL.

have supposed, however, that our hero had no serious partiality for Mary, and that his attentions this evening, which after the first introduction were devoted expressly to her, were but the sure effect of a fancy which would pass with the shadows of the night, did not the sequel which I am now to relate contradict it.

From this first acquaintance, commenced under circumstances unconnected with romance, there seemed a growing intimacy which one, at least, among the friends of Mary, rejoiced to see perfecting. No secret envyings embittered her own cup, or communicated its poison to the delicious draught her friend was drinking, for Hope Grayson was a rare specimen of human nature, almost entirely devoid of selfishness, constantly, and often secretly, ministering to the happiness of others. Thus time passed on till one year had nearly elapsed, and no verbal declaration of love had completed their hopes or foretold their destiny. Mary had grown sad in the struggle to conceal her affection and her fondness, when ill health obliged Baker to seek in his native clime, relief, if not restoration, from the ravages a serious pulmonary disease had made in his constitution. A violent cough had commenced its attack during the autumnal months, which rapidly increased as the cold season advanced, until all were apprehensive of a speedy decline; and his physician urged his quick return to his friends, and to that sunny clime which, to some, breathes pestilence, and to others bears healing on its wings. A few evenings previous to his intended departure, Mary had seated herself lonely and quietly by the parlor fire, her parents having left her to pass the evening with a friend, and in rather a melancholy mood had spread her portfolio before her, having taken her pen without any definite object but to while away the time, and dissipate the sadness which was secretly gathering fulness and strength within her bosom—an indefinite sadness which could not be defined, the mere result of unacknowledged love. Shortly, a gentle tap at the inner door started her from her occupation, and suddenly dropping her pen, she was in the act of scrambling her whole stationery together in a mass, in the confusion of the moment, when Horace Baker stood beside her, and in a tone as familiar as his entrance, he exclaimed:

"There, there, Mary, I knew you were a poet before, for none but poets possess so much imagination, or so much enthusiasm of character, or so much of romance as you."

"Romance? And do you call me romantic? Enthusiasm of character I know I possess, but where is the romance? I am sure I move about in the dull, everyday scenes of life just as other people do, interest myself in the same scenes, laugh when the world laughs, and weep with the multitude."

"Nay, you do more," he replied: "you weep alone and when they do not, I fancy; for, if I do not mistake, there is, even now, a tear dimming the lustre of that hazel eye, which should not weep without sympathy"—(he hesitated a moment, and then added)—"my sympathy."

Mary struggled with her feelings as she uttered: "Is this romance? What do you call romance?"

"Why," he replied, "it is an inexplicable something emanating from the heart, which sometimes implies more and sometimes less; sometimes representing qualities the most admirable and lovely in the female character, and throwing a charm over the whole heart; and again, the mere emanation of a weak and sickly sensibility. My definition is, an extravagance of imagination which revels in the wild and fanciful, and which, with proper balancing qualities, ever beautifies the female heart. But, if let loose and there be nothing to chasten or guide, it not only makes the possessor wretched, but morbid in all her aspirations. But come, Mary, now tell me what has made you so dull of late. You have seemed to lose in a great degree, your accustomed elasticity of spirit. What can be the cause?"

Mary turned her head to wipe the tear she could no longer detain in the fountain, and to summon resolution to reply, for he had touched a cord the most tender and secret in her whole heart; and not thoughtlessly or inadvertently had he so done—so far from it, he had resolved on searching out the mystery of some of her late misgivings, which she supposed had been concealed by a smile of compulsion in his presence, before he left the city; and, in truth, his very errand this evening had been, to learn if he were the cause, and if he was, to offer his heart, his hand, and his whole soul most publicly to her service. That she entertained the warmest interest in his welfare, he could not doubt—and that she wished him life and health and prosperity, and loved his society; but all this might be, he thought, and the heart still inaccessible to his love. The tearful eye, the tender tone, the half-smothered sigh, had never to him fully revealed the truth. While she was rallying for a reply, he had carelessly taken from her portfolio which had not yet been replaced, the sheet on which she was writing when he entered, and without appearing to notice her hesitation, he commenced reading to himself.

Where shall the heart find rest,
Free from its sorrow?
When weary, with care oppress,
Drear looks the morrow?

When those we in fondness cherished,
Turn from us away;
And the hopes reposed in them perished
As mist of the day,

How shall fond love mistaken,
Its wo-channels close?
Its dearest trusts all forsaken,
Calm ever repose?

How shall it bear coldness,
In fulness of strength?
How gather aught of boldness
To scorn e'en at length.

In the heart to forget is it,
What once it has loved?
Though fond hopes should ne'er visit
The spirit thus proved.

Shall the glowing flame created,
Indifference feed?

Neglect, or friendship, though inflated,
Be its only meed?

Father above, is it unholy
To trust fondly here?
Sin while the Savior lowly,
Lent friendship a tear.

Can it be, Heaven, more than folly
To love unreturned?
Can it be sinful wholly,
To cherish it spurned?

Do thou help me then, I pray thee,
To quench in my heart
All its burnings and my stay be—
Holy Guide impart.

And when separate from each other,
Teach me to forget;
And ne'er fondly on another
Thus my hopes to set.

For my soul is burthened deeply
With its folly here;
Pleasure ne'er is purchased cheaply—
With its price, a tear.

While he was earnestly tracing the half-illegible lines, Mary had recovered herself so as to be able in part to answer his question—for she would not for the whole world he should have read its full reply, which would have been but a tale of fearful, quenchless love. She turned and crushed the paper in his hands, remarking:

"Come, Horace, that is mere nonsense, and savors but of the same spirit you are so curious to scan. It aims at nothing—means nothing, no more than these foolish tears, which rise uncommissioned and fall unbidden."

For a moment the lovers sat in an awkward silence, which one dared not trust herself, and the other felt no disposition to break, for the poem together with her appearance had told the whole secret. He was doubtful now, more than ever, what course to pursue, much as he loved her and desired her love in return. To "declare himself," as the phrase is, and leave her to months of painful anxiety and suspense, with

the almost certain prospect that the grave alone could unite them, and therefore to find widowhood of heart; or to return to the South, leaving her free to forget or remember him, were at this moment contending purposes in his mind—to the former of which, for his own happiness, he was almost resolved to lean, while reason urged him to the latter. He was, indeed, completely unmanned, and his firmest and best resolutions had left him. He did not know the strength of woman's affection, and that forgetfulness of an object once beloved is among the impossibilities of her true nature, and that at any time she would rather consign the subject of her love to the grave, than to be the object of his final neglect. At length, being all as yet undecided, he broke the silence by saying:

"Mary, you will write to me when I am absent, will you not? for, obliged to lay at my oars for many months perhaps, with little to amuse me but this racking pain in my side, I shall need all the stimulants of friendship to keep me in spirits."

Least of all shall I be able to cheer you, thought Mary, as she replied: "You have many warm friends where you go, doubtless, in whose presence you will forget the ephemera with whom you have sported while here." And another silence ensued, the embarrassment and painfulness of which was broken by the entrance of Hope Grayson.

Immediately Baker arose, as if glad to escape from a scene where conflicting feelings had held him spell-bound; and with a kind expression to each, bade them good night, and departed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Original.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

The hero walked the guarded tent dismayed;
 A nation's pulse within his bosom played;
 War's dreaded legions lay encamped around,
 Like thirsty bloodhounds on the embattled ground.
 Cold was the day—dark the portentous hour,
 And Freedom wept within her lonely bower;
 Around her form Despair her mantle cast,
 While Hope stood trembling 'mid the furious blast.
 Winter's white ermine dressed each hill and dale,
 Each mountain top, each dew-bespangled vale;
 The lakes and streams were chilled by Boreas's breath;
 All nature seemed consigned to instant death.
 The sun, affrighted at th' appalling scene,
 Behind a cloud hid his enlivening beam.
 Loud howled the storm; pale Famine stalked around,
 And hope deferred kept Roman spirits bound.
 Pursued and hunted by th' invading foe,
 O'er ice-clad plains and mounds of drifted snow,
 Hungry and sad, no cheering prospect near,
 They sank exhausted, like the stricken deer.

New Jersey's shore with Hessians lay o'erspread,
 Sure of success, by British chieftains led,
 Boasting of conquest, heedless of the spy,

Who gazed upon them with an eagle eye—
 Mixed with the soldiers, marked their cantonments,
 Counted their hosts and rambled round their tents :
 Then to our chief quickly the tidings brings.
 "Now is the time," he cries, "to clip their wings!"
 Fleeting his joy, as round the conqueror threw
 His piercing eyes—all cheerless was the view.
 A few disheartened soldiers lay around,
 Weary and sad, upon the ice-clad ground,
 Waiting, impatient for the hour to come,
 When they should leave war's blood-stained fields for home.

Hark ! 'mid the gloom a voice breaks on his ear :
 "Our cause is desperate, but we do not fear.
 Strike now the blow—let death or victory come—
 Unfurl the banner—beat the stirring drum.
 To arms ! to arms ! let each true patriot rise,
 Till our artillery rend the vaulted skies.
 We can but die—like men we'll meet our doom ;
 The cannon's flash shall light us to the tomb !"

The tide of war rolled high its dashing wave—
 They seized its flood, and floated o'er their grave.
 To heaven their chief raised his imploring eye ;
 Then through the ranks was heard his thrilling cry :
 "To arms ! to arms !—now comes the trying hour.
 Soldiers, awake ! once more exert your power.
 Lo ! your commander leads you on to fame,
 Immortal glory, or a martyr's name !"

'Twas night ; the east wind with its murmuring roar,
 Swept hoarsely down the Delaware's icy shore.
 'Twas night ; and 'mid the deep, broad vault on high,
 No starlight gleamed athwart the troubled sky.
 Down to the stream which forced its winding way
 Through hills and valleys where the foeman lay,
 Onward they strode. 'Twas hope's last glimmering hour.
 With spirits nerved by a mysterious power,
 Down to the stream with naked feet they sped ;
 The crimson current followed in their tread.
 No moon's pale beams illumed their weary way,
 Lighting them onward to the direful fray.
 Inspired alone by that heroic flame
 Which burned the brighter as the battle came,
 Led by their loved commander, lo ! they brave
 The hail, the snow, and e'en the crested wave.
 The cannon's roar, the martial tramp, the drum,
 Their floating banners, and bright thoughts of home
 Allure them onward ; while each fleeting breath
 Quickens their steps for liberty or death !

Not such the scene within the foeman's tent—
 On mirth and sport each daring soul was bent.
 Sure of success, their joyous laugh resounds,
 While at the wine cup every bosom bounds.
 "Come, bring the viol—sweep the breathing lyre—
 Let war's dread tumults for a while retire ;
 Fill high the bowl, and sing of Beauty's charms,

Until once more we feel her clasping arms ;
 Till home and children on our visions rise
 In vine-clad bowers beneath our sunny skies.
 Renew the fire, and trim each flickering light—
 Let the storm howl, we'll keep our spirits bright ;
 In mirth and joy and revelry we'll spend
 This wintry night—let wine and music blend ;
 Furl the red banner—wrap its folds around,
 And let our arms lay harmless on the ground ;
 The *rebels* fly—the day is now our own,
 Our souls shall riot on a nation's groan.
 How the scene brightens !—wine and mirth and glee !
 Haste—spread the banquet—England's boys are we !”

Thus spake the haughty sons of Britain's isle,
 Then laid them down, a vain, inglorious pile—
 Their senses deadened by the poisonous bowl,
 Which o'er them threw its deep, but short control.

Lo ! the loud cannon rend the earth and sky !
 While pealing sounds from lighter muskets fly.
 The martial notes, as from the “spirit land,”
 Break on their ear. A wild, distracted band
 They rise—they rush—and on each other fall,
 While echoing groans answer each other's call.
 “The rebels, ho ! the rebels—lo ! they're here !
 List their commander's voice, so shrill and clear !”
 “Strike now, my boys—let every bullet tell !
 Strike now, my boys, till e'en the desert swell
 With the loud echo of our victory !
 Now is your time—be true, and we are free !”

Loud through the air the dread artillery play'd—
 The electric flash their onward footsteps stay'd.
 Amid the roar of elemental strife,
 Again was heard their General's voice, all rife
 With martial ardor, and a nation's fame :
 “Come on, my boys—ours is a deathless name.
 Fight, till our flag shall wave in triumph here—
 Fight, till our arms shall every traitor clear—
 Fight, till the earth on which our spirits burn
 Shall be our own, or prove a nation's urn !”

Close was the conflict—hot the battle came,
 Shoulder to shoulder—lo ! the sword—the flame !
 Mowed down their ranks, the frightened Hessians fled,
 While death's dark angel muttered o'er the dead.
 Again the cannon with its thundering roar,
 Swept through their ranks—the thick'ning volleys pour ;
 Again was heard the battle cry, the moan,
 The clashing sword, the foeman's final groan.
 Aghast with fear, they fought, they fell, they ran,
 They knew not whither—ho ! their broken van !
 'Mid fire and smoke, upon th' ensanguined plain,
 They lay in heaps, the dying and the slain.
 Their dreams of joy fled like the morning light,
 And hope's bright visions vanished from their sight.

Bag Harbor, L. I., April 18, 1842.



TARTAR WEDDING.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

"THE courtship of the Calmucks is a horse race. The lady whose good will is solicited, is mounted on horseback, and the wooer follows. If he is favored, he is permitted to overtake; if not, whip and spur are vain, for the lady is too good an equestrian, and has too much at stake, to be overtaken. Among the Crim Tartars, courtship and marriage are cumbered with ceremony, and the contract is made with the heads of the tribe. At the period of the wedding, the villages near are feasted for several days. Much ceremony is used in preparing the bride, who is bound to show every symptom of reluctance. The priest asks the bride if she consents, and on the affirmative, blesses the couple in the name of the prophet, and retires. There is a great ceremony and cavalcade, when the bride is carried to her future home. She is carried in a close carriage, under the care of her brothers, while the bridegroom takes a humble station in the procession, dressed in his worst apparel, and badly mounted. A fine horse, however, is led for him by a friend, who receives from the mother of the bride a present of value, as a shawl."—*Selected.*

SYMPATHY.—It is from having suffered ourselves, that we learn to appreciate the misfortunes and the wants of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."

Original.

THE BLIND WIDOW.

BY REV. RALPH W. ALLEN.

IN the town of —, county of —, there lived a female, who, in the latter part of her earthly pilgrimage, met with two severe calamities—the loss of sight, and the loss of her husband. She had, in early life, become pious; and this, combined with a disposition naturally bland, amiable and obliging, secured to her the confidence, respect and esteem of all who knew her. Her parentage was respectable, and her advantages, which had been more than ordinary, had been well improved. Her well-disciplined and polished mind, in conjunction with her piety and lovely disposition, seemed to qualify her for extensive usefulness.

A friend, on visiting her, said, alluding to her husband's death—

"Mary, I hope you are not a stranger to the comforts of religion, under your recent bereavement. God has indeed taken from you a beloved companion."

"No, sir," she replied; "I am as happy as I can expect to be on this side the better land. My language is—

'Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.'

The next question propounded was—

"On what is your happiness founded?"

"From my childhood," said she, "I was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures. A gentleman, who felt deeply interested for my welfare, and who watched over my spiritual interests, perceiving my love to the Scriptures, presented me with a copy of Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Bible. This book I daily read with prayer. When any passage of Scripture impressed my mind, from which I derived instruction, or caution, or reproof, I raised my heart to God in prayer. I said, 'Lord, write this Scripture upon my heart. If I come, at any time, into circumstances which may render it useful to me, let me then possess it.' It now appears, since I have unfortunately lost my eyesight, as though God heard every petition; for here I sit, solitary, hour after hour, and day after day, but God is with me. His promises, His cautions, His exhortations, and the examples of holy men, are brought so incessantly to my recollection, that God converses with me through the medium of His Word, and I converse with Him. And thus I spend my days, happily, and waiting for my change. I soon shall say—

The voyage of life is at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven I spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

What a value should we set on the Bible! A priceless treasure—an invaluable and precious gift! With what assiduity should we study its sacred pages! In the language of that beautiful, and universally admired writer, Hannah More—

"The Bible is a light to our feet, and a lamp to our path. It points to the truth, and the life. It is our guide while we live, and our trust when we die. It is the charter of our salvation, and the pledge of our immortality. If there were but one Bible in the world, all the wealth of that world would not be adequate to the value of that Bible."

New London, Conn., Aug. 1842.

Original.

RAINY DAYS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"RAIN! rain! rain! And no signs of its clearing off," exclaimed Fanny Rushwood, in a tone of voice by no means pleasant. "I can't go out a step to-day; it's really too provoking!" and Miss Fanny threw herself on the sofa with a frown on her pretty face, and the last new novel in her hand.

Fanny was not very fond of reading, and did not often resort to it, even in the form of a novel, unless on a rainy day, which was her especial abhorrence. We may conclude Miss Fanny did not find her book very interesting, for her head was soon gently reclined on the arm of the sofa, and the novel slid gradually out from the dependent hand, and fell upon the floor. She was not destined, however, to enjoy a very quiet slumber, for presently the door was thrown quickly open, and her little brother came running in, with the joyful exclamation—

"Oh, Fanny! I've got a new puzzle, and I wish you'd help me—"

Here the little fellow stopped short, and with a disturbed countenance stood still, holding his toy in his hand.

"What did you wake me up for, you noisy creature? You're always in the way. Why didn't you go to school?"

"I didn't know you were asleep, Fanny, or I would not have come in;" and the tears began to roll down the poor child's cheeks.

Seeing this, Fanny became a little ashamed of her selfishness, and was on the point of bidding her brother come to her, and receive her assistance, when her mother said, "Come here, Charley, and I will show you about your puzzle."

Charley's countenance brightened; he stepped quickly to the side of his mother, who kindly laid her work aside; and in the interest of the game, he soon forgot his sister's unkindness.

Fanny rose, and with a careless and languid step, walked to the window, and lounging on a chair, amused herself for awhile with gazing fretfully out. But, as the rain was pouring violently down, very little was to be seen. Men, with great coats and dripping umbrellas, hurrying along on business, or a carriage with forlorn and half-drowned-looking horses were all that relieved the scene, while the heavy rain-drops fell plashing on the pavement, and rivulets of water rushed down the sides of the street. It was a dismal scene enough to Fanny, whose great pleasure was in promenading the principal streets, attired in elegant and fashionable array, and receiving with a proud smile, the courtesies and deference paid to youth and beauty. Fanny had been away from home several years; and at her grandmother's, she was indulged in every wish and every caprice, till she was nearly spoiled. She had not been at home long, and she certainly did not add very much to the happiness of the family by her presence. In fact, *self* was her idol, though she was unconscious of it; and whatever interfered with this, was an unwelcome intruder. Her parents saw this disposition with pain and sorrow, and used great efforts to correct it, but, as yet, with but little effect.

"I don't see any use in its raining so, and I wish it would leave off some time or other!" exclaimed the wayward girl, in an angry tone, as she rose in a pettish manner, and walked towards her mother.

Her mother's dark and beautiful eyes were shaded with melancholy, as she cast a

half-reproachful glance upon her daughter; but she did not say anything, for, in Fanny's state of mind, it would only have irritated her, and she had often before spoken to her on the subject. Fanny's eyes fell, and a very slight flush suffused her cheek, as she met her mother's glance. She hastily left the room; and as she closed the door, her little brother clapped his hands joyously, and exclaimed,

"Oh, mother! I'm so glad Fanny's gone: she's so cross!"

Mrs. Rushwood sighed, and told Charley he should not have disturbed her when she was asleep.

"Oh, but she's always cross, mother; and always says I'm in the way, and troublesome, and a plague—" And Charley was getting quite excited, when the door opened, and his sister Emma entered with her face dressed in smiles. Charley forgot his grievances in a moment, as the clouds disappear before sunshine, and running up to her, asked if she had learned all her lessons, and would tell him a story.

"A story, you little rogue!" said Emma, snatching him up and kissing him; "what story shall I tell you?"

"Oh, tell me a new story, sister Emma;" and the little one twined his arms lovingly round his sister's neck, all impatience for the story, which Emma soon began.

Mrs. Rushwood continued sewing, but sometimes her glance would fall on Emma, and a pleased and approving smile light up her countenance.

Fanny had retired to her own room; and, for an hour or two, she occupied herself in looking over her wardrobe—not with the intention of repairing it, or putting it in order, for she left that to others, but merely for the pleasure of admiring the beautiful dresses it contained, and fretting that she could not go out and display them. At last, as the dinner hour drew near, she put away two or three of them, and leaving the rest about, descended the stairs to join the family in the parlor. As she was crossing the entry, the door opened, and her father entered, fatigued with business, and wet with the rain, and taking off his dripping great coat, gave it to Fanny, and asked her to take it to the kitchen, and have it dried. Fanny received this simple request, not with a pleasant and cheerful manner, but slowly and unwillingly and with a deep frown, stretched out her reluctant hand for the coat, and then holding it at arm's length, carried it away, sullenly muttering something about spoiling her dress and the servant's place.

Such a reception was not very agreeable to her father, wearied with the cares and perplexities of business; but on entering the parlor, the different greeting which met him there, brought back the placid smile to his saddened countenance. Fanny soon entered, and taking her seat at the table in silence, made but one remark during the meal, which was,

"I wonder if it will clear off, so that I can go to Mrs. Margrave's party, this evening?"

After dinner, she watched the clouds till sunset, and seeing them break away, and a bright gleam of sunshine irradiate the sky, her spirits rose; she was full of life and good humor, and joyously prepared for the party, which she enlivened by her presence, and was sufficiently admired and caressed to satisfy even her love of admiration. While she was the belle of the evening, and the center of attraction at Mrs. Margrave's, her father and mother were at home, earnestly engaged in conversation about her too obvious faults and follies, and in devising a plan by which they might be corrected. They finally resolved to send her to pass some time with her aunt Mowbray, who resided at a delightful country seat, near a small and pleasant village, about two days' ride from the city. This aunt was her mother's sister, and a most lovely and amiable Christian, whom Fanny had seldom seen, but to whom she felt attached by hearing the praises of others.

When Fanny heard of this arrangement, which was communicated to her the next morning, she was at first very much disinclined to go, the brilliant success of the last evening having dazzled her mind, which had not yet recovered itself. But she became more reconciled to it, as she thought the Summer months were drawing near, when the city would have but few attractions, and consented to go at the end of a fortnight. Accordingly, the first of June, she set out with her father for the residence of her aunt, who daily expected her.

As the carriage disappeared, Charley clapped his hands gleefully, and exclaimed, "Now, Emma, won't we have a good time?"

Fanny passed the time at her aunt's very pleasantly. The family consisted of her uncle, aunt and three cousins, of whom the eldest, Mary, was about her own age; the other two were a boy of ten, and a little girl of three years. In disposition, Mary very much resembled her mother, but her manners were more sportive and full of vivacity; and as she exerted herself to contribute to her cousin's happiness, the hours flew pleasantly by.

Fanny's disposition was naturally good, but indulgence had created the selfishness before spoken of; and her parents did well in sending her to her aunt's, where every one was anxious to do every thing for each other, self being thrown aside. Being removed from the glare and glitter of fashionable life, gave a favorable opportunity for her powers of observation to exert themselves; and many qualities were brought into notice, in others and in herself, upon which she had never before bestowed much thought. The affection for each other which reigned in that family, was delightful. When her uncle came home, he was joyously met and welcomed; all wanted to do something for him, and even little Lucy would run with childish eagerness to bring papa's slippers, and claim his kiss in return. Mary took almost a mother's interest in Lucy; and never did a cold look, or an angry word, repulse the glad feelings of love which ever led Lucy to her sister's side. If Mary was gone, Lucy would watch eagerly for her coming, and bound joyously to meet her on her return; and a glance of disapprobation from her, was a severe punishment for any childish fault. If George wanted assistance in his lessons or his plays, or sympathy, or advice, away would he run to sister Mary, who was always ready. Mary was very beautiful too, but she did not seek to attract attention, nor to desire the universal homage her cousin sought. All who knew her, loved her, and Fanny among the rest; yet she did not know half her good qualities, for Mary made no display. She discovered, by accident, many instances of her charity and benevolence, but her daily self-denial could not be hid. Fanny was ashamed to show her selfishness to such friends, and insensibly began to watch herself, and enquire into her motives of action, and endeavor to become like her cousin. Had there been the slightest assumption of superiority on Mary's part, probably Fanny's pride would have been aroused, and prevented the beginning of this good work, but with all her virtues, Mary possessed the essential one of humility.

Religious principles had long slumbered in Fanny's bosom, but now they began to show signs of awakening. The spark was yet feeble, and her aunt took care to fan it gently, lest she should put it out; but every day saw it burn a little brighter, with a steadier light. Sometimes Fanny accompanied her cousin to the abodes of poverty and want; and though some scenes of wretchedness made her shudder, yet it taught her to appreciate her own advantages, and be more grateful for them. She learned, too, the true value of riches, and found the sums she had carelessly wasted in trifles would have brought comfort to the distressed and suffering. It amazed her to think how little, judiciously managed, would result in great good; and she learned that kind manners, without haughty condescension, sympathy and cheerful consolation, have

far greater value and produce a better effect than any bounty bestowed in scornful pity, or proud ostentation.

It may not be supposed that this work of reform was begun, or carried on, without effort. It was not so. Fanny's best resolutions were sometimes broken, and temptation sometimes gained the victory. It was no easy thing to eradicate habits of thought and action, strengthened by the growth of years, but then she had been awakened to see the necessity of this, and the first step, the most important one, had been taken. The most judicious assistance was rendered her by her aunt and cousin, in a way which was more felt than seen; and every triumph over selfishness and the love of display, every pure motive of action and benevolent deed gave Fanny a joy, which she owned to herself surpassed all the sweet incense of flattery that had ever been burned at the shrine of her beauty. Removed from scenes of fashion and folly, she learned more fully to appreciate those virtues which modestly seek retirement. Much, too, had been done to awaken in her a love of reading; and as she had unavoidably long intervals of leisure time, she insensibly acquired a taste for good reading, which gradually increased.

Though Fanny's visit had extended far into the months of Autumn, yet she was so happy her mother had no desire to recall her, but left her at liberty to return when she wished. Fanny could not resolve to go home without having her cousin Mary accompany her; and though it was a sacrifice to her family, yet they all loved her too well to refuse their consent to what was evidently Mary's desire. It was about a week before they intended leaving, when they were all assembled round the breakfast table, the fire blazing cheerily in the grate, and every thing within in delightful contrast with a violent rain storm, which dashed against the windows without.

"Oh, I am so glad it rains!" said Fanny, in a joyous tone, as she seated herself at the table.

"And so am I," "And I," "And I," exclaimed two or three voices in chorus.

"And why are you all glad it rains?" said Mr. Mowbray, looking round on the happy group with a cheerful smile.

"I am glad," replied Mrs. Mowbray, "because I wish to have a morning of uninterrupted leisure, to attend to the wants of the poor Carrolls."

"And I," said Mary, "that I may finish altering my old cloak for Jane Mears to wear to school, as 'Winter's now come fairly,' and the poor child needs it."

"And I am glad," said Fanny, blushing slightly, "for several causes. Because I wish to have a whole day, free from company or calls, that I may finish the clothes we have so often been prevented from making for the little orphan Allen children. And George will read us the letters from Palmyra we are so much interested in; and then I have some other work I want to finish;" and Mary smiled as she touched her apron pocket, for she knew Fanny was netting a handsome purse for her uncle.

"I am glad," said little Lucy, "because—because all the rest are glad."

"A very good reason too, darling," said her father, smiling. "And I can sympathize with you all—for, as deeds of charity seem to be the order of the day, I shall devote it to settling a dispute between two of my tenants, which threatens, without some mediation, to become rather serious." Soon after, wishing them a pleasant performance of their various avocations, he left them.

The day was indeed passed happily. Little annoyances were good-humoredly laughed at; and at night every thing was done, and Fanny had the pleasure of presenting her uncle with the purse she so much wished to finish, and of receiving his pleased thanks in return. The next day was clear and cold, and the two cousins, with happy hearts and smiling faces, went forth on their errands of mercy, and found an ample reward in the pleasure they conferred.

When Fanny returned home, the change in her manners was a source of delight to all her family, and she could not help wondering why she had not always been as happy at home. She mingled again in the circles of fashionable life, but with different feelings. She was more than ever beautiful, but yet no longer a *belle*, for her manners were no longer frivolous—a certain degree of frivolity being necessary to attract the gay and thoughtless. Fanny had found sources of enjoyment higher and purer, and was appreciated by the noble and pure-spirited. And when, the next first of June, she again left her father's house, not for her aunt Mowbray's, but as the bride of the high-souled Edward Devens, Charley stood by his mother's side, and looking up, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Oh, mother! how sorry I am Fanny is gone! She is so good, and so kind, what shall we do without her?"

Original.

FAIR FLOWERS.

BY MISS C. L. NORTH.

A LADY, gathering flowers for children, remarked, "They have a claim I cannot refuse."

They claim the *fair* flowers: I cannot refuse
The voice of young beauty, so sweetly it sues.
A lovelier hue on their soft cheek glows
Than blooms in the heart of the opening rose;
And the violet's richest, sunniest dye
Is dim to the ray of their sparkling eye.
I will give them flowers in their fairest dress,
But emblems faint of their own loveliness.

They claim the *frail* flowers: so passes away
The morning beam of their opening day.
Like the bud that is withered their beauty may fail,
The rose of their cheek in its blooming be pale,
The purest of lilies in freshness may die,
And lost be the lustre of their beaming eye:
I cannot refuse the passing flower—
May they read their fate in its life of an hour.

THE POLITICIAN.

[SEE THE PLATE.]

WE are sure that this beautiful engraving will afford pleasure to our readers this month. It is a graphic picture of a man in the lower walks of life, absorbed in the witching theme of politics. Seated in his stall, the morning paper is brought to him by the newsboy. Immediately, every thing is laid aside; the awl, hanging in the half-mended boot, is thrown upon the bench; and even his well-blackened pipe is, for the moment, rejected. Every faculty is enlisted in his subject; every power strained in the eager desire to learn the fate of parties—the victory or defeat of whigs and Tories. It is true to life, and cannot fail to strike the eye favorably.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

OCTOBER, 1842.

Original.

THE RESCUE.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER, ESQ.

GRIMLY towards the clouded skies
Gleams the fire of sacrifice
Widely on the misty air,
Flashing out its baleful glare,
Tinging with its hue of wrath,
Prairie grass and forest path.

Wo for her who silent stands
Girdled with the kindling brands,
Loveliest of her hated race,
Doomed the funeral pile to grace!
Where is now her father's arm
Lifted but for mortal harm?
Rests he from his warrior toils
In the Ozark's dark defiles?
Or with shrill and startling whoop
Hurrying on his dusky troop,
Where the Rocky mountains throw
High in heaven their cones of snow?

Who shall look for pity's tear
From the stern ones crowding near?
They have heard their prophet's breath
Chant the stirring hymn of death;
On the recent battle-plain
They have stooped above their slain,
O'er each grim and silent brow
Pouring out the vengeful vow—
Shall they from their purpose stay?
Can the dance of death delay?

Sooner from their destined bourn
Shall their own wild waters turn;
Sooner on its prairie track
Shall the whirling storm re-track!

See!—the flames around her close—
Smaller yet the circle grows
Where against the stake she stands
Girt about with leathern bands.
Horrid laugh and shriek and yell
Madly on the night air swell;
And through smoke-clouds, to and fro,
Demonlike, the dancers go.
Victim! in thy scornful eyes,
In thy free and fierce replies,
In thy song's triumphant tone,
Is thy father's spirit shown.
Forest heroine! not in vain
Is thy fierce extreme of pain,
If in such an hour and place
Thou canst teach the hated ones,
That the daughters of thy race
Well may shame their proudest sons!

Hark!—a sound is on the breeze
Borne among the giant trees—
Not the heavy tread and slow
Of the ranging buffalo,
But the trampling of a steed
Reeking with his fiery speed.

Ha, wild rider! sweeping near
 With thy long and scalp-locked spear,
 Why beneath thy wrathful glance
 Dies the song and stays the dance?
 Look!—he hurls with hasty hands
 From the pile the lighted brands—
 Sundered falls the victim's chain—
 Maiden, thou art free again!

Ask ye where the twain have gone?
 Track the setting of the sun,
 Where the wild Wind-river chain
 Breaks the western desert's plain,
 Peak on peak, in Summer's glow,
 Flashing with unweated snow,
 Where the Kansas wander free
 By the willowy Siskadee;
 There their pictured tent is spread,
 With the soft fur carpeted;
 And that sweet young mother there
 Smiling through her lavish hair,
 Oft shall sing her hunter's glory,
 Oft shall tell his daring story,

Till the listening Kansas maid,
 Lying listless in the shade,
 Dreams, perchance, (for wild or tame,
 Woman's romance is the same,)
 Of some hero's circling arm
 Shielding her from deadly harm;
 And the Indian boy, anear,
 Leaning on his fishing spear,
 Sees that same coy maiden bound
 On the Pawnee's hunting ground—
 He, upon his father's steed,
 Hurrying at her cry of need—
 Feels her arms around him thrown,
 Feels her heart beat with his own,
 And her soft breath, quick and low,
 O'er his dark cheek come and go—
 Hears behind the Pawnee yell
 Fainter on the night breeze swell—
 Sees with joy the morning's beam
 Flashing from his native stream,
 As he drops his courser's reins
 By his Kansas tent again!

Original.

A YANKEE LADY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

"So, this is Providence, the city of the famous puritan, Roger Williams?" said a chivalrous southerner to his Yankee friend, as they sipped their coffee in an elegant temperance house in the aforementioned city.

"Yes," was the reply; "and a pure old puritan he was; and right happy did he feel himself when heaven-directed to this goodly land, he saw himself comfortably domiciled here. And Divine Providence has ever smiled upon this place, so that we defy any city on earth to outdo us in enterprise, industry, health, beauty, or virtue. Providence has, perchance, directed you here, also, to crown you with the sweet rose of domestic felicity. We have roses here that have no thorns, and which add glorious grace and fragrance to any chaplet that a man can earn, or wear."

"I would really like to see a bevy of your Yankee ladies, your tongue does so 'grow wanton in their praise.'"

"Suppose, then, we walk over to church; you will see them there assembled in their glory."

"Let us go by all means," cried the stranger; and Mr. Randolph, of old Virginia, and Mr. Stuart, of Rhode Island, were soon seated in a convenient position for seeing all the youth and beauty in the church."

"Well, what do you think of the ladies of our puritan city?" enquired Stuart of

* A very common, but unprofitable manner this, of spending time in the house of God.—Ed.

his friend, as they sauntered along a shady lane towards the picturesque residence of old Colonel Stuart.

"I think," cried Randolph, starting from a reverie, "that he must be a spirit who could wish a brighter heaven than the one we just left. Do tell me," he continued, "who was the divine creature just in front of us, dressed in pearl-white, with rose pink trimmings?"

"I am not much of an observer of dress," replied Stuart; "can you not describe her person?"

"I might as well endeavor to describe a summer twilight dream of heaven. She is just as tall, and as large as a woman should be; her form is provokingly faultless; her grace, perfect, and perfectly natural; and her hands defy all the arts, for they can neither be copied nor described. Her eyes are like heaven, blue only from the depth of their perfect purity, and glowing with the light of the heavenly worlds that float within them; her hair—one would deem every lock a cherub's wing, trembling in the light of immortal glory, and expect momentarily to see bright faces of paradise peeping from beneath them."

"Oh, forbear! I pray you. Your description only bewilders me. I never saw such a paragon, even in Providence," said Stuart, laughing at his friend's extravagance.

"I have seen her," murmured Randolph, "and I will see her again."

We must leave our enamored southerner ostensibly enjoying the spirit of a volume of Petrarch, in Colonel Stuart's library, and accompany the young gentleman, Henry Stuart, in a visit to his merry cousin, Anthea Louisa Sprague. After a little commonplace conversation, he enquired,

"Well, Anthea, what do you think of my noble Virginia friend?"

"What should I think of a man whom I have only peeped at across a church?" said she, smiling.

"Oh, you girls see so well, and form such summary conclusions, that I know you have made up your mind concerning his appearance, at least."

"Well, then, he makes a right handsome appearance, although some of our Yankee boys are by no means disparaged by a comparison with him. I must make his acquaintance, however, for I suppose he is a prince of chivalry."

"He is, indeed, an honorable young gentleman, very fastidious withal, and full of the pride and aristocratic notions which cling to the old regime of the Old Dominion; yet a kinder, truer, more generous heart than his throbs, not even in this world of noble spirits. But this is not all I have to say to you; he was deeply smitten with your appearance at church, yesterday, and is resolved to obtain an introduction. I will not tell you all the extravagant commendations that he poured out upon your form, eyes, hair, &c., lest such puffs should add to the blaze of your vanity; but I will tell you, that he would sooner hang than marry you, after he learns all. Now, to cure him of his most objectionable foible, I wish you to lend me your passive assistance. I would not understand of whom he was speaking as we came from church. I wish you to keep out of our vicinity, and let him feed his fancy upon your idea until he meets you again at some public place, when, if I am forced to it, I will present him to you. Then we will keep him in ignorance until he is thoroughly acquainted with you; but beware, and do not suffer him to get hold of your heart, for, be assured, he can never stoop to marry one of your caste."

"I might suspect you of a sinister motive in giving me this earnest warning," she said, with an arch smile; "but I tell you, cousin, you are losing caste in thus soliciting me to endeavor to ensnare and deceive."

"Cousin Anthea! would I ask you to practice deceit? No, no; be yourself in every way—only do not betray your calling until Randolph learns that a *working* girl can be a lady in every sense of the word."

The next Sabbath, as Anthea entered the church, Randolph gave his friend a significant touch on the elbow, with a glance, as much as to say, that is she; and it is matter of doubt whether the service of the sanctuary found any room in his heart that day, although his apparent devotion could not be questioned.

"Now tell me who she is," he said to Stuart, after church.

"Why, the lady whom you pointed out to me is Miss Anthea Louisa, the daughter of Theodore Sprague, Esq., an excellent man, although not overlaid with wealth."

"He has in that one daughter more than all the wealth of all the Indies," cried Randolph; "and her name, it sounds melodiously. I had feared that her puritan parents had designated her Ruth, or Judith, or Eve, or Tamar."

"All very good names," remarked Stuart, calmly.

"Pshaw!" cried Randolph—"but you must introduce me to Miss Sprague immediately."

"Don't be in a hurry. We shall meet her at some party, or other public place, soon, and then I shall present you."

"I suppose I must submit. But, now I think of it, how happens it that I see none of your factory girls?"

"You have not been to the factories yet, how should you see them?"

"Ah, to be sure. I did not expect to find them mingling in society, but I thought one might probably see a group of them at church."

"They are generally regular in their attendance on Divine worship, and justice obliges me to say, they are, most of them, handsome and respectable," said Stuart.

"I do not doubt it. I should not be willing to believe that vice held dominion over so many hundred young creatures as I am told your manufacturers employ. You must find opportunity to show me some of them."

"I will; and you will find them enchanting."

The fine eyes of Randolph flashed as he replied, "Your words savor of dishonor, or offensive lightness. I shall suffer myself to be enchanted by no woman whose station utterly precludes all thought or possibility of an honorable union."

"Well, well," cried Stuart, "I will take my words back, and apologize, but, depend on it, you will find our factory girls not the vulgar creatures you may suppose them to be."

"I suppose," said the appeased southerner, "that, having the spectacle ever before you, you learn to look without abhorrence on this debasement of female delicacy to occupations which, in the South, belong exclusively to the slave."

"Well, do not be indignant; we will drop this moot point in political economy. You know that we have no slaves, and our work must be done. The girls get good wages, and their labors are light. Beside, there is no coercion: they are free to work in the factories, or at home. But there is to be a brilliant party next week, at which will be assembled the beauty and respectability of our city and vicinity. We shall be amongst the selected guests, and there I shall probably have the pleasure of giving you an introduction to Miss Sprague."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE love that increases by degrees, is so like friendship, that it can never be violent.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

"I AM hungry," said the Grave—"give me some food."

"I will send forth a minister of destruction," replied Death, "and you shall be satisfied."

"And what minister will you send forth?"

"I will send forth Intemperance, and he shall carry alcohol for a weapon."

"It is well," said the Grave; "but how know you the people will fall into the snare?"

"I will demand the assistance of the tempter," replied Death, "and he shall disguise the snare under various seducing forms, such as food, and medicine, and pleasure, and hospitality, and benevolence. The people will then drink and die."

"I am content," said the Grave; "so, I perceive that your scheme is skilful, and will succeed."

The church bells began to toll, and the mourners to walk through the streets, and the sexton to ply his mattock and his spade; for the minister of destruction had gone forth; and once more Death and the Grave met together to exult over the success of their schemes.

"And who is this they are bringing?" asked the Grave.

"This is an old man, who fancied that wine was necessary to recruit his wasted strength.—He began with but a little at first, but gradually increased the quantity, and finally drank to excess and died."

"And who is this?"

"This is a young man who was fond of company, and thought liquor was necessary to convivial meetings. He contracted the habit of drinking, and is now a corpse."

"And who are they now bringing, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman whose husband became a confirmed drunkard, and who left her children to pine in want, whilst he spent his time and money in the tavern. And now they are bringing the corpse of the husband himself, who has lost his life in a drunken brawl."

"Hush," said the Grave, "I hear a loud wail, and the sobs of grief that will not be silenced.—What is the meaning of this?"

"Ah!" said Death, "they are bringing the body of a little infant, whose drunken father, aiming the blow at his wife, destroyed it at the breast; and the mother, like Rachel, 'refuseth to be comforted, because her child is not.'"

"And who are these?"

"These are the bodies of a female profligate and her still-born offspring. She was once fair and innocent; but liquor inflamed her seducer, and deprived her of caution. She was soon, however, deserted, and after pursuing a short career of crime, died."

"And these?"

"These are the bodies of a murderer and his victim; they were once bosom friends; but wine snapped the bonds of friendship; they quarrelled over their cups, and one having died by the hand of his companion, the other suffered the felon's death. But here is the crowning incident of our scheme. Behold the corpse of a suicide!—This man drank until his property was dissipated and his mind deranged; and so in his distraction, he laid violent hands upon his own life."

Long did these dark associates thus converse, and loud was the cry that ascended to heaven from injured parents and children, and brethren and friends, until at last Mercy was sent down to see what could be done to check the mischief. And Mercy

instantly sent her healing minister, and she called it Total Abstinence; "for," said she, "they cannot touch the evil without contamination. Like the poison of the Upas tree, its very smell is deadly, and no one is safe that comes within the reach of its influence."

The church bells were but seldom heard, and but few mourners were seen in the streets. The wailings of the widow and the orphan were succeeded by hymns of praise and thanksgiving; for death and the grave were despoiled of all their prey. — *Tribune.*

Original.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY MRS. J. E. LOCKE.

(Concluded from page 73.)

"Oh, I am sorry I came in now," said Hope, "for I have interrupted a pleasant *fete-a-fete*, doubtless?"

"No, no, you have not," said her friend; "we were saying nothing, and indeed had nothing to say."

"Why, had not Horace a tale of love to tell, or has he not told it?"

"Of love? No," faltered Mary; "our intimacy will probably end where it commenced, and his monument will soon be reared in a distant land, and the '*memento mori*' sculptured where I may never read it." And the thought that he might fall in midday of his career, and while she was forbidden to mourn him also, overpowered her feelings, and she wept in presence of her friend.

Hope endeavored to console and cheer her, but the night passed away in alternate dreams and tears. The next day and the succeeding, was spent by Baker in busy preparation, so far as his strength would allow, for his departure, and the third day's meridian sun shone upon him many a mile from the city of —, on his homeward way. He had not dared trust himself with another interview with Mary, for the more he thought of the subject, convinced as he was that she loved him, in connexion with the, to him, uncertain future, and the possibility, as he believed, that time might overcome her affection, if it were not encouraged, the more he felt it was not best to meet her again, and accordingly set off without one word of kindness or adieu, intending to prosecute his journey a short distance by sufficient relays of horses, and then to proceed by steamboat. The first night brought him up at a small public house in the little village of B.; and, as he retired to the silence of his chamber, there, sick, weary and lonely, how deeply did he regret that he had not brought with him, at least, the tender farewell of Mary Emmons, accompanied by her blessing, to encourage the hope or the wish to live. Resolving at once to do what he had left undone, he drew from his "luggage" his travelling stationery, and with an earnestness of purpose he opened the fountains of his heart, and whatever declaration, promise, or vow necessary to bind them soul to soul, was there registered, and he added nothing but death should abrogate the writing. But two returning mails, and the packet was placed in the hands of Mary. With the eagerness of love the seal was broken, and instantly her whole spirit received a new impulse, and a new vision lighted up her destiny,

which no shadow crossed, save that of the grave untimely, and this, happily, was as evanescent as the light.

Baker reached his native city, after a toilsome journey, feeble and emaciated, which at once spread anxiety and alarm over every countenance whose friendly beams had cheered his manhood, and for several days succeeding, he seemed fast verging to the grave. The tide of disease, however, at length began to ebb, and delicious fruits and lovely flowers, corresponding in luxuriousness and beauty to those that enrich that "lord of the sun," and render it an asylum for disease and a retreat from mental decay, seemed to possess for him an invigorating and renovating influence, while each receding month left him nearer the temple of health than it found him. The correspondence between himself and Mary had continued with all the ardor of attachment, and the bright hope of a happy fruition. Ten months brought him to a state of health enabling him to think of recommending business at the North, and almost free from all fear of return of the wasting malady which had brought him low; and he had promised to return, and in two months ratify his pledge in presence of the priest. A few weeks more, and the day was actually appointed, and information of the intended ceremony communicated to many a dwelling. Loudest and most heartfelt in congratulations among the friends of Mary, was Hope Grayson.

"Did I not tell you," said she, a day or two previous to the appointed evening, "that you might be happier for his acquaintance? and have you forgotten, Mary, that first meeting at Mrs. Daily's, and my prediction also?"

"Ah, no," replied she, with less of joy in her appearance than an affianced bride might be supposed to wear almost on the very eve of her nuptials. "That our destinies are overruled by One whose wisdom errs not, I fully believe, and that our most minute and daily actions are ever made subservient to His wise purposes, and often aid in great events, I cannot doubt"—

"Nor had I ever any skepticism on that subject," said Hope. "The old proverb, that 'matches are made in Heaven,' has made the circuit of many a territory, and has become so stale that it passes for little else than a proverb; but, with a slight difference of version, it has ever been with me an impressive truth, matches are made *by* Heaven."

"Well, somehow or other," observed her friend, "I feel as if I were making a useless preparation, or as if some sad fatality would come in between me and the consummation of my hopes."

"Nonsense," said Hope, again; "excitement has wearied you, and produced these gloomy forebodings; rest will restore you, with the brightness of the whole picture before you."

"It is not so," my friend; "intuitions with me have ever been precursors, and I must yet believe, though I am void of all that the world calls superstition, there is something in the human heart that takes up the event before its time, and carries it out in dreams of sleep, or in the still reflections of our waking hours. How often has the effect been pictured on the mind's mirror long before the cause was known, even to the appalling of the heart, of the individual concerned. It may be a kind of *mesmerism*—a mystery, yet a fact, for ages; or it may be eternity yet to unravel. But more than this, for I would not seem foolish—Horace is passionate and resolute to a fault, and his northern prejudices or change of opinion, created here, on the subject of slavery, has produced an altercation between him and a friend of his at home, as his last letters have told me, and knowing his heat of temper, and the principles of his early education, which probably will exert an influence, greater or less, over his character down to gray hairs, I fear the result."

"Not a duel, certainly!" suddenly interrupted her friend.

"Oh, name it not," returned Mary. "I would the fear were 'as the baseless fabric of a vision.'"

"Away, away with your fears, Mary," again returned she. "Horace has too much of religious principle, and too much of the true courage of a man as well as a Christian, which will ever dare the sneers of the multitude rather than bend to the shrine of a false honor to become a duellist, who often goes to the field the victim of a demon's ire, and returns a fratricide."

"FIRST PRINCIPLES, Hope, first principles, early education—how much do the phrases bear," said Mary. "I should not fear for him had the lessons of his youth been as pure as those of his manhood, or his first enunciations had not been that hollow, unmeaning word, *honor*, which even the religion in which he was educated does not disavow. But, I repeat it, early education—how few can resist its influence, or free themselves from its bondage, even down to three score and ten."

"Now, Mary, divest yourself of these foolish fears and be cheerful. He will soon be here. You say he was to have left home a week yesterday. To-day is Tuesday, and he will certainly arrive before Thursday, the evening of which himself appointed to lead you to the altar. Continue your preparations, therefore, and fear not, even though he should not arrive till the very hour, for there may be delays which he cannot foresee, both by steamboat and stage; and when the emergency comes, rather than a disappointment even of an hour at such an occasion, he will procure sure means to bring him here in full time."

"True," said Mary, "and in the happy prospect I will endeavor to forget my fears."

Thus reassured, the friends departed. The next day brought another letter from Baker, saying he was ready to set off the next morning; and, though it was possible he might not arrive till the evening previous to their intended marriage, he begged she would not be over anxious on his account, for January first should bear upon its record the register of their public vows. Mary was hence in better spirits, though a fear still lurked within her bosom, and the morning of the new year dawned and had far advanced, while he had not arrived. The evening drew on, and he came not, and in the bitterness of secret sorrow did she retire to her chamber and attire herself as a bride. But what a mockery did it seem to her, and how void of purpose. Nevertheless, the guests were bidden, and the bridegroom might yet come—oh, he *might*; and she suffered the rose-wreath to embrace her hair, and the diamond circlet to sparkle on her neck. The preparation was finished, all finished—even the tiny hand was gloved, when a servant burst the door and threw down a letter. Mary took it up, but she could not recognize it. The superscription was strange, though the post mark answered to her worst fears; and the familiar "forget-me-not" upon the seal was wanting. She opened it, however, with a trembling hand, and in the well-known cyphers of the beloved one, were these brief, few lines:

"Dear Mary: Excuse my brevity, for the occasion demands it; and I may live to render just apology for what may seem cold neglect or unkindness. My late epistles may have prepared your mind for a meeting with my early associate, Henry Bristol, upon the field of honor. Twelve o'clock this day, (meridian) is appointed for the meeting. The hour is at hand, and, in the full hope of returning a victor, I write this; but should I fall, (which may Heaven prevent) I here leave for you my most affectionate farewell; and may God heal the wound my folly may have occasioned; and in the resources of your own truly great mind and His promises, may you find a balm for all your sorrow. Could I at this moment retrace the hasty step I have taken, throw back the challenge, and undo what a moment of rashness and passion has done,

and at the same time preserve my honor; how speedily were it accomplished, but the principles of my early education would be violated, and my name stigmatized. I would that my first impressions had not been in favor of this law, for though my early education has made me serve it as true up to this hour, yet now, as I am just to confirm my happiness for life, and also that of another, I am ready to pronounce it a false code. The hour has arrived. Once more, receive my most affectionate farewell."

Under this was added, in the trembling hand of a bereaved and mourning father:

"My son is no more! He returned this day from the field of honor, a victim; and that he nobly fell, is my only consolation, and the antidote for my disappointed hopes. May it also be yours. The above, in his own hand, will tell the rest. Accept the fervent kind wishes of an afflicted parent.

EDWARD BAKER."

And these brief lines from the father, glorying in honor which should be disgrace, and seizing upon its soulless support to sustain him in his sore bereavement, recommending it as consolation to her also, but increased the agony of spirit with which Mary had perused the last sad words from the pen of her deluded friend. She hurried to the oratory, and there, in sorrow of soul unfathomable, she knelt before God in deep and holy communion; and thus, while upon bended knee, she is introduced to the reader.

The hour appointed for the bridal soon arrived, and glad footsteps and silvery tones were heard below, while the priest in robes of rejoicing, followed up the merry throng. Alas, no bride or bridegroom graced the hall. Immediately, however, the painful intelligence spread through the company, and the scene was solemnly and sadly reversed. The bidden guests, many of whom had exchanged their smiles for tears, silently retired; while the priest, with a choice friend or two, was detained to perform a sadder portion of the duty of his office—to offer consolation to the mourner. The heavy hour of midnight found him still engaged in this painful obligation, and the mourner's grief all unassuaged. But the gospel has consolation for the bereavement of every heart, and it will, sooner or later, apply itself to all who truly believe in it and seek for comfort there. Thus, at length, the sorrow of our heroine was alleviated by its holy application. And now, among the gifted daughters of America is found one who is somewhat past the meridian of her day, and who, in the meek endeavor to communicate instruction and impart happiness to others, renders her own path less rugged, and who earnestly hopes, through the blood of Christ, to reap the joy refused this side the tomb, when she shall have arrived at that land where death cannot enter, and that is Mary Emmons. Would that no greater calamity than hers were the result of duelling.

Reader, I did not think to write a love tale when I commenced, for many a strange and truthful history was in my mind, from which I hardly could select for your amusement, but "so it has turned out;" and while I beg pardon if it suit not your taste, I add, I know not but woman may as well employ her pen in this way as any other, provided the sentiment be but just, and the moral true.

A CURE FOR A COMPLAINING HUSBAND.—Rose, the private and confidential secretary of Louis XIV., had married his daughter to Mr. Rottal, president of the parliament. The husband was constantly complaining to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. "You are right," said Rose, "she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints of his wife.

THE MARRIAGE-DAY.

"Among the circumstances of Mrs. Duncan's marriage-day, only one recurs to the imagination with the vividness of reality, as worthy to be particularized; and it will bring the image of her who is now a bride in heaven, in the beauty of her holy, humble, beaming smile, to the mind of many a loving and beloved friend.

"A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had busied themselves in decorating the drawing-room for the solemn service during the morning. After their pleasant task was accomplished, and they had retired, one who felt a quieter and more profound anxiety for her happiness, stole gently to that room, which, for the time, seemed to possess the air of a sanctuary. The door having been opened noiselessly, the chamber was surveyed. There hung the gay bouquets of flowers, which, in compliment to the taste of Mary, were in unusual profusion. There lay the gayly-adorned bride's cake, which, according to the fanciful custom of the country, is elevated into great importance. There stood the sofa, wheeled with its back to the light, from which the pair were to rise to take their solemn vow; and there, in front of that sofa, kneeled the lovely bride, so deeply absorbed in communing with God, that she was unconscious of the presence of an intruder.

"The occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, even in prayer; and the door was closed, as it had been opened, with a petition that Jehovah would hear and accept her sacrifice, without her becoming conscious of the inspection of a human eye."

Original.

THE ÆGEAN SEA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

The Ægean sea! how beautiful
 Its sunlit waters flow,
 Where fabled Delos floated once,
 Till Juno's dreadful vow,
 That on the earth there should no spot
 Be found for one whose charms
 Dimmed hers a moment, and seduced
 Her husband from her arms.

To shun her wrath, immortal Jove
 To Delos quick conveyed
 The fair Lutona, where her boy
 The floating island stayed:
 The famed Apollo, he whose lute
 Sent forth such rapturous strains,
 The rocks were charmed, the birds were
 Upon the dewy plains. [mute]

The swains delighted, in the vales
 Danced on the blooming flowers,

As his soft voice on whispering gales,
 Stole o'er their vine-clad bowers.

The Ægean sea! how beautiful
 It opens on the eye,
 As soft and clear its azure blue
 Mirrors the spangled sky.

The Ægean sea! the Ægean sea!
 How charming is the name!
 Go, read the Greek mythology,
 And learn from whence it came.
 Once Ægeus and his son agreed
 A monster to destroy;
 And as a sign, should he succeed,
 He told his darling boy

To raise on high the snow-white sail,
 If on the foaming tide,
 In triumph 'fore the prosperous gale
 His noble bark should ride.

But should th' immortal gods oppose,
And Jove his thunders hurl,
Then, as the white wave round him flows,
The broad, black sail unfurl.

Theseus departs—the monster slays,
By Ariadne led;
And from his labyrinthian cave
Brought forth the monster dead!
Low at her feet his laurels green
Theseus, delighted, laid;
She smiled—he loved—till by a wretch
She was from him betrayed!

So full of anguish was his soul
At his ill-fated lot,
The waves unheeded, round him roll—
The signal he forgot.
He thought not of that anxious mind
On winds and waves intent—

Sag Harbor, June 18, 1843.

That father, whom he left behind
With age and sorrow bent.

The ship of Theseus presses on
Toward the whitened sands,
Where high upon a towering rock
The aged Ægeus stands.
Far off, upon the deep blue main,
He turns his eager eyes,
And in the misty distance sees
A sail in faintness rise!

The whitened flag meets not his view!
And in his heart-felt grief
For Theseus, by the monster slain.
Sprung from the shelving reef!
Deep in the opening, foaming spray
He sank in maniac glee;
And that last, sad, fatal leap,
Baptized the Ægean sea!

WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

F. GRUMMETT, member of Parliament, relates the following incident, which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochefort, (France,) as a prisoner under a military escort.

"I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered, and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon we halted in the market place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity—I think it was Melle—to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. While doing this, an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl very prettily dressed, and 'Pauvre garçon!' 'Pauvre prisonnier!' were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes she reappeared; but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me; she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh, what a luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, while the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

'Hail, woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
Mid humming streams, and fragrance-breathing flowers;
Thou art, mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory—man's chief blessing still.
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
And, oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe!"

"Poor boy!" "Poor prisoner!"

During the process above mentioned, numbers had collected round, and stood silently witnessing the angelic act of charity. ‘Eulalie’ heeded them not; but when her task was finished, she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face.”

Original.

DEATHBED SCENES. No. II.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

SOME years ago, I knew Margaret F. She was a fine girl—modest, virtuous, pious; but she was a child of affliction. Her afflictions, however, resulted in the disentanglement of her young heart’s affections from earthly vanities, and their elevation to the abiding objects of Heaven. She chose to be a Christian while young, and deemed not her beauty or grace of person and deportment, or the vigor and vivacity of her mind and spirits too valuable to be laid a willing sacrifice on the altar of religion.

Her early decease proved the wisdom of her choice. The blooming, blushing rose had scarce displayed its various lovely hues, or shed its fragrance on the whispering winds, ere a furious blast tore it from its stem, and scattered its beautiful leaves upon the bosom of its mother earth.

Margaret sickened and died; but the living light of immortal hope illumined all her pathway to the tomb! While dying, she asked her weeping friends to sing. They inquired, “What shall we sing?” And in reply she repeated those thrilling—those enrapturing lines:

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie;”

and while the melting music of the chamber of death yet floated on the breeze, her winged spirit sped its flight to its happy home above.

“There the groves of God, that never
Fade or fall, are green forever,
Mirrored in the radiant tide;
There along the sacred waters,
Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,
Wander earth’s immortal daughters,
Each a pure immortal’s bride.”

“THAT SAD SECOND CHILDHOOD.”

“I have wished that sad, second childhood might have a mother still, to lay its head upon her lap.”—*Elia*.

CHILDHOOD, its little grief
May, on its mother’s breast,
Lay it, and find relief,
Where childish cares have rest.

But what for Age remains?
Age,—with neglect and gloom,—
Where may it hide its pains
But in the friendly tomb?

MARRIED MEN.

DURING the honey-moon, as during courtship, few men display their real character. An artificial restraint is placed upon them, and, with few exceptions, in that brief period of felicity, they imitate as closely as possible the beau ideal of a pattern husband. But alas! the honey-moon too often sets in clouds—the mask soon falls, and the shades of character come darkly forth. The Titian tints of the portrait deepen into the sombre hues of Rembrandt, and the married man shows his true colors. It is then, the task of the philanthropic and observant author to depict, with the utmost fidelity, the principal characteristics of some of the benedicts. Let us begin, for instance, with

THE BETTY.

A man is born a betty, as he is a genius, mechanician, musician, poet or financier. The betty may adore his wife and children, be an honorable man of business, and acquit himself of all those duties which society imposes, but his home will still be disagreeable.

Breakfast is served. The wife takes up the morning paper while she sips her coffee, and our domestic gentleman amuses himself by making toast. For a few moments he is absorbed in silent contemplation of the glowing embers, but in a short time he calls the attention of his wife, and says, "Did you put a stick of wood on the fire last evening, after I went out?"

"A stick of wood, my dear! What did you say?"

"I was not talking Hebrew, I believe. When I went out last evening, at nine o'clock, there were two sticks on the fire, a large and small one—enough to last till bed-time. I don't want to prevent your having as much fire as you please, but I want to keep an exact account; for this morning I found three brands. Now, how could there be three brands if you did not burn a third stick?"

"Ah! my dear, how vexatious you are, sometimes. I may or may not have put on more wood. I am trying to read an article which interests me, and you must needs interrupt me about a paltry stick of wood!"

The domestic gentleman is silent, and contents himself with whistling to himself in a low tone—a thing which he is in the habit of doing, when he is dissatisfied with a reply.

At breakfast the butter arrests his attention.

"How much did you pay for this butter?" he asks.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Don't know! What do you mean?"

"The servant purchased it."

"You learned the price from her, of course?"

"Yes, yes—I remember: it was thirty-six cents, I believe."

"You believe! Here! Sally, Sally!"

The servant makes her appearance, and is arraigned before the domestic man.

"How much was this butter, Sally?"

"Thirty-six cents, sir."

"Thirty-six cents a pound?"

"Of course—it wasn't thirty-six cents a firkin," replies the young lady, with a disdainful and rather daring curl of the lip; and as she leaves the room, she indulges herself with the housemaid's luxury of slamming the door behind her.

"Thirty-six cents a pound!" repeats the domestic man. "Thirty-six cents! It is truly frightful to think of! I ate some capital butter at Bilson's, the other morning, and he only paid thirty-two cents. Bilson's butter was the better of the two."

When the housemaid commences the daily task of sweeping the room—a duty which would seem to carry its reward with it, to judge by the cheerful zeal with which it is commonly performed, the domestic husband is always before the servant's broom, peering into every corner, solicitous to detect cobwebs, and pushing his scrutiny into every hole and corner. Some time before the dinner-hour he is accustomed to make a solemn tour of the kitchen. He is an habitual lifter of pot-lids, and inquisitor of tin-kitchens and reflecting bakers. If the old fashion of roasting meat is still honored in his family, he draws his stool to the chimney-corner, and bakes the crown of his head as he bends over the fire, and whips up the turnspit into a full gallop. He hovers over an unknown dish, in doubt awhile, and then summons the cook.

"What have you here?"

"Fricassee chicken, sir."

"Have you put in any mushrooms?"

"Certainly, sir."

"It is very singular—I can't find any. Ah! here I have one—yes, yes, it's all right. Do we have soup to-day?"

"Don't you see the pot on the fire?"

"Very true. But let me tell you, you spoil your soups by putting too many vegetables in them. Now how many carrots have you put in?"

"I'm sure I don't remember. Must I count them now?"

"It will be as well. Stop—I'll do it for you. I shouldn't be surprised if there were half a dozen."

And the gentleman commences a painful search for the orange-colored vegetables, in the course of which he receives sundry splashes from the unctuous and savory soup, and finally, in tasting a spoonful of the compound rather prematurely, he scalds his mouth severely, without, however, receiving the least sympathy from the cook, to whom such an occurrence seems to give peculiar satisfaction. An accident of this kind usually puts an end to his quest, and he leaves the kitchen with diminished dignity. The betty is the peculiar aversion of the cook. Indeed your cook seldom remains long in the service of your domestic man—she soon demands her wages and quits his roof—but the lady of the house is debarred the enjoyment of the servant's privilege—for such the scandalous world asserts that she considers it.—*Boston Miscellany.*

Original.

OCTOBER.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

A HEARTY welcome to thy ruddy cheek,
Bright-hued October! for to us thou seem'st
As an old friend; and we are glad to mark
As erst thy liv'ry's rich magnificence.
September has just bade us an adieu—

Thy gentler sister—she who's strewn the leaves
So thickly for thy triumphal approach.

In truth thou art array'd most gloriously ;
Thou com'st as for a festival bedeck'd ;
And thy tire-woman, Nature's self, 'twould seem
Of our republican simplicity
Would make a jest, by thus adorning thee.
Year after year we've watch'd thy visits fleet :
Appearing now in thy rich orange robes,
Or glowing oft in sunset's crimson hues ;
Again, a mantle of the "sevenfold arch"
Floats o'er thy form ; anon, thou'rt wrapp'd in cloak
And hood of "silver gray or russet browns."
Now, flaunting in the gay coquette's attire ;
And now, the matron's graver robes are thine.
Mayhap, we find thee aping fresh lipp'd Spring,
Then donning tints of oriental pomp.
As a sultana most thou lov'st to come,
And in good truth the guise befits thee well :
Thy loveliness has a maturity
To e'en luxuriant Summer quite unknown,
And far out-rivalling the virgin Spring.
And in thy quiet moods, thou hast a voice,
A deep, still voice which breathes forth words unheard
From other lips than thine. The list'ning ear
And "heart of him whom Nature's works can charm,"
Drinks in thy voiceless and mysterious words,
Full of deep wisdom and most solemn truth.

What deeds shall mark thy brief, but lovely stay ?
How wilt the record of thy visit read ?
A mixed memorial of joy and grief,
Of hope and fear, of life and death 'twill be.
Thou'lt hear the first faint cry of new-born life,
And the last wail the summoned soul shall give ;
Thou'lt mark the kindling thought of youthful eyes,
And their last beams quenched in Death's icy touch.
The songs which gladly welcome thy approach,
At thy departure shall be hushed in Death.
A tribute from all nations, and all tongues,
From youth, and love, and vice, and hoary age,
Wilt thou bear hence upon thy shadowy wings.

Art thou not then a teacher to our hearts,
Would we but heed thy lessons' voiceless words ?
The changeful beauty of thine own bright hues,
The rustle of thy drap'ry as it falls,
Breathes low an admonition to the ear.
It bids us pierce the mist before our eyes,
And read the written message thou dost bear :
"All flesh is grass ; the goodness thereof
Is as the short-lived flower ; it withereth
And fades ; but the firm word of God shall stand
For evermore."

Original.

W O M A N .

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. MARGARET BLANK.

WOMAN! poets, from time to time, in rapturous strains, have sung thy praises, and called thee an angel; but, ere you exult in the appellation, consider whether you belong to that class who are angels of light and mercy to the world in which you live; or whether you are of those who, in consequence of rebelling against the just laws of a holy God, are called fallen angels, and are fit only for the abodes of darkness.

I saw Martha come forth upon the great stage of life, arrayed in the attractive garb of youth and loveliness; I saw her turn away from the bowers of Pleasure and Ease, and say to Idleness, begone, thou thief of time; I saw her enter the chamber of the sick, and there, bending over the couch of pain, I saw her bathing the aching head, and giving drink to the fevered lips: then, thought I, she is an angel of mercy.

Again, and I saw her open the door of her hospitable mansion to the poor wayfaring man, and give him shelter from the storm; I saw her go to the lowly dwelling of the humble poor, I heard her speak to them words of comfort, and from her own stores, I saw her administer to their wants: O angel of kindness. I heard her plead the cause of the injured, and reprove the tongue of Calumny: angel of charity. I saw her gather about her groups of neglected children, and teach to them the words of life.

Again, and I saw her forsaking kindred and friends, and going to the dark and benighted corners of the earth, and there I beheld her rear the banner of the cross. Inscribed upon it were words of glad tidings to all people: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." "Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Well might she be called an angel of light and mercy.

But O, how shocking is the thought, that any of the lovely beings created in the female form, and made capable of such vast usefulness, should apostatize, and despise their high destiny.

I looked again, and Matilda appeared. She was of an exquisite form, and moved, a nymph, on the stage of life. Throngs of admiring swains followed in her train, and cried, "What an angel of beauty!" I saw her enter the giddy dance, and slide along, "the gayest of the gay." She sung in the strains of a siren, and promised a voluptuous paradise to all her followers. Many a promising youth stood within the sound of the charmer's voice. I cried, "Young men, beware! she leads to the chambers of death; her steps take hold on hell; she is a fallen angel." Some gave a listening ear to my warning, and began to consider: when they considered, reason resumed her empire, and the mist fell from their eyes; then they beheld the hideous form of her nature through the thin drapery of her outward charms, and called on the guardian angels of virtue to protect them. Soon, I saw each with one by his side; I saw them stand before the man of God, and plight their vows at the hymenial altar; I saw them enter yonder dwelling, and there erect the family altar; there was offered up the morning and the evening sacrifice, accompanied with melodious songs of praise; no jarring sounds, nor angry looks disturbed the quiet of that dwelling. A few years passed on, and I beheld them surrounded by a family of little ones, whose sweet, smiling faces told that good order and harmony prevailed. I saw their guardian angel, (their mother) administering to all their little wants; I saw her closely watch each

expanding thought of their young and tender minds; and with what avidity did she root out the noxious weeds of vice, and plant in their stead the principles of virtue and piety. She was indeed, a guardian angel.

But where are Matilda and her votaries, and how did their career end? Their story is a sad one. For awhile, they figured in the giddy rounds of intoxicating pleasures—pleasures that left a sting behind; they eagerly pursued happiness, but still she eluded their grasp; yet they pressed on, blindly hasting after that phantom which lures only to destroy. Bewildered by folly, they were easily led into vice; and from one step in vice, the way to another is short. Hope mocked them; pleasure deceived, and left an aching void; conscience upbraided; memory of the past haunted; the future threatened eternal death. Soon were heard the angry sounds of discord and contention; all the malignant passions of a fallen angel were in full exercise. Some flew to the gaming table, some to the intoxicating bowl, and the dark hours of midnight beheld their horrid revels. These extravagancies introduced their consequent evils—disease, want and misery. Next, I beheld them on a bed of languishing and distress, while the king of terrors rapped loudly at their door for admittance, and could not be refused, for his command was absolute. Matilda and her fallen sisters could afford no consolation, for they had none for themselves—naught but dismal groans echoed and re-echoed through their gloomy apartments. Then came death, and dropped the curtain of time. I saw the yawning grave receive them; and, as the cold clods fell upon their coffins, I thought within myself, O, if what I have seen of their misery here, on the confines of time, is but a foretaste of their future state, how feeble would be any attempt of language to describe its horrors!

I turned from this threshold of perdition, and went to the dying chamber of Martha. There was peace like a river—the smiles of her Savior shed a holy joy around. “O,” said she, “death to me seems but the gate of endless joy. I feel that legions of angels hover around me, and are waiting to waft my soul to the paradise of the redeemed, who surround the throne of God.”

Carlisle, 1842.

It is impossible to read the following charming letter, without admiring the spirit of “beautiful humanity” it displays. Though unknown to us, the fair invalid has our highest esteem; and we are sure that all our readers will pay her the same tribute.—ED. PEARL.

B I R D S .

“The time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

Rev. Mr. Linsley: Dear Sir: Having often heard that yourself and family were very fond of birds, and something of a very interesting nature concerning them having come directly under my observation, indeed entirely in connection with myself, I thought an account of it might not prove uninteresting to you. Early in the Summer of 1840, as I was one morning reclining on my couch, in the back room, the doors being open, a very small bird came hopping in, and ran about the floor, apparently in quest of something to eat. I happened to have a soda biscuit by me, and instantly threw it some crumbs, which it ran to and ate as if very hungry. In a few minutes, it flew out. Before long, it returned, bringing another with it. I fed them

both plentifully, and they flew out. In a short time, one returned and partook again ; after awhile, the other ; so they continued through the day. I did not think of seeing them any more, but I had no sooner taken up my accustomed place on my couch the next morning, than in came one of my little visitors, quite tame, and quite at home ; it ran near me, took a hasty breakfast, and ran out. Soon, its mate came and took his, in quite as friendly a manner.

Thus they continued coming from ten to thirty times a day, and soon became so attached to their hostess that they would seldom take their meal, ever ready on a clean paper by the door, but would run close to my couch, and look up to me, to have me drop it to them at my side, which they would take perfectly unconcerned. They appeared for a time quite afraid of strangers, particularly children, and would look to me as they came in, as if to ask, is it safe ? However, they soon lost their fears of them, and would come in when three or four were present. After a few weeks, they began to carry away large pieces every time they came, after satisfying their hunger, which convinced me they had little ones to feed, and I was astonished to see what a load they would carry, oftentimes three pieces at once, as large as half a large pea.

Thus they continued visiting me for months, until some time in the last of September, just after tea, at the edge of a delightful evening, I heard such a chirping and chattering as almost deafened me. In an instant, the little mother appeared enticing along her dear little ones, which were almost splitting their throats with their chattering ; and soon the father appeared. They ran up the steps into the room, and stopped just in the door perfectly still, except the mother, who ran to me very hastily, stopped at my side, looked up in my face, and began to talk, as she thought, as intelligibly as any person would, conversing with me. I never was more astonished. I supposed that she was asking me to protect her little ones. She stood in this manner a few moments, talking as fast as she could, when she ran back to her children, and they all commenced eating the abundant meal, which had been prepared for them. When finished, they flew out, and visited me no more. I was then convinced that the mother was expressing her gratitude instead of asking protection.

I mourned the loss of my dear little family, not expecting ever to see them again ; when, O, how was I delighted, as, sitting at my bed-room window one Sunday morning, early in the month of the next June, the dear little creature that first made its appearance came running up the walk, directly to the door. Feeling very ill, and the morning being rainy, I could not go to let it in, (the family being at church,) and was obliged to let it go away, which it did very broken-heartedly, after waiting some time, without giving it a welcome.

I reconciled myself, thinking it would return the next day ; but I waited for it, and it did not come, and I had entirely given up the idea of seeing it any more, when, how was I overjoyed one morning to see it fly in at the door, and run directly to my couch. She stopped directly before me, looked up and began to chipper. I answered her little "how do you do," and gave her some breakfast. She ran out, and soon her mate came. They then continued their visits from ten to forty times a day, sometimes together, sometimes alone, would often stay and run about the room and appeared delighted when I felt able to answer their prattle. On stormy days, not being able to bear the damp air from an open door, when finding it closed, they would come to the window and flutter, begging to come in.

I would open the door a little space, just large enough for them to pass through ; they would immediately fly to the scraper and crowd through evidently delighted, and try to show their gratitude. After taking their meal, totally unconcerned at being shut in, they would amuse themselves awhile, then crowd out again, and fly to their

nests. Thus they continued their visits to me again for months, quite at home, and for several of the last weeks carrying away a large mess every visit, which convinced me they had again a little charge to feed, when one beautiful morning, about ten o'clock, such a chirping all of a sudden, and in a moment I had five little visitors on the threshold of the door, the younger ones fluttering and chirping so as almost to deafen me, but appearing so happy as hardly to know what to do.

I threw down a large mess of crumbs, when the parents instantly ran to me and took them to their little unfledged children, put them in their mouths, and came again and again for some minutes; after being sufficiently fed, all flew out. Thus they continued to come, at times all together, sometimes the little ones, one or two at once, sometimes one alone, for several days, but generally three or four together, and hardly leaving me alone at all, running round my feet when at table, and picking the mites as they fell, and trying to amuse me. In about two weeks they all came at once, after tea, took an abundant meal, ran about and chattered to me, and ran out. I saw the dear little creatures no more.

Should they return again the coming Summer, as they probably will, I shall give you a further history. In the meantime, believe me, sir, most respectfully yours,

Stratford, Feb. 4, 1842.

C. C.

The above-mentioned bird is the chirping sparrow (*fringilla socialis* of Wilson). She and her mate have again returned to visit their hostess. If you deem the above worthy an insertion in your daily, it is at your service. It furnishes good evidence of what kindness and gentleness to the feathered race, at the hands of a young lady, can accomplish.

Yours, &c.

J. H. L.

New Haven Herald.

Original.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

ERECTED BY A WIFE TO THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HERE shall the drooping willow wave—

The pearly night-dews fall,
And cherish'd flowrets rise to deck
Thy couch—my earthly all.

My earthly all!—thine image dear
Ne'er from my heart shall fleet—
Ne'er on my lips thy virtues die,
While memory holds her seat.

But Christ hath given a glorious hope
To meet thee 'mid the blest,
Where parting tear was never shed,
And all the weary rest.

THE ESSEX RING.

THIS ring, to which a historical and romantic record is attached as the token, (the sight of which, recalling her tenderest feeling, was to act with talismanic power on the Queen, and insure her assent to any request it accompanied,) is an heirloom in the "Warner" family, and is in the possession of Colonel Edward Warner, the representative of the elder branch. This ring is formed of a single diamond, cut in the shape of a heart, and bears an additional interest as having been the gift of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotland, to Queen Elizabeth, at the period of her marriage with Lord Darnley, in 1555, when she sent it to her royal rival, together with the following lines, written by Buchanan :

"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart,
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part;
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
As clear, as spotless, as this heart of mine;
What though the stone a greater hardness wears,
Superior firmness still the figure bears."

The fact of Lady Nottingham's treacherous concealing of the ring, confided to her by the condemned Essex with his pleading for life from his offended sovereign, is too well known to require repetition, as well as that the Queen's anguish at Lady Nottingham's deathbed confession led to her own immediate dissolution. This ring then fell into the possession of King James I., who gave it to Captain Warner, together with other marks of distinction, in remuneration of his extensive discoveries in the West Indies, by which three of our most valuable colonies were added to the British dominions. In 1629, Capt. Warner was knighted by King Charles I., a dignity at that period, highly considered. The royal patents and documentary proofs of the foregoing facts are to be found in the Royal College of Arms, and in the possession of the representative of the family.—*Court Gazette*.

PICTURE OF INFANCY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the dusky court,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed;
Softly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairy land,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;

Suns are gleaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand.

O, enchanting vision!
Lo, a rill upsprings,
And, from out its bosom,
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
 Yet his eyes behold;
 Roses all, and lilies,
 Every path enfold;
 Lakes in shadow sleeping,
 Silver fishes leaping,
 And the waters creeping
 Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
 Slumber peacefully;
 Thy young soul yet knows not
 What thy lot may be.
 Like dead leaves that sweep
 Down the stormy deep,
 Thou art borne in sleep,
 What is all to thee?

Thou canst slumber by the way;
 Thou hast learnt to borrow
 Naught from study, haught from care;
 The cold hand of sorrow,

On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
 Where young truth and candor sit,
 Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
 That sad word, "to-morrow."

Innocent! thou sleepest,—
 See the heavenly band.
 Who foreknow the trials
 That for man are planned;
 Seeing him unarmed,
 Unfearing, unalarmed,
 With their tears have warmed
 His unconscious hand.

Angels, hovering o'er him,
 Kiss him where he lies.
 Hark! he sees them weeping;
 "Gabriel!" he cries;
 "Hush!" the angel says,
 On his lip he lays
 One finger, and displays
 His native skies.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

A STEAMBOAT leaves Stockholm every week, and touches at Gefle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umeå, and other points on the western coast of the gulf of Bothnia, as well as Wasa on the eastern, on its way up to Torneå, at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice, (the 23d June, or St. John's day,) when, from a neighboring mountain, they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernican system: for, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the northwest, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its outward course towards the northeast, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the South. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened at about that time, four years ago, to be going up to the Promotion at Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight with ease, even while passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure hour by sitting at the window of the house where we stayed, on the English quay at St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree as Upsala, and half a degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had, both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at that portion of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of the earth at so small an angle.

Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night; and the moon, even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season there is something unnatural and deathlike in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, and all nature falls into stillness and repose while it is yet light; and if you have been unaccustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm or St. Petersburg, Hernosand or Tornea, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing is to be seen anywhere, as you pass from street to street, save some solitary sentinel, with his gray coat and musket.—*Baird's Travels in Europe.*

Original.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MOTHER.

AMELIA was a young mother; an affectionate husband and three sweet children composed her family. Neatness, harmony and comfort pervaded her dwelling, and the stranger guest, who occasionally partook of its hospitality, carried away the impression, that hers was the best ordered and happiest domestic circle he ever knew; and so it was, with one exception.

Does the reader inquire what that was? I answer, it was the presence of a most frightful intruder—a shapeless fiend, who disturbed the comfort and, even, frequently prevented the sleep of the whole family—who filled every corner, from cellar to garret, with fantastic creations, and whose delight it was to wrap that otherwise happy family in a cloud of gloom and terror. His name was Superstition.

To drop all metaphor, Amelia was a superstitious woman—a believer in ghost and hobgoblin; in omens and signs of forthcoming evils. Her overwrought imagination peopled the night with all sorts of fanciful visions, whose shadowy forms gliding and flitting across her footsteps, filled her with indescribable terror. Her own shadow was frequently mistaken for a ghost; a pale moonbeam shining on the wall, seemed a tenant of the grave; a poor black-cat, to her fancy, was a witch, or even a fiend; while the ticking of the deathwatch was an omen threatening the extinction of her whole family.

With an unpardonable thoughtlessness, Amelia devoted her leisure moments to the reading of the most ghost-like of the writings of romance. The Old English Baron, Castle of Otranto, Mysteries of Udolpho, and works of a kindred character, were the companions of her evening hours—works always pernicious in their effects on the imagination, but doubly so when read by a person of diseased imagination.

From whence did Amelia derive these superstitious fears? Natural they are not, to any mind. They came to her as an heirloom from her mother, and she obtained them from a wretched woman who called herself a nurse. Thus instructed, Amelia imbibed her superstitions when impressions are the most deeply made; and she carried them with her to the grave.

Nor was this the worst result, for, in spite of her husband's entreaties, Amelia would detail the story of ghost and omen to her girls, and they, in their turns, became the victims of superstitious fear.

The reader may inquire wherein Amelia was to blame. Not for her initiation into those fears—that guilt lay at the door of her mother; but she was guilty of feeding

those fears by bad reading, and also of being the instrument of communicating them to her children.

Now, we believe that all faith in ghosts or apparitions is false, and for these reasons: All spirits are under the Divine control; He would not suffer them to appear for mere purposes of fright; if they appear at all, it must be as messengers of good; but, as such Jesus Christ has declared them useless in his beautiful parable of the rich man and Lazarus, where it is explicitly stated, that if the teachings of inspiration are insufficient to reform the transgressor, the ministration of a departed spirit would be equally futile. For these reasons, we repudiate all faith in apparitions. We believe that all the stories which old women love to retail, are either false, or can be accounted for on other than supernatural principles.

Our object in this article is, to caution mothers, nurses; and those who have the care of children, to beware how they instil superstitious ideas into young minds. They know not the injury they inflict by doing it; and, however strong may be their own fears, they should, by all means, avoid their communication to others. We would rather expose our children to the *plague*, than see them made the victims of such opinions as destroyed the peace of Amelia.

WOMAN.—The prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform—to entertain, when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.—*Dr. Blair.*

HAST THOU A BROTHER?—Sister, hast thou a brother? Wouldst thou train his heart to virtue, and preserve thy own sex from the snare of the fowler? Teach him by your conduct, and stamp upon his heart by your tenderness, a confidence in the existence of virtue which can look temptation in the face unmoved, and turn with pitying contempt from the wily words of the betrayer. O, teach him to love virtue, and he will protect, not destroy, it. Impress upon him his responsibility to God for the right exercise of that power which has been given him for the protection of woman; and posterity, your own sex, and Heaven, will keep it in remembrance.

How rich, how very rich her reward, even in this life, who, through Divine assistance, raises a brother, a fellow-immortal, above the snares of Satan and the temptations of the world! Ah, yes; and in heaven "she shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

A FRIEND cannot be easily known in prosperity; nor can an enemy be easily hid in adversity.

A HUNTING QUARTET.

COMPOSED FOR THE 'LADY'S PEARL' BY B. F. BAKER.

The vales are smoking the mountain's blaze; A - way, a



way, to the sounding chase! Glad morn - ing wakes to fresh de



light; Each bo - som swells for deeds of might. Press



Press on, press

on - - - ward Thro' moorland and glen, Ye prin - ces, ye prin - ces of



on, press on, press on, press on,

wood - - land and glen.



2.

Now breaks in triumph the golden light;
See, see, the shaft in its winged flight;
The eagle falls from towering skies;
In leafy glen the tiger dies!
Press onward, &c



THE LADY'S PEARL.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

Original.

DELICACY IN CONFERRING FAVORS DOUBLES THEIR VALUE.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride.—THOMSON.

"I HAVE thoughts of calling on Emily Winthrop, and should like to have you accompany me," said Mrs. Boynton to Anne Wallace, as they were walking arm in arm along one of the principal streets of New York city.

"Emily Winthrop," repeated Anne. "Is she not that very beautiful girl, who used when my uncle first moved to New York, to sit at church in the next pew to yours?"

"Yes, she and her father used to sit there; but he is now dead, I suppose you know."

"No—I never had the least acquaintance with either of them. The daughter was so very lovely as to attract my attention, and induce me to enquire her name."

"She has experienced a sad reverse of fortune since she lost her father. He was thought to be immensely rich, but died insolvent. During his life she was surrounded by every luxury which wealth can command. Since then she has made a shift to maintain herself and an invalid aunt—her father's sister, I believe—by taking in plain and ornamental needle-work. The rich Mrs. Winterton is her maternal aunt, but she now does not notice her, even if she meets her in the street. She lives down this alley, I believe, and yonder old tottering-looking building must be the house, if I have been rightly informed. Quite a contrast to the splendid mansion in Broadway where she used to reside."

"I believe I had better not call with you," said Anne. "As I am a stranger to her, she may deem it obtrusive. Besides, if she be as sensitive as I have known some persons who have been reduced from affluence to poverty, the sight of these gay trappings"—and she glanced at her elegant and fashionable dress—"may painfully revive the remembrance of her former situation."

"What absurd excuses. This sensitiveness, as you call it, is nothing more nor less than false pride, and if she possess any of it, as it can only prove troublesome to her, it is best that it be broken down at once. I am not one of those who would endeavor to heal a wound that needs probing."

"I should, at least," replied Anne, "wish to be well satisfied that the probe was necessary before I used it."

They had by this time reached the dwelling which Mrs. Boynton had indicated. She knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by Emily Winthrop. She looked pale and care-worn, but nothing could impair the beauty of her features, or destroy their sweet expression. A slight color suffused her cheeks at the sight of Mrs. Boynton, and her young and elegantly dressed companion. She, however, succeeded in checking her embarrassment, and politely invited them to enter.

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Winthrop," said Mrs. Boynton, "for it is indeed a long time since I saw you. I have been thinking of calling on you every day for this twelvemonth, but something has always occurred to prevent."

"O no, madam; I recollect you perfectly," she replied.

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Boynton, drawing more closely to the small fire, "that you did not suffer yourself to sink under your misfortunes. You appear to be living quite comfortably—much more so, than I had reason to expect. Do you obtain plenty of employment?"

"As much as I can do—for my aunt, whose health seems daily declining, requires more and more of my attention."

"That is true," said the aunt. "Nothing can induce her to neglect me; and, to tell the plain truth, I am not sorry to occasionally call her from her sewing, for it has already occasioned her a severe pain in her side."

"O that is because she has not become enough accustomed to it yet. Habit is a second nature, and when once she becomes sufficiently habituated to sewing, the pain will wear off, I dare say."

"It will wear her out first, I am afraid," said the aunt.

A few minutes' silence ensued, when Mrs. Boynton resumed the conversation.

"Yesterday," said she, "I was looking over some cast-off clothing, and I found several garments, which I thought would do very well for some needy person. Fortunately, your case presented itself to my mind—so I made them into a large bundle, and ordered a porter to bring them to you. I am expecting him every moment."

It was not long before a rap was heard at the door.

"There," said she, jumping up and running to the door, "he has come, I suspect." Her conjecture proved true.

"Does Miss Winthrop live here?" said the porter.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Boynton. "Bring the bundle in this way, if you please." The porter obeyed, and set it down in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Boynton immediately proceeded to untie it. The first article that came to hand was a calico gown, much faded.

"This," said she, holding it up, "belonged to Becky, my nursery-maid. It is scarcely half-worn, but is, as you see, a little faded; and as she is often obliged to bring the children into the parlor, to show them when we have company, it is not quite the thing for her; but as you can sit here and sew without being exposed, it will make you a very tidy dress. Do n't you think so?"

Mrs. Boynton's vivacity, however, would not let her wait for a reply; and, with an air of great complacency, she next produced an old black silk dress.

"I think this will make a very decent dress to wear when you are obliged to go out," said she, "if you will only go to the trouble of taking off the trimmings and cleansing them, for they are, as you may perceive, rather dusty. The truth is, I always see to making the pastry myself, and as I do n't like to make too much work for the laundress, I frequently, on such occasions wear a black dress, which is the reason why the trimmings have got a little sprinkling of flour. Ah, here is a nice calico wrapper for your aunt. The sleeves are pretty much worn, but I took care to put a nice large roll of pieces into the bundle, with which you can patch them whenever you get a leisure hour."

At this moment, another rap was heard at the door. Emily opened it, and admitted Mrs. Osborne, a lady of wealth and rank, and suspected to be very charitable. Being, however, one of those who obeyed the scriptural injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," the suspicion amounted to certainty only to the objects of her benevolence. Mrs. Boynton was not sorry to have a lady like Mrs. Osborne a witness to her charity, and took occasion to remark, after the usual compliments had been reciprocated, that she had littered Miss Winthrop's room with a few articles of clothing which she thought might be useful to one in her reduced circumstances, "for she is," said she, "a girl of too much sense to expect, or even wish to dress like a lady of fashion."

She said truly. Emily was a girl of too much sense to wish any such thing, but Mrs. Boynton probably imagined that the present was a favorable opportunity for her to act upon her favorite scheme of breaking down the false pride which might still cleave to Fortune's rejected favorite; or she might forget, in the fulness of her self-complacency, that it would be likely to grate harshly upon the feelings of one who had recently moved in the highest circle of fashion, constituting its chief ornament and attraction, to be the recipient of such ostentatious charity in the presence of a stranger like Anne Wallace, whose appearance, in every respect, qualified her to fill the station from which she had been excluded by poverty. Could she have looked into the heart of Anne Wallace, and have seen how full it was of sweet charities and tender sympathies, her cheeks might have been spared their painful flush, and the struggle might have been less severe, by which she strove to force back the tears welling up from the bitter fountain of sorrow hidden in her bosom. These indications of feeling, or perhaps some might say of lingering pride, were not remarked by Mrs. Boynton till she rose to take leave. She could scarcely quell her indignation till she had fairly stepped into the street.

"Did you perceive, Anne," she then said, "that I got no thanks for my generosity? It is true that she thanked me with her lips, but her countenance gave the lie to her words. Give me any thing but pride and poverty, I say."

"Pride of a certain kind, when joined with poverty," replied Anne, "is to my mind commendable. Indeed, I don't know why, in any respect, it should be deemed more reprehensible than when united with riches.

'Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,'

to me, never appears so lovely as when adorning a person of wealth and rank."

"That is what I think; and if there is any one thing in the world that I have a greater share of than another, I believe it is humility."

Anne made no reply, but in her heart she wished to recommend for her perusal, *Mason on Self-knowledge*.

Mrs. Osborne, who perceived that Emily's feelings had been wounded, after having succeeded in directing her thoughts into a pleasanter channel, mentioned the motive of her own call, which was to request her to join a literary society recently formed. She then enumerated several of the members who were particularly desirous for her to join, but Emily shrunk from the idea of encountering some, from whom she had already received indications that they were fully aware that she was no longer the idolized daughter of the rich Mr. Winthrop, but a penniless orphan. Mrs. Osborne, who sympathized with her, and knew how to appreciate the motives which caused her to refuse, did not urge her request. The same evening, Emily received a billet, enclosing a hundred dollar note, which, although it was without name, she had no hesitancy in ascribing to Mrs. Osborne.

"Anne," said Edgar Wallace to his sister, as they sat together one evening by a cheerful fire, "what can be the reason why I now never meet with Emily Winthrop? During the few weeks I spent in the city two years ago, previously to my embarking for Europe, I frequently met with her, and thought her the most charming girl I ever saw."

"I think you must mean the young lady Mrs. Boynton invited me to call on with her the other day. If so, I can very well explain to you the reason why you have never met with her since your return. She has lost *caste*, as the phrase is."

"How—explain."

"Her father died insolvent, a little more than a year ago, and she has since maintained herself and an invalid aunt by taking in sewing."

Edgar, after remaining silent and thoughtful a few minutes, enquired of his sister what she thought of Miss Winthrop's appearance the day she called on her.

"Although I saw her under unfavorable circumstances," she replied, "there seemed to be a certain charm about her, greater than I ever met with before. Some invisible power seemed to link my heart to hers. Even in person she seemed to me more lovely than when in the days of her prosperity, her extreme beauty induced me to enquire her name."

Edgar again relapsed into silence, which continued longer than before. He then said,

"I wish you to tell me frankly, Anne, whether, if her consent can be gained, you should have any objection to receiving her as a sister?"

"Not the least in the world. On the contrary, I should be both proud and happy to do so, as I believe, from what I have heard concerning her, that she is in every respect worthy of you."

"I might have known that you were above those foolish prejudices which so powerfully influence many. By some exceeding slight indications it is true—but not, perhaps, the less to be relied on—I imagined, when I formerly met with her, that among those that knelt at her shrine, I was not the least favored. The question now is, how shall I renew the acquaintance?"

"There will be no difficulty in that. Mrs. Osborne, who is a great friend to Miss Winthrop, will, I dare say, undertake to manage the affair for you in her own admirable way."

Six months from the time of the foregoing conversation, Emily Winthrop was the bride of the rich and talented Edgar Wallace. Those who, during the season of her adversity, had not unfrequently been at the trouble to cross the street that they might avoid meeting her, lest she should, as they said, have the assurance to recognize them, would not have hesitated to stoop to the most servile adulation, could it have procured them the renewal of her acquaintance. Wallace caused an apartment to be fitted up for Emily's aunt, in the style which he knew would best suit her taste. Her health having improved with the brightening prospects of her niece, she was able to resume those active duties which had formerly constituted her own enjoyment, and made her a blessing to those around her.

Emily, whose own privations had made her more keenly alive to the wants and sufferings of others, failed not to seek out those wretched abodes which contain so many withering and bleeding hearts, and by that silent beneficence which is like dew and sunshine to the drooping flower, spread gladness round many a cold and cheerless hearthstone, and made many a widow's heart to sing for joy.

WE shall find no life in our doctrine, when there is no doctrine in our life.—*Bridges*.

Original.

THE BURIED BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

By a sudden burst of water into one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and for ty one lads were driven into a distant part of the pit, where, before the water could be drawn off, they all gradually perished, from starvation or suffocation! In the darkness of the suffocating pit, one of the boys engraved on a box, with a bit of pointed iron, his last message to his mother, in these words: "Fret not, my dear mother, for we were singing and praising God while we had time. Mother, follow God more than I did."—*Sailor's Magazine, for Sept.*

O, mother! what a voice to thee
Burst from that pit of agony!
Above the black and rushing tide
It rolled along the cavern's side,
Each dying echo, one by one,
Borne upward from thy buried son!
There is a voice from every tomb,
Bursting its silence and its gloom,
A tide whose dark and gushing flow
Bears to the living notes of wo;
But ah! the voice and tide that met
Thy heart—I hear and see them yet!

Couldst thou have answered to thy boy,
While on him leaped the hungry wave,
How 't would have thrilled his heart with joy,
And lighted up the gloomy cave!

But, though thou couldst not fill his ear
With breathings from his mother's heart,
The unforsaking ONE was near,
And bid his soul in peace depart!

Yes, mother! from that dismal cave,
Amid its crash and frightful cries,
The Almighty Conqueror of the grave
Bore up thy son to Paradise!

What if he had no dying bed,
And thy fond arms embrace him not?
Angels repose his drooping head,
And their soft pinions were his cot!

"Fret not, dear mother! mourn no more,
For we were singing praise to G-d!
Mother! our Lord has gone before—
O! let us follow where He trod!"
Newton, Mass.

Though dead, and mouldering back to clay,
Thus speaks that buried boy to-day;
And o'er the Atlantic's blooming wave,
Come angel-echoes from his grave.
O! Christian mother! hear the tones
That float commingled with his groans,
For every accent of his breath
Proclaims a triumph over death.
Mother! with children grouped around,
Like olive plants on sunny ground,
Heed well the words that greet thine ear
From that far pit, so dark and drear.
Thy lov'd ones are not doomed to toil
Deep in the dismal channelled soil;
No pit-flood may above them dash,
Amid the cavern's horrid crash;
They sleep to-night, and they may lie
Beside thy couch at home, to die.
Thy hand may pillow up their heads,
And gently smooth their dying beds;
No fetid damps, no caverned air
May gather thick and choke them there:
Then, mother! while thine eye o'erflows
With joy a mother only knows,
Let grateful thanks to Him arise
Who bore that boy to Paradise.
Thy children may not die like him,
But would they hear the seraphim
The songs of Heaven around them sing,
And fed beneath the angelic wing.
Should death with sudden anguish part
The cords that bind them to thy heart?
O, mother! lift unceasing prayers
That the dead collier's God may still be theirs.

Those who read or write much should be very attentive to their posture; they ought to sit and stand by turn, always keeping as nearly in an erect posture as possible. It has an excellent effect frequently to read or speak aloud. This not only exercises the lungs, but almost the whole body.

Selected.

THE FAULTY MISTRESS.

"PATIENCE! patience!" said Mrs. Fretful to her husband; "it's intolerable. The girl has been moping about the kitchen six long hours, and not a thing is done. Don't talk to me about patience. I'll not try to be patient. I have more trouble than I can bear. All the lazy girls in town contrive to get upon my hands. They impose on my good nature. I'll not bear it. I'll—"

Here the wife's irascible volubility was interrupted by the house-bell. She smoothed down at once, and put on the air of a modest, kind lady. The poor girl who had been the theme of her discourse, escaped from her presence, and ran to answer the bell. I was ushered into the receiving room, and was joined in a few minutes by Mrs. Fretful and her husband. She, being my second cousin, and on terms of great intimacy, resumed her ill-humor as soon as she saw who I was, and, at my solicitation, gave me an account of her provocations and distresses. She concluded all by asking my advice. I promised to give it in the form of a letter, which, as its cautions may suit more ladies than one, is here spread before them.

Mrs. M. B. FRETFUL,—You complained the other day that you cannot, with your best efforts, succeed in pleasing and retaining your domestics. If you claim from them the amount of labor which seems to you equitable and just, you say they murmur, leave, go abroad and slander you. In these circumstances you ask advice. It shall be frankly given.

To secure the faithful service and good will of your domestics, you must, like the orator, pay regard to matter and manner. As to matter, you must

1. Require of them a *reasonable* service. On this point I believe you err. You expect too much of your girls. Of this there is conclusive testimony.

The day Mrs. Amadon spent at your house let her into the secret of your difficulties. You had often complained to her, and she was curious to learn, if possible, why your girls all quarrel with you. She tells me that about eight o'clock in the morning you sent Sally into the kitchen to wash up the dishes, set things to rights, and prepare dinner. In half an hour she heard you call Sally and send her over to Mrs. Gaffield's to invite her to tea. Sally was occupied half an hour in fixing her dress, doing the errand, unfixing again, and getting about her work, which she had but just done when you called her a second time, and sent her to the store for a tooth-brush. On her return, instead of being permitted to go to the kitchen, you took her into the flower-garden to water the roses and shrubbery. While there you broke a flower pot, and sent her to buy another. Then the poor girl had to procure some fresh dirt, and spend an hour more in fixing it to your liking.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and your girl had not got half an hour to herself in the kitchen. About one o'clock your husband came in for dinner, and in a few minutes I called and found you very angry at Sally, insisting that she had been all the morning lounging about the kitchen, doing nothing, and when the dinner hour came there was nothing cooked. Now, my dear cousin, if you expect a girl to cut herself in two, and one half of her run all the morning on errands, while the other half dresses and cooks a good dinner, you must of course be disappointed. I advise you to give Sally another trial at the dinner before you turn her away, or call her lazy. Don't interrupt her about tooth-brushes, or flower pots, from nine o'clock till one, and see if she does not come out better.

Another thing to be mentioned under this head is the *wages* of your domestics.

A Christian woman like yourself should not be an "Egyptian task" *mistress*, either in regard to your servants' labor or its reward. I have touched upon the former. Now let us glance at the latter. How much do you give Sally? Mrs. Amadon understands that you pay her one dollar and a half. This might be tolerable wages, if paid bona fide, that is, in gold, or its equivalent. Even then, it would be low, as the average price of girl's labor is at least \$1.62½ per week. But it is said you pay her in *depreciated* currency; so that instead of \$1.50, the poor thing gets but \$1.35 per week. Now, coz, that is not right. That same girl has always received high wages till she went to your house. You know she wished to live with you, not because she had n't places enough with higher wages, but because she was a member of the same church with yourself, and could see her minister now and then, and go to church. True, she has three or four hours each week for this last object, viz: afternoon and night preaching on the Sabbath, and one lecture each week. But would you lower her wages on that account? Think how much more time your other girls, especially that trifling chamber-maid, spends in vulgar amusement, night-walking it sometimes to a late hour, and scarcely escaping imputations which would render her a reproach to your family. I cannot approve of this treatment of Sally in regard to her wages. You say she is satisfied. But *you* should not be satisfied. If she loves church and domestic religious privileges so well, as cheerfully to make this sacrifice to secure them, I beg you to consider how it looks for you, a Christian woman, to speculate on her religion.

I cannot, in one brief letter, dwell longer on the first point, and proceed to the second, namely, your manner. You know, cousin, that we may bestow favors in so ungracious a manner, as to chill the gratitude of the beneficiary. Of course, if we make reasonable demands on a servant, in a fretful or morose mood, we must expect that obedience will be rendered in the same spirit. And, as I love plain dealing, I shall, "without mincing," aver to you, that, in my opinion, this is your greatest misfortune. Your manner, whenever you address a servant, is *vulgar*. You never smile upon a domestic, however exemplary her deportment, or faithful her obedience. If she does bad, you scold; and if she does well, you only scold a little less. I have often wondered why it is so, and have been led to think it was a want of reflection—ignorance of the effect of your manner on those around you. Do you not perceive that ill-humor is contagious—that if you angrily demand labor it will be impatiently performed? A woman's philosophy is deep enough to comprehend this. You go to the kitchen with a cloud on your brow, and on entering it let out lightning and thunder. Under this guise of intemperate rage, can the domestics meet you with smiles? It would be folly to expect it. You must be a good natured wife if you would have a good natured husband. It is not less true that you must be a smiling mistress if you would have the maidens smile. If you were a servant, could you make up your temper to meet a petulant shrew with soft cadences and honeyed words? Not you. Now you must reflect, that the maid, as well as the mistresses, is a woman. She has in her all your susceptibilities and humors, and they are liable to the same provocations in her as in you.

I would have you pay particular attention to your countenance. The phiz is talismanic. You say I do n't believe in Mesmerism. That's right. But you believe that one's tears or smiles may set sympathy to work in those around. One sneeze in a company of twenty will provoke ten sneezes. I must tell you, cousin, that your face is particularly ugly under a cloud. It may be because it is so especially otherwise in sunshine. They told me when I was young that gravity did n't become me. I looked in the glass and found it was a fact. I then tried to smile; but I could n't keep it up. My nature was to look sour, and I had just to give up to it. Yet it has destroy-

ed all my popularity, and for ever will. But you are made on another scale. You *can* smile, and if you will just turn to the glass a few times, in the same fix as when you are saying to Sally, "There it is, as usual—the victuals all spoiled," I believe you will not assume another frown or scold another lesson till doomsday. It will frighten you to see yourself.

Now let me say a word on another subject. You are a professor. For sixteen years you have been a member of the church. Sally joined the church six months ago, and is now warm in her first love. She went to live with you in preference to others, because she expected you to help her in religion. To her there was a charm in family prayer, and the devotional associations of a pious household. I ask you, now, whether your manners are such as will tend to confirm her faith, and lead her close to the Savior. You said the other day that you would rather have any sort of a girl than a church member. I have heard others speak in the same rash manner. When things come to this point, there is great wrong somewhere. Either the mistress should accuse the maid, or the maid the mistress, and one or the other should be churched forthwith. I advise you never to say this again. It is an imputation on Christ and his religion. Indeed, I would suggest whether your conscience does not convict you of this fact, namely, that Sally might with show of reason, go to Mrs. D., or Mrs. M., your greatest enemies, and say, "Of all places on earth deliver me from the kitchen of a *pious woman*." I tried Mrs. G., a Universalist, Mrs. F., a Deist, and Mrs. S., a real Owenite—Fanny Wright woman, but Mrs. Fretful can outcold them all." It would be particularly mortifying to you, should such a representation be made abroad. If your girl keeps on in the good way, she may not say it for the sake of the church. If she backslides, she will be apt to take this method to excuse her apostasy. If she should keep silent under the provocation which I know you have given her, it proves that the maid is more discreet than her mistress.

Now, cousin, I write thus plainly, not to provoke in you greater errors, but to cure existing faults. Let me be heard, and don't get angry. You know I am an old friend, as well as a tolerable old man. Should you take this kindly, I may write again; and believe me, that although I am a little rough in this epistle, I have for you the kindest feelings in the world. And if I have arrayed your vices before you in a bold and withering light, I have not forgotten your virtues. Those I inscribe, as you here behold, on paper; these I have written on my heart.

Your affectionate friend and cousin,

PAUL CENSOR.

Ladies' Repository.

THE BIBLE.—Casting away the fear of being accounted superstitious, cultivate the habit of looking at a Bible with respect and reverence. Open it with a kind of solemn pleasure; for God is there, in all his greatness, and holiness, and love. Read it with thankfulness; for it is a grant to you under the hand of God, and it is sealed to you by the blood of Christ; and the grant secures to you, if you be an humble believer, forgiveness and sanctification, and victory and heaven. It secures to you "all things," for "you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." When good old Bishop Latimer was led to the stake, he took the Bible with him. He clung to it with holy affection. It had pointed out to him a Savior; it had taught him how to live with comfort; it was now to teach him how to die with triumph. There is scarcely a page in the Bible which does not show more of God than all the wonders of creation.—*Rev. R. Housman.*

Original.

A YANKEE LADY.

BY MRS. L. J. PIERSON.

(Concluded from page 86.)

THE afternoon came, the party assembled, the ceremonies of introduction were gone through with, and Randolph found himself sitting unmolested by the side of the beautiful and elegantly dressed Miss Sprague.

"I imagine," she remarked, during their *tete-a-tete*, "that you find the productions of our hyborean region very inferior to those of the glorious South."

"Your remark is just, in most instances," he replied, "yet for female excellence and beauty, your good city may boast against the world."

"That is a bold assertion," she said, gaily. "The world is wide, and female beauty is indigenous to every clime, and I should hope nowhere unaccompanied by excellence."

"Justly remarked also," he answered, bowing; "yet in my present station I could see all the world's pageant of loveliness pass without a wink or a sigh."

"All the world's pageant of loveliness," repeated Anthea. "Royalty and nobility, sparkling with diamonds; Wealth, with her glittering retinue; Genius, with her intellectual eye and immortal wreath; and all the myriad forms of young beauty to which mankind are doing reverence, from the monarch to the slave—ah, the heart must be deceitful that whispers to its possessor that none of these could lure it from the side of a simple Yankee girl."

"My heart has never yet deceived me," he said, earnestly; "and I hear its voice assuring me that it has found the altar on which it must repose forever."

"Our Creator requires us to lay our hearts on a higher altar than any mortal bosom, which must one day become cold, and senseless, and desecrated," replied Anthea, seriously. "I shall never permit any man to pay me supreme adoration, unless he can persuade me that I am immortal, unchangeable and perfect."

Whether Randolph would have endeavored to convince her that she was an object of worship, remains to conjecture, for Stuart joined them just at this period of the chat, and the conversation became general. Randolph listened to her remarks with admiration and wonder. She displayed a discriminating taste, and a general knowledge, altogether astonishing in a young lady. She seemed deep-read in all the sciences, and at home on every subject. He became hopelessly fascinated, and declared to Stuart that she was altogether the most beautiful, high-spirited, and excellently educated young lady that he had ever met with, and altogether one whom he should be proud to bear as a beautiful exotic to his own genial home.

The earliest hour allowed by etiquette found him the next day in Mr. Sprague's parlor. Anthea was there; in a plain gingham gown; her hair without ornament or restraint, curling in its luxuriance about her face and shoulders; and her beautiful hands busily employed making a muslin shirt for her father. Although a little shocked at her occupation, the infatuated Randolph thought her appearance doubly enchanting from its simplicity. He observed, however, that the room was destitute of a piano, and many other articles deemed essential in the saloons of the elite; but the table was ornamented with a portfolio of sketches and drawings, a few elegantly-bound volumes, several periodicals, and, strange to tell, a Bible and book of Common Prayer. As Randolph turned over the volumes, he discovered those which he had supposed to be

annuals, to be treatises on botany, chemistry and the belles lettres, with some volumes of the standard poets, and a modern cook-book.

As he took up the sacred volume and its inestimable companion, he said, "These, I presume, are gifts from your godmother, and tolerated for her sake."

"Tolerated!" she said. "I should be very sorry to miss them from my table, morning or evening."

He looked on her fair young face, and thought, how beautiful is early piety; and at that moment he could have knelt down and worshipped her. At length, a benign, good-looking old gentleman entered, whom she presented as her father, and then took occasion to withdraw for awhile.

"Mrs. Sprague is absent to-day," observed the 'Squire, "and Anthea is obliged to prepare dinner."

Randolph accepted the good man's invitation to stay, for he was curious to witness Anthea's housewifery. In about an hour, dinner was announced, and Anthea took her station at the head of a board plentifully furnished with tastefully arranged dishes. Randolph found the cookery excellent, and Anthea presided with graceful dignity.

In pouring out his admiration of her to Stuart, Randolph exclaimed, "She is a perfect prodigy."

"Not at all," cried Stuart. "All our Yankee girls are like her, except some few who were spoiled by education."

During the subsequent fortnight, Randolph, in continuing his visits to Anthea, discovered many extra beauties and accomplishments, particularly that she sang with grace, pathos and judgment; and his devotion to her appeared so deep and ardent, that Stuart began to think that it would bear down all prejudice. He, however, deemed it best and safest for both to bring matters speedily to a crisis. Walking with him one day, in the vicinity of several factories, he intimated to him that he might now see some of the factory girls.

"I should like to look in upon them," he replied; "but how will they support the scrutiny of strangers?"

"We shall see," cried Stuart; and he led the way into the largest building.

The young ladies neither blushed, nor stared, nor seemed in any way disturbed by the presence of such aristocratic gentlemen. Each attended to her business; and when addressed, answered in the most easy and ladylike manner. Randolph gazed in astonishment upon their intelligent, cheerful faces, sylphlike forms and genteel habiliments. But on a sudden, he started, grew pale as death, and with a half-audible exclamation, rushed from the building. He had recognized Miss Sprague, the all-accomplished, adorable lady of his heart, amongst the operatives of that establishment. Anthea had been watching nervously, for the result of the recognition; and her emotions were painful in the extreme, as she remarked the expression of horror and disgust that distorted his countenance as he gazed a moment upon her. Stuart was pierced to the heart when he beheld the agony of his friend, and the distress of his gentle cousin. He instantly entered into conversation with her, diverting her attention, and preventing her agitation from betraying itself to her companions.

On arriving at home, he found a note awaiting him, requesting him to meet Mr. Randolph at —— hotel.

"Now," said he, "that madcap intends to insist upon pointing a pistol at me. Well, I have got into a scrape, and must get out as well as I can."

He found his friend pacing the room in great agony.

"I suppose," he began, "I need make no explanation. You have injured my honor and my feelings in an outrageous manner."

"May I ask wherein?" said Stuart.

"Do you not know?" cried Randolph. "You have suffered me to remain in an ignorance which has placed me in most unpleasant circumstances: you suffered me to place my affections on a despicable factory girl, you knowing her to be such."

"Yes, Randolph, I suffered you to deceive yourself as to Miss Sprague's occupation; but is she any the less lovely, or accomplished, or amiable, now that you have seen her behind the loom?"

"Certainly not. She is a lovely, an enchanting creature—but you knew it all; you knew that I could not marry her; and yet you suffered me to imbibe a passion which renders my life valueless, and therefore I consider yours as forfeit."

"I am extremely sorry," replied Stuart, "that I should have inflicted serious injury on my friend. I meant only to cure you of a foible, which in my opinion does great injustice to a large and respectable portion of our northern population. I have now apologized, and do sincerely ask your pardon."

"I cannot accept any apology," cried Randolph. "You have hurt me past endurance. You have led me to deceive myself; and not only so, to deceive a lady also. Yes, she *is* a lady, notwithstanding the low occupation to which a dastardly spirit in your population subjects the young and lovely. I have taught her to believe that I was earnestly seeking her favor. You have injured her as well as me. My honor and my feelings will not be appeased but by bloodshed."

"Randolph!" cried Stuart, solemnly, "we have long been friends. You have done me many favors. I believe that you have loved me truly. Have offended you now, and you seek what you term honorable satisfaction. Would your honor be appeased, or the wound in your feelings healed, if, to-morrow evening, you should sit down in this chamber with the consciousness that you had murdered your early friend, and filled the dwelling of the old man who has treated you as tenderly as his only son, with blackness, despair and deathless woe. Or if it should be your lot to fall, are you quite ready to die?—to break down all the hopes and joys that cluster round your name? Have you no treasure for which you would cherish life? Reflect, if you lay mortally wounded, writhing in agony, shrinking from the dark gulf of death, visited by sweet memories of your own fair home, and all loved faces, and blessed things that you should see no more forever, would you not feel that you had done a foolish thing, a wicked thing, a mad action? My dear friend, I cannot raise a deadly weapon against your life; I cannot stand up as a mark for your pistol, thus giving you opportunity to hurl me into the presence of God unbidden, and foul with malice and murder; I am not ready to die; I am not prepared to murder my friend."

Randolph turned toward his friend and essayed to speak, but his words choked him, his eyes filled with tears, and he hastily left the house. The next morning saw him on his way to Virginia, and in due time a letter arrived containing a free pardon for Stuart, and an affectionate and respectful farewell to Miss Sprague.

Passing over the events of fifteen years, we shall find Mr. Randolph in Washington during the session of Congress, and enchanted with the eloquence of a certain member from Ohio. Cultivating an acquaintance, he at length obtained an introduction to the honorable gentleman's lady, who was celebrated as the most beautiful and accomplished woman at that time in the national metropolis. Randolph acknowledged her exceeding loveliness, yet something in her appearance struck him as familiar, and stirred his memory like fitting shadows of a forgotten dream.

The lady observed the abstraction of his mind, and with a meaning smile, turned to her husband, who immediately addressed him with, "Mrs. ——— imagines that she discovers an old friend in Mr. Randolph."

"I should be extremely proud to claim that honor," replied Randolph, "but al-

though her person and bearing seem familiar, I cannot possibly recollect when or where we have been acquainted."

"It may be as well then not to awaken disagreeable memories," remarked the lady. "Mr. Randolph may respect your wife as long as he does not recognize in her the Yankee factory girl."

"Miss Sprague, by heaven!" he ejaculated; "and truly happy am I to find opportunity to crave your forgiveness, and assure you that my fault was a prejudice of education, rather than of the heart. Since we parted, I have seen much of the world, and my conversation has been amongst women of the highest station; yet often have I turned with a sickness of the heart from the affectedly dependent and helpless creatures, to the memory of the cheerful and independent Yankee girl, who although she earned her subsistence, was in every feminine grace and accomplishment, a lady. But for the distressing consciousness that I had offended past a hope of pardon, I should have returned and sought your favor the same year in which I left you. But what has become of that noble fellow, Henry Stuart? Whenever I think of him I feel sorrow and humiliation. If he had answered my letter I should have sought a renewal of our friendship, which had truly been the chief happiness of my life."

"If you ever travel as far west as Cincinnati, you may find him by inquiring for the Reverend Mr. Stuart, professor of Theology, in the College, and officiating minister in ——'s Church. He married Miss Ackland, whom you may remember as a queen-like, black-eyed beauty, who also followed my contemptible calling. You may range the world and not find her equal in gentility and every female grace. She and I won a sharp rebuke from her reverend lord, who is also my own dear cousin, for indulging in a laugh at your expense, or rather at the expense of your southern prejudices. I assure you Henry Stuart still remembers you as a dear friend."

"And he has been a friend to me," replied Randolph. "He sought to cure me of one prejudice, and he effectually eradicated two. But for his words I should have been a duellist. I was full of lofty notions of chivalry, and honorable combat. But he in a few words convinced me of the barbarity and wickedness of the fool's code of honor. I have put up with many an insult since then, and do not know that the sufferance has degraded me in the least. I must also depose that I have not found amongst all those whose time is divided between dress, flirtation, and the piano, the true womanly excellence and nobility of soul that characterize the whole-hearted, self-educated and independent Yankee Lady."

CHARLEMAGNE revered the dignity of the priesthood, but he was careful that its members should conduct themselves in conformity with the gravity of its character. A young man to whom he had just given a bishopric, left his presence in such high spirits, that in mounting his horse he vaulted quite over to the other side. The Emperor, who had observed him from a window, ordered him to be called back. "You have heard of the difficulty which I have in forming good cavalry troops," said his Majesty, "and seeing that you are such an excellent horseman, I am rather desirous of retaining you in that capacity. You will serve me better than by being a bishop. Go into the ranks, and I will promote you as you may deserve."

The under leaves of the rose are the first to wither; and so those of our affections that have their objects nearest the earth are the soonest wounded and blighted.

Original.

"PLEASANT THOUGHTS."

SUGGESTED BY THE ENGRAVING OF A CHILD WITH THE ABOVE MOTTO.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

They are pleasant in thy mild, meek eye,
Thou beautiful and fair,
Even sweet as shade of the twilight sky,
Or breath of summer air.

How the bright-hued hours of thy mirthsome glee
Have sped their swift-wing'd flight,
And thy gentle spirit, as soft as free,
Blends with the calm of night.

Art thou wond'ring why the bright butterfly
Has folded now his wings,
And again to thee comes the red-breast's cry
Whose voice no longer sings?

Have thy pleasant thoughts to thy mother gone,
Whose words are all of love?
Dost thou feel her kiss by the soft winds borne
To thee, her bosom's dove?

Have they travell'd to that better land
Of which thy mother tells?
Art thou roaming now with those angel bands
Beside the crystal wells?

Ever there, fair child, may thy young thoughts 'bide,
Fix'd on thy God and Heav'n,
Till thy soul from earth rises, purified,
To Him by whom 't was giv'n.

May no darker cloud ever dim thy brow,
Marking thy "woman's lot,"
Than the sweet calm light which is on thee now—
The light of pleasant thought.

THERE is a beautiful tree near my window, that flourishes only in the shade. If exposed altogether to the sunshine, it dies. I look upon its branches and learn a useful lesson. Providence illustrates its facts in the works of nature. Piety demands the shade. Affliction develops its power and brings forth its beauty. The curse of the old covenant is the blessing of the new. Jehovah is enthroned in light amid the holy angels; but when he descends to dwell with men, the thick cloud is his pavilion, and the darkness is the emblem of his presence.—*Christian World.*

Original.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BY A. H. BROWN, M. A.

It is questionable whether this lady was more distinguished for her talents, or her piety. Her abilities as a writer, her clear and discriminating judgment, her correct taste, the perspicuity and ease of her style, placed her, beyond a doubt, in the front rank of authors; and her devotion to the service of God, her persevering labors for the good of her fellow-men, her stern rebukes of folly and injustice in high places and low places, afforded unequivocal evidence that her heart was filled with the love of Christ. The union of these two qualifications, high literary endowments and unaffected piety, forms a character which we do not so often find, as we have a right to expect. In Mrs. More, they appeared with uncommon strength and beauty, mutually assisting each other. Her talents received their direction and impulse from her piety, and her piety was adorned and rendered more attractive by her talents. Her learning and strength of mind would have given her a high seat among the proud aristocracy of literature; her graceful person and her acquired accomplishments might have rendered her "the observed of all observers," in the fashionable circles of the gay period in which she lived; but she voluntarily forsook the haunts of fashion, and turned away from the honors which her first literary effort gave her reason to expect, if she should follow the path in which she had set out.

The writings of no woman have probably produced so great an effect upon all ranks of society, as those of Mrs. More. Her associations were of the highest kind. She was more or less intimately acquainted with all the distinguished men of her day. Authors, bishops and statesmen were attracted by the purity and good sense of her conversation, and delighted to honor themselves and her, by her company. This gave her reputation and influence in the higher classes of society. Often did she write expressly for those of this rank, and the eagerness with which her writings were sought after and read, and the encomiums she received from the great and good, are a sufficient proof of the estimation in which she was held, and of the influence of her writings upon those for whom they were designed.

But she was not the companion of the upper classes alone; like her divine Master, she went about doing good; the humble cottage and the lowly hut she delighted to visit, to cheer the disconsolate and relieve the needy. The schools which she opened for the children of the poor were noble proofs of her generosity and benevolence. Though she was opposed by those whose profession should have taught them better things, she persevered in her plan of doing good, and overcame every obstacle which a worldly prudence and a cold-hearted formality threw in her way.—Honor to the noble woman! She richly won the praises which she received for her self-denying exertions in behalf of the poor and neglected of her neighborhood. But not the praises of men did she seek: the consciousness of the heavenly approbation was her great reward.

But it was not by her schools and personal services alone that she was useful to the middle and lower classes. Her pen was ever active in their service; many of her most delightful works were composed with reference to their wants and opinions. Everywhere she insists that religion, pure and undefiled—religion, heartfelt and practical, is the only antidote for the woes of human life. She had felt that it was so in her own case; she had seen that it was so in the abodes of poverty and distress which

she had visited, as well as in the palaces of the rich and learned. Her own experience of the value of Christianity, made her a fit teacher of it to others. And resolutely and ably did she teach it. For half a century the extension of Christian knowledge was the object dearest to her heart; she never seems to have lost sight of it even for a day; it was the point to which all her thoughts and actions converged. Never did she appear to be so happily engaged, as when devising or executing means by which she might promote the glory of her heavenly Father, or the best interests of his earthly family.

Her pen was ready for every emergency. When the fires of the French Revolution burst forth and began to spread through England, she established a cheap monthly periodical, through which she attacked the atheistical dogmas of the French philosophers, and endeavored to counteract the poison of the thousand immoral pamphlets which were industriously circulated among the poor by the advocates of infidelity. Innumerable copies of this work were spread throughout the community, and the agreeable tales and inimitable humor with which it abounded, rendered it a great favorite with the lower classes. It produced incalculable good. It is perhaps to this publication more than to any other, that the English owe their escape from a second "Reign of Terror."

Thus was Mrs. More always alive to the interests of the human family. Wherever a kind deed was needed, she was ready and willing to perform it, though it should be with great hardship and self-sacrifice. No duty would she shun or neglect. She embraced in her comprehensive charity all the sons and daughters of affliction and want. Thousands blessed her while she lived, and thousands more have blessed her since she died.

PRAYER.

PRAYING unto God without communion, is like talking to a man who neither gives an answer, nor a smile, nor yet a look. No persons find a heart to pray who feel no fellowship with God. Fain would we grow notable by doing; it suits our legal spirit; but we can only grow valiant and successful by believing. Believing is the Christian's trade and maintenance. By it he obtains pardon and holiness. Naked faith, or a whole and simple trust in Jesus, is the Gospel instrument which brings salvation. But though faith alone, apart from its fruit, is the saving instrument, yet it cannot be alone, or without its fruit, where it is saving faith, as St. James declares. Saving faith brings heavenly peace, purifies the heart, overcomes the world. If you are not a real subject of Jesus Christ, you must be a stranger to the blessings of his kingdom. The riches are not bestowed upon the outward court worshippers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent open for access, before you a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace. If Jesus Christ kept his court in your bosom, he would make peace there, for he is the prince of peace. Where he reigns, he commands peace. How can Jesus be your King, if he does not rule in your breast? How can you call Christ a Savior, if he does not save you from your sins? I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my king, to subdue my will, my temper, my affections, by his Spirit. I must wholly trust in Jesus, as my priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his righteousness.—*Berridge's Christian World Unmasked.*

Original.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

BURKE AND FOX.

THE separation of Burke and Fox forms one of the most affecting scenes of English history. For a quarter of a century had these two friends sustained each other in the fierce conflicts of party strife, and defied every attempt to sow the seeds of distrust and alienation between them. For sometime, however, they had treated each other with coldness, from causes originating in the discussions upon the French Revolution. The final breach was made on the fifth of May, in the House of Commons. The stern and massy sentences of Burke were listened to on that occasion with profound attention, and, as he pronounced the sentence of death upon their long friendship, the hall was silent as the grave. "It certainly," said Mr. Burke, "was indiscretion at any period, but especially at his time of life, to provoke enemies, or to give his friends occasion to desert him; yet if his firm and steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty and public prudence taught him, with his last words exclaim, 'Fly from the French constitution.' He knew the price of his conduct; he had done his duty at the price of his friend; their friendship was at an end." Mr. Fox rose to reply to this declaration of Burke, but for some moments he was unable to utter a word, so affected was he at the remembrance of their intimacy, and at the stern decree which had terminated it. He wept, even to sobbing; and while he spoke of the ties which had been severed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the hall.

The House of Commons never witnessed another such scene.

WARREN HASTINGS.

There was a man whom all the world admired for the versatility of his genius, for the strength of his patriotism, and the almost unrivalled splendor of his eloquence. At the trial of Warren Hastings—the sublimest spectacle a court of justice ever presented—this man was among the foremost in zeal and power of oratory for the conviction of the guilty offender. He had a friend whose services had kept him from disgrace, if not from the debtor's prison. His friend died, and he designed to attend his funeral. But the statesman was so prone to habits of unpunctuality, that he did not arrive till after the solemn service had been performed! He was not to be cheated out of a funeral however, and he persuaded the accommodating clergyman to repeat the ceremony. He then went to an inn near by, and drank the "cup of memory" to his friend till he became drunk! That man was Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

HUMAN FOLLY.

It is surprising to see with what tenacity men cling to the fleeting things of earth. There is not a passion which they have not spent their latest breath in attempting to gratify. The more sordid and sensual the desire, the more earnestly and perseveringly do they seek to satisfy it. They tramp the earth as though it were no more than the stage of a mimic theatre for children, instead of being, as it is, the great arena where the conflict between sin and the soul of man is fought, eternal life being the stake.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell was a prodigy. Born of humble parentage, he knew nothing of the blandishments of palaces and courts, and therefore he trampled upon them and spurned them from his sight. It is wonderful to see with what resoluteness and vigor he tore away the barriers which unnumbered generations had looked upon as sacred, and with what boldness he brought forward new schemes for the control of a tumultuous people. In the face of all the reverence for kings and kingly power which was felt at that day, "I would as soon," cried Cromwell, "put my sword through the heart of the king as that of any other man."

He was a staunch Presbyterian, and could not brook the least approach to Popery. In one of his journeys, he stopped at Yorkminster. "What are these?" inquired he, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches of the chapter house—"what are these?" "The twelve apostles," answered the trembling dean. "Take them down, and coin them into money," replied Cromwell, "that they may go about, doing good, like their Master."

Original.

OUR COUNTRY. A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS L. S. HALL.

• AMERICA is rich in brighter store
Than pearl and diamond, coronet and gem—
Than beds of golden dust and silver ore—
Than pomp and royalty and diadem.
She has her own clear sky and healthful breeze—
Her towering mountains and her verdant plain—
Her wide-spread prairies and her forest trees—
Her wild flowers and her fields of fruit and grain;
Hers is the wealth of a luxurious soil,
And will and energy for honest toil.

And Nature hath been lavish of her treasure,
In fitting up with such unwonted care,
So many scenes of pure and quiet pleasure—
So many temples meet for song and prayer.
Full many a fount she from her cup hath filled
With healing beverage for the sick and fainting,
And like an artist most profoundly skill'd
In science, architecture, music, painting,
Hath left her image on her own creations,
And poured profusely out her free libations,
And ranked our country high among the nations.
Aye, wonders that would glad the olden world,
Are her own sure memorials planted here;
And Truth and Freedom have their flag unfurled,
And Piety's boon is hers—a selfless tear.

Yet better things than these, my cherished home,
Shall from oblivion's dark abyss redeem thee,

For thou hast, gathered in thy peaceful dome,
 Warm hearts and cultured minds that well beseem thee.
 Thou hast great names upon thy page enrolled,
 And names ~~unwritten~~ that shall sweetly shine—
 Aye, those of whom the world shall not be told—
 Thou hast them treasured in thy spacious shrine.

Land of my love, thou hast the faith that prays,
 And humble hearts that weep thy sad transgressions,
 And tuneful worshippers, and heaven-taught lays,
 And power to move the Arm that moves the nations.
 America is rich in better store
 Than this world's wisdom and its shining ore.

Original.

• DEATHBED SCENES. No. III.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

SOME years since, there lived in Northampton, Mass., a young gentleman of noble person and appearance. He possessed a vigorous and cultivated mind, and could grasp, and by a singular power of analysis, speedily comprehend, almost any subject. Dignity and superiority distinguished all his movements; and no one could be in his company half an hour without being conscious of the natural weight of his character. He was bland and courteous, affable and benevolent, and never appeared happier than when ministering to the amusement and happiness of his fellows. He was every way qualified to be a *leader* in society; and, indeed, such were his natural endowments that it seemed impossible for him to move in any of the circles of life without being considered the *director* of the company's affairs by a spontaneous and unanimous suffrage.

Young Bosworth, for that was his name, was esteemed and loved, and was looked upon as one of the worthiest young men in town; and it was predicted he would, in ripened years, occupy a commanding position in the community. His prospects were bright—for though he was not rich, yet he possessed a competency; and as for his “imaginary” wants, he was too much of a philosopher to care for their gratification. He knew that diligence and frugality, blended with a well-bottomed liberality, would secure him against all the emergencies of futurity: and the sordid covetousness of the miser he despised.

Many a young lady would have been gratified could she have received the *special* attentions of Mr. Bosworth; but though he respected and ever admired a virtuous woman, yet he had given his heart to Julia M., a modest, unpretending girl, of inflexible virtue, deep and uniform piety, who, in return for the favor of his affections, had surrendered to him her own.

Up to this period of his life, though he was strictly moral, Mr. B. was not a Christian in the experimental sense of the term, nor did he claim to be. He feared God as an alien, but not as a child. He intended, like all others, at some future day, to be a Christian by experience, profession and practice; but in a gracious hour, he was induced to change his intention from future to present time—to “seek *first* the kingdom of Heaven,” and all other enjoyments only in subordination to its claims. He

earnestly and perseveringly sought the pardon of his sins in the blood of the Savior, and obtained, through grace, a most satisfactory evidence of his acceptance with God. His native virtues and excellencies now shone with a new and richer lustre—the source of his benevolence was purified—the vigor and energy of his soul was more piously directed—his compassion was increased a thousandfold—he was a “new man.”

“Religion never was designed to make one’s pleasures *less*,” or to diminish the commiseration and philanthropy of the soul; yea, rather, it *increases* these celestial virtues, sometimes almost to an insupportable extent. Whose heart melts sooner at human wo, or any other, than the Christian’s? And who rises earlier, or sits up later, to dispense gratuitously to the abject children of ~~want~~ the blessings of relief and sustenance, than the child of grace? No one, verily. Religion gives us “tears for others’ wo, and patience for our own.” The Christian “weeps with those who weep” with as much spontaneousness of soul as he “rejoices with those who rejoice.” Nor are these different and alternate emotions *wrung* from his heart by the hand of omnipotent sympathy; but they flow with the ready ease of ceaseless habitude. It is sufficient for the *real* Christian to know there is wretchedness he can alleviate, or woes he can mitigate, sorrows he can dissipate, or sufferings he can annihilate, or calamities which he can avert. He lingers not to contravert any point with “flesh and blood,” but takes to himself wings—wings of compassion—and flies, as an angel of mercy, o’er all the sweeping distance on which floats a shadow of the night of affliction! nor will he rest until he has travelled to the outermost limit of his ability to do good by inspiring hope and imparting consolation.

Such a Christian was young Bosworth!—vigilant, ardent, untiring in his efforts to “do good of every possible sort to the souls and bodies of men.” He looked out upon the world and saw it a chaos of wretchedness! He looked into the Bible and read the character and destiny of man as a violator of the law of God! He read the dreadful sentence of banishment from God, and felt the horror of its import—so far as a Christian can feel it. He read of redemption by Jesus Christ, and the feasibility of the conditions on which it was proposed for man’s acceptance: joy filled his heart, and rapture thrilled his soul! Once more he read the command of Christ at the time of His ascension—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature”—and his relings were kindled within him. He felt the inspiring touch of the Holy Spirit and longed to be inducted into the sacred office, that he might preach to sinners “Jesus and the resurrection.” This benevolent desire he cherished; it filled his bosom; it became irrepressible; and in the name and strength of Abraham’s God he went forth scarcely knowing whither he went; but with him he carried the “tidings of great joy” to the people.

In less than twenty months from the time of his public profession of religion he was clothed with the character and invested with the authority of a Christian minister; and though conscious of much deficiency in qualification, and of the high responsibilities of the office, yet he was persuaded that application to his duties and communicated grace would make him useful—“a savor of life” to many. And he proved his persuasion well founded—showing himself, in a short period, “a workman that needed not to be ashamed.” He was indefatigable in his labors, and successful too—devoting day and night to the work of urging men to repentance and good works. He spoke in tones of authority; and yet in them could be discovered the mellowness of love. Wherever he went he was hailed as a messenger of peace; and by the combined power of his logic and eloquence stormed to overthrow the citadel of sin in many places, and in many hearts. When in the pulpit, and dwelling on some high argument, he went up step by step the different gradations of his subject, until he gained the summit, and really seemed to be surrounded by a halo of glory. He may have had

many equals—superiors he had but few. He was an excellent minister of the Cross! I never can forget him. The days I have spent in his society are committed in trust to my memory, and they cannot be forgotten. They were profitable, happy days; and around them I love to linger in my contemplations of the past. Heaven is now the home of the man and minister who thus won my admiration, and secured by his goodness my heart's warmest affection: for in the brightness of his days, and in the midst of his moral conflict, Death sounded his last and long retreat from the battle field where he had already achieved splendid victories, and put to flight many of the foes of virtue and religion.

In the course of three years, this young and faithful servant of God finished his task, ended his ministry, and entered into his rest.

Consumption marked him for a victim full fifteen months before he resigned his charge; and many alarming symptoms warned him of his fate. A hoarse and deep-seated cough, prophesied to him in no equivocal language, of his coming doom; but unappalled by these menaces of the King of Terrors, he went forward, resolving together,

"To lay his charge and body down,
And cease at once to work and live."

If he wished to live, it was only to be useful, and to enjoy the society of his loved consort. But, to use his own language: "God could do *without him* in the church," and as for Julia, Heaven would be her Protector. Disease made rapid inroads upon his constitution, nor could human skill avert the impending stroke! The shades of his dying hour thickened upon the horizon, and himself and anxious friends saw them coming on apace. He then bade the earthly temple of his Savior adieu, and went up to his chamber to die!

All men feel that dying is solemn, yea, terrible business, and they shrink from it with instinctive dread; and so it is, unrepentant and unforgiven of our Maker. But, standing on the firm foundation of hope in Christ, and humbly retrospecting a well-spent life, and adoring the grace which has preserved us from the follies of the world, we may boldly confront the monarch of the tomb, and bid defiance to his deadliest power. If, Christians,

"Death shall not destroy our comfort—
Christ shall guard us through the gloom;
Down he'll send some shining convoy
To escort our spirits home."

Yes, *home* to the spirit-land—*home* to the saints' abode—their everlasting inheritance in Heaven. Hence, my much loved friend feared not to die. He lingered many weeks a patient sufferer, looking daily for his release. A Saturday night before his demise, I visited him: but lo! how changed his visage! "A mortal paleness on his cheek;" but Heaven filled his soul. I spoke to him about his departure. He replied with confidence—his words were full of immortal hope. I retired to rest, but for my friend, there was no more rest in this world. Early in the morning he called me to his bedside and asked me what I thought of an apparent change which had come over him during the night. I saw that death had well nigh done his work, and replied, that I thought ere our day of rest on earth should pass, he would rest with the saints in Heaven. He responded—"I think so too." Oh! what triumphant resignation filled his soul, and shone forth in his countenance! Being asked what message he had to send to an aged lady—a relative—he replied: "*Tell her that I die in the hope of a blissful immortality.*" And now came the trial—the last struggle—the farewell of death. There were present, an only brother, two lovely and loving sisters, a most

tender and affectionate wife, and an infant son. This formed the group of relatives, (his parents had already gone to the grave,) assembled to witness the death of a Christian hero. But who can point the sublime interest of the hour? Nature here asserted her right of dominion, and unlocked the troubled fountains of human sympathy, anguish, and wo. Must the husband, the father, the young minister of the sanctuary, die? Yes, he *must* die; and he stepped into the "swellings of Jordan," loath, indeed, to leave his fond friends behind, but the conflict in his heaving bosom was o'er, and he waved his trembling hand in token of victory, and as a signal of his final departure. Now the "weary wheels of life stood still;" pulsation had ceased; the spirit had fled. My Christian brother had ascended on high, to

"Jerusalem, the saints abide—
The city of the living God."

Peace to his memory! and glorious be his everlasting rest! He fell a martyr to his work, and early went to Heaven.

"There no sigh of memory swelleth,
There no tear of misery dwelleth,
Hearts will bleed and break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
With seraphic day adorning
Life's glad waves and golden shore."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF KAPIOLANI.

Who was Kapiolani? Her name was little known among the great and noble on earth; but "her record is on high."

Kapiolani was born upon the island of Hawaii, very near to the spot where Captain Cook was murdered. She was a descendant of one of the leading families under the ancient kings of the island, and subsequently became the wife of a chief.

HER HEATHEN CHARACTER.

The first missionaries found her intemperate, dissolute and degraded. There was scarcely a more degraded person on the islands than Kapiolani. She gave herself up to every species of vice. She possessed, however, a very inquisitive and remarkably well-balanced mind.

HER FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF THE GOSPEL AND ITS RESULTS.

She was thrown, in the providence of God, near to the missionaries, while on a visit to the island of Maui. With wonderful facility her mind seemed to perceive the truth and superiority of the new religion. And from that time to the hour of her death, she was the unwavering friend and patron of the missionaries. Through her influence a station was soon established upon Hawaii. And although the post occupied was at least sixteen miles from her residence, yet she, her husband, and their train, repeatedly went that distance to hear the preaching of the Gospel. And what has been the result? The church collected in this district now numbers more than one thousand members in regular standing. And these are the church members whose labors and sacrifices to build a house of God were described in the May number of the "Dayspring." The average attendance on the Sabbath is now fourteen hundred.

CHANGE IN THREE YEARS.

Go back now and look at Kapiolani, in less than three years after she had for the

first time heard the Gospel. "She is in every respect perfectly moral; she always appears in a neat dress; has in many respects adopted the customs of refined society; and is, in her whole character, raised so far above the generality of the nation, that one can hardly avoid the belief that she was educated among an enlightened people." But the change was not outward merely.

HER SPIRITUALITY.

"I love to go to the house of God," she said to her pastor, "for there I forget all about this world. When among the chiefs I hear so much said about money, and cloth, and land, and ships, and bargains, that it makes me sick, and I wish to go where I can hear about God, and Christ, and heaven, this cures all my sickness, and I never get tired of it." In the same conversation, she asked her pastor with great earnestness, whether he did not think she had two souls; she said, it seems to me that I have one good soul and one bad one. One says, God is very good, and it loves God and prays to him, and loves Jesus Christ, and loves preaching, and loves to talk about good things. The other one says, it does no good to pray to God, and go to meeting, and keep the Sabbath.

HER DESCENT INTO THE VOLCANO.

Not far from this time, an event occurred, peculiarly illustrative of her character. Kapiolani descended into the great volcano of Hawaii. In order to appreciate this act, let the reader remember, that she, in common with all her countrymen, had entertained the most superstitious fears of this volcano; that it was firmly believed to be the residence of Pele, a most vindictive and cruel goddess, who destroyed every one that offended her; that this volcano, which is indeed one of the most frightful in the world, was never approached without fear and trembling by the natives, and never without a peace-offering to the terrible goddess who resided there, that no native was ever known to venture down into the crater; and that the mind of Kapiolani had but just awakened to the darkness of her nation. Let these things be considered, and what demonstration does it afford of the power of the gospel, that a heathen woman should determine to show her utter disbelief of the existence of Pele, and her freedom from all superstitious fear, by boldly descending into the crater, and that too in spite of all the entreaties and resistance of her friends.

THE ISSUE ON WHICH SHE PLACED THE ATTEMPT.

"If I am destroyed," she exclaimed to the multitudes who entreated her to forbear, "then you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the palapala" (gospel). Placing the matter on this ground, she boldly approached the crater. As she drew near, the man whose business it was to feed Pele, by throwing berries into the crater, begged her to proceed no farther. "What," said she, "will be the harm?" "You will die by Pele." She answered, "I shall not die by your god—that fire was kindled by my God." Onward she went.

THE VOLCANO A PLACE OF PRAYER.

Having descended several hundred feet into the crater, she united with her attendants in prayer to the true God. What a scene! Below them rolled the fiery billows of the volcano—above and around them were the blackened and rugged sides of the crater, echoing to the voice of prayer! Having ended her devotions, she ate the berries consecrated to Pele, and threw stones into the crater. The result was as might be expected. They proclaimed Pele destitute of power.

HER PROGRESS IN PIETY.

In 1825, she was admitted to the church, and the same year established among the people a missionary society, which contributed the past year fifty dollars in aid of the mission. In 1826, the missionaries bear the following testimony to her worth.

"No woman in the islands has so fully given herself up to the influence and the

obedience of the gospel. She has a steady, firm, decided attachment to the gospel. Her house is fitted up in a very decent style, and is kept neat and comfortable, and her hands are daily employed in some useful work."

Kapiolani died May 5, 1841, and at this date, more than fifteen years after the preceding testimony was given, the missionaries write, "Her end was one of peace, and decided evidence that your missionaries have not labored in vain. Her life was a continual evidence of the elevating and purifying effects of the gospel."

To this Christian life, closed by so triumphant a death, let the opposer of missions come, for an answer to his obstacles, and the faint-hearted in the cause for motives to encouragement.

FEMALES IN SYRIA.

THE weak-minded Syrian females are not attentive to personal cleanliness; and their apparel is precisely such as the apostle recommended that Christian females should avoid; while the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is thrown wholly out of the account. They have no books, and no means of moral or intellectual improvement. It is considered a disgrace for a female to know how to read and write, and a serious obstacle to her marriage, which is the principal object of the parents' hearts. This abhorrence of learning in females, exists most strongly in the higher classes. Nearly every pupil in our school is very indigent. Of God's word they know and understand nothing; for a girl is taken to church perhaps but once a year, where nothing is seen among the women but talking and trifling; of course, she attaches no solemnity to the worship of God. No sweet domestic circle of father, mother, brother and sister, all capable of promoting mutual cheerfulness and improvement, greets her in her own house. I do not mean to imply that there exists no family affection among them, for this tie is often very strong; but it has no foundation in respect, and is not employed to promote elevation of character. The men sit and smoke their pipes in one apartment, while in another the women cluster upon the floor, and with loud and vociferous voices gossip with their neighbors. The very language of the females is of a lower order than that of the men; which renders it almost impossible for them to comprehend spiritual and abstract subjects, when first presented to their minds. I know not how often, when I have attempted to converse with them, they have acknowledged that they did not understand me, or have interrupted me by alluding to some mode or article of dress, or something quite as foolish.

Memoirs of Mrs. Smith.

OUR ENGRAVING.

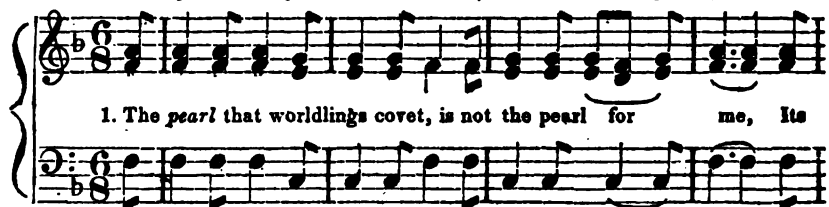
Our engraving this month represents the parting scene of Charles I. and his family, just prior to his execution.

In our next, we shall give our readers a historical tale, founded on the closing scenes in that monarch's life.

The Christian Convert's Choice.

Words by Rev. S. Hoyt.

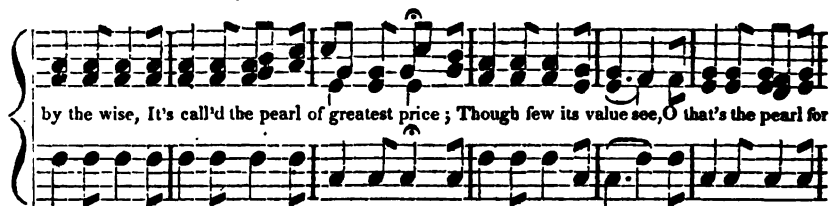
Tune, The Rose that all are praising.



1. The *pearl* that worldlings covet, is not the pearl for me, Its



beauty fades as quickly, As sunshine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought



by the wise, It's call'd the pearl of greatest price; Though few its value see, O that's the pearl for



me, O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me!

2. The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be.
O, that's the crown for me, &c

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be;
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's marked by Christ's most precious blood:
The passage here is free.
O, that's the road for me, &c.

4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word
And sinful pleasures flee.
O, that's the hope for me, &c.

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THE LADY'S PEARL.

DECEMBER, 1842.

Original.

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH.

A SKETCH.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER, ESQ.

I.

A DREAM of girlhood loveliness!—she grew
In the bland influence of her father's smile
Like a young lily bending with the dew
And glistening with the sunshine all the while.
And well the rough Squire loved her, for she threw
Over the gloom of his ancestral pile
The light of her fair presence, like a beam
Of moonlight on its moat's encircling stream.

II.

Brown-locked like Raphael's Mary, how she moved
In her young beauty round him, with a tone
Which to his old ear seemed that voice beloved—
The low sweet accents of his long-lost one!—
And, when her heart was gay, and, unproved,
Revelled in joy to childhood only known,
The old man blessed her, for he saw once more
The smile—the look her buried mother wore.

III.

There came a change at last—another's eye
In its dark vehemence questioned with her own,
A strong hand closed on hers—an earnest sigh
Shook a proud bosom where the mail had shown,
And the deep voice of manhood breathing nigh
Fell on her ear like music's silver tone,—
Pride, Valor, Genius, at her footstool cast;
Beauty's first hour of triumph—and its last!

* Vide "Letters from Derbyshire," by an Antiquarian, page 80.

IV.

Young love is always sweet, for it uncloses
 The gates of a new Paradise bestrown
 With the fair flowers of fancy like the roses
 Upon the shrine of Yemen's worship thrown—
 A dreamy spot whereon the heart reposes
 Treasuring its gems—a look—a smile—a tone—
 And weaving in the soft voluptuous air
 The tissue of the Future, strangely fair.

V.

Lovely, and loving oft the twain were seen
 In their glad wanderings where the earth was bright
 With dew like diamonds on each blade of green,
 And morning breezes swung the heath-bell on the height :
 And by the Derwent's waters they would lean,
 Their dark eyes kindling in each other's light
 While the voice trembled and the cheek blushed warm
 With the fond pressure of each folded arm.

VI.

Time passed : and then, a sorrowful farewell !—
 Parting the dark locks from her lover's brow,
 She kissed it ere the heavy helmet fell
 Upon its polished beauty : " And wilt thou
 Think of me still when Fame of thee shall tell,
 And Pride and Beauty in thy presence bow ?"—
 Yet with his words of passion in her ear,
 Sadly she smiled at her own doubtful fear.

VII.

Thus were they parted—and with straining eye
 Through the green vista of her casement's vine
 She saw the pennon of his troop flash by,
 Lance, plume and morion in the gay sunshine,
 And the loud bugle winding clear and high,
 Calling to blood as to the flow of wine—
 Brightly and briefly passed that pageant on—
 The bugle's note grew fainter—it was gone !

VIII.

The love of woman is a lingering thing,
 Deep in its idol's presence it may seem,
 But deeper far when thought can only bring
 That idol's form in some impassioned dream,
 Aye, to its faith the heart will closer cling
 When absence mocks its fervor, and the stream
 Of weary years effaces not one token
 Of love once felt, or kindly words once spoken.

IX.

These steal before her in the twilight hush
 Of her lone musings, she can hear and bless
 The tones which were her music, and the blush
 Will mantle on her cheek, as if the press
 Of loved and ardent lips had called that gush
 Of the heart's current to their warm caress,
 And sleep itself is but a new revealing
 Of Memory's moonlight o'er her world of feeling.

X.

He came not back,—and yet her love retained
 Its constant fervor—though her heart grew cold
 As one by one the changing seasons waned,
 And the long year of absence waxed old.
 While fearful tales of battles lost or gained
 To her pained ear the careless herald told—
 Vague tales of horror, undefined and dim,
 Alas—none told her sickening heart of *him*!

XI.

'T was evening—and the Autumn sun went down
 To his cloud-pillow, and the darkened sky
 Cast down a sudden twilight, and the moan
 Of the chill wind went sorrowfully by,
 To her it sounded with a dirge-like tone
 As from the lattice bent her tearful eye,
 Watching the shadowed pathway where his plume
 Last trembled through the oak-tree's heavy gloom.

XII.

It came again!—with solemn step and slow
 That warrior-band before her vision passed,
 With trailing-flag and bugle-notes of woe
 And a dark bier with shroudings overcast,—
 His sword upon it, and his plume of snow
 Shivered and ruffled in the evening blast,
 Which shook the pall, and roused the sleeper's brow:
 The long black locks waved loosely to and fro!

XIII.

One glance embraced that dark and shadowy bier,
 Her next fell on the pathway bleak and bare—
 The mournful music died upon her ear,
 The phantom funeral melted into air!
 She sat in silence, like embodied Fear
 Fixed by the icy presence of Despair,
 With such a brow and eye as might beseech
 The troubled horror of a maniac's dream.

XIV.

The morning found her spectre-like and cold—
 Her sad heart slowly dying day by day—
 And when at last the wandering soldier told
 Her lover's fate, she felt no new dismay,
 Spoke not, nor wept, but silently controlled
 The agony which wasted life away,
 Even as the canker wastes the fragile blossom
 While veiled and folded in its withering bosom.

XV.

The quiet grave—the long dream of the dead,
 Sorrow's last hope and blessing—these are here—
 Affliction hath no pillow for its head
 So calm, so holy as the sepulchre's;
 For there the dew like mourners' tears is shed,
 And sighs breathe o'er it in each breeze that stirs
 The flowers which bloom and shed their fragrant breath
 Like the freed soul above the waste of death!

Original.

THE MARTYR KING.

A SKETCH.

In a tapestried hall, magnificent in its proportions, gorgeously rich in its architecture, emblazoned with the proud armorial bearings of the Kings of England, and dazzling to the eyes of beholders from its rich draperies and splendid ornaments of gold and silver, sat a fine-looking personage buried in profound thought. His elbow rested on the table, his head was supported by his right hand, while every feature of his really handsome face seemed animated by the different passions at work in their owner's breast. At last, a gentleman usher entered the hall, and, approaching the table, said, with a most obsequious bow and deferential tone,

"Sire, a deputation from the house of peers wait your commands."

"Let them come," was the laconic answer; and the speaker resumed his air of perplexed gravity.

Soon after, attended by several gentlemen ushers, some half dozen richly-dressed personages entered the hall, and, coming near its gloomy occupant, presented him a petition in the name of the house of peers; the purport of which was, that they had understood it to be his majesty's intention to dissolve parliament, that much important business remained unfinished, and that the house of peers, from its devotion to the interests of his majesty, felt that it had some claim upon his favor, and, pleading the claim, the petitioners concluded by begging him to permit the parliament to sit some-time longer.

The King, for King it was, had listened to their harangue with evident impatience; no sooner had they concluded their address, than hastily rising, with haughty firmness, he replied,

"Not a moment longer!"

Descending the dais, he hastily left the apartment. Parliament was immediately dissolved.

Such was Charles I., when in the zenith of his kingly power. Naturally mild, amiable and courteous, he acted tyrannically only because his false notions of monarchical prerogative made him exquisitely sensitive in respect to every thing that threatened to interfere with it. That sensitiveness frequently brought him into unhappy collision with his parliament; in the struggle, he demanded for the crown a degree of power and deference which the growing liberality of the times refused. Regarding his crown and all its prerogatives as a sacred gift bequeathed to him by his ancestors, he resolved to contest his imagined rights to their utmost limit; hence, he often acted the tyrant, not from any innate love of tyranny, but from the influence of false principles. For a while, he succeeded. Parliaments were called and dissolved at will; a star chamber was established; taxes were levied at the royal will. But Charles was not formed to be a tyrant, and he fell in the struggle between liberal and aristocratic principles.

Pass we over, then, the turbulent scenes of his unhappy life. Let us throw a veil upon those civil commotions that inundated the soil of Britain with the best blood of her sons, and which ended, alas, not in liberty, but in transferring the scepter of power from the feeble hands of the royal Charles into those of the butcher of Huntingdon, the puritanic Cromwell—a change, which gave the people of England a Protector

instead of a King; but granted them no more real freedom. We have seen the King dissolve a parliament, now let us see a parliament destroy a King.

He was charged with treason; the proof—his being found in arms against his parliament—was easy, and King Charles was sentenced to death. The ignominy and insult offered him on his trial did not destroy his dignity of manner, nor ruffle his royal spirit. He could be excited, and hasty in his speech at the obstinacy of a parliament; but he was calm as sleep when sentenced to death—stern as a warrior at a breach of privilege, but mild as a dove, when insulted by ignorance and base-born meanness.

Passing to his trial, a dastardly soldier spat in his face.

"Poor souls," said the King, calmly wiping away the insult, "they would serve their own generals so for sixpence!"

Another soldier, more generous than his miserable comrade, moved with sympathy at the sight of majesty in distress, besought a benediction from heaven to rest on his head. His brutal officer struck him to the ground. The King heard the offence and saw the blow.

"Methinks," said he, "that the punishment exceeds the offence."

The Queen was happily abroad in these dangerous times, but Charles met two of his children before his death. It was a most touching sight, for Charles was an affectionate father. He took his little son upon his knee, and said,

"Now, child, they will cut off thy father's head!" The little duke looked steadily in his father's face. "Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a King; but, mark what I say, thou must not be a King as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and thy head too they will cut off at last! Therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a King by them."

The boy sighed deeply, and replied,

"I will be torn in pieces first!"

The King's eyes filled with tears, he embraced his family, and left them—for ever.

The noise of hammers resounded round Whitehall all night. It was the workmen erecting his scaffold; still he slept soundly. When he stood upon the sombre, velvet-covered stage, with all the gloomy apparatus of death around him, his good friend, Bishop Juxon, said,

"There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is a very short one. It will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory!"

"I go," replied Charles, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place!"

A bowing of the head upon the block; one stroke of the axe, and Charles, the MARTYR KING, was dead!

Poor Charles! He was more unfortunate than guilty, more mistaken than malicious. Had he lived in settled times, had his education been such as to have inspired him with the true idea of human rights, instead of dying on the scaffold, he would have been one of the brightest ornaments of the British throne, and the pages of her history would not have been stained with the story of the execution of the MARTYR KING!

W.

If human reason does not rule human passion, human passion will rule human reason.

From the London Imperial Magazine.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY REV. J. YOUNG.

"Go to thy darling, false one! go!
And gaze enraptur'd on her charms;
Sink on her breast of melting snow,
And court her fond luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow,
'That mingles hope with fond desire;
Now paint the lover's wish—and now
Behold a wo-worn wife expire,

Who, when her dearest hopes were flown,
And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
Mourn'd o'er thy errors as her own,
And sought to hide them in the grave."—*anon.*

THERE are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots in our imagination; or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression; nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutiae of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years.

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*; and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is: I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying myself more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character, were in being, than are now known to exist—

———"But what avails were wishes
Good, though they be kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or painted fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parched with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable habitation, beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage-house of a neat village, a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

* * * * * The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—

beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with *forty* pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmer-worms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world, but enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality."

Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise from out a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon we gained the entrance to the village; and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor, even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O, that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land, were of the same description! then would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease; the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule, or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our own God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

This soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight—

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of anti-babel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the road-side; a graveled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the center of this path, and leading directly from the door-way to the little palisade-formed gate, was another of similar dimension; while the intermediate space on either side was laid out tastefully in flower-beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the supplies of his dairy fed and fattened; and in a corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared; and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination, with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form, from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom fails to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman, and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for awhile; in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshment, Mr. Goodall very politely conducted me to his

study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares, that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time sometimes "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had fully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one, whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards. * * * *

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my own mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his services appeared the strongest. At this period, his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiable mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast towards womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition, and pious simplicity, endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God, and her family connections; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters, who had already been sometime married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state, that counsel,

such as piety, experience, and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four and twenty hours' travelling, she reached the gay and busy metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception, and villany, of a rank, but too common, kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connections rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was so here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that hers was profession without principle. Boisterous in her temper, vain in her pursuits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connections. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct? Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life, consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means, yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gayety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of their father and others.

Such had long been, and such continued to be, the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited them. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving, loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and, in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Every thing furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize, at least,

as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny bow of her joy was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion: home, for him, appeared to have no charms; and religion, no attractions: still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increasing affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unrepiningly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for conjecture, even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her wo,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still: in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes, an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another; on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affection of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands, packed his portmanteau, lest any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gamboling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted

Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrighted children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an air and consequence perfectly *nautique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as his child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request, that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his, who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the “glorious uncertainty of the law,” however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and, receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him, in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to the earth. “I have,” he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, “I have been poorly sometime, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution.” He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the sleeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom still she loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and she whispered “farewell” issued from her lips, her closing eye gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her face, seemed to express what she had, during life, so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION!

Original.

MORNING IN AUTUMN.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

THE Summer is ended, the harvest is past,
The dark, chilly clouds are afloat on the blast;
The flowers, with the birds once among them, are fled,
And the leaves of the forest lie scattered and dead.

Come, gaze from this window! What painters are here
To deck shrouded Autumn, wind-diriged to its bier!
What linings of glory! 'Tis earth in new bloom—
The old year entwining a wreath for its tomb.

Look abroad on the landscape! The stream as it rolls,
Spreads a mirror of tints to the woodlands and knolls;
And the branches that bend from the banks on its side,
Are strowing a garment of leaves on the tide.

The sun rises bathed in an ocean of blood,
Throwing deep waves of crimson on mountain and flood;
And the light of its disc fiercely gleams through the trees,
Like a vortex of fire swept and torn by the breeze.

The woods, as if blazing, toss wild in the air,
Tho' untouched by a flame, and no smoke-wreath is there;
They glow like the bush where the patriarch trod,
When unsandalled he stood in the presence of God.

The mists, as they soar from the meadows away,
Build a path on the hills for the incoming day;
The incense of earth offered up to the light,
As if come to redeem from the thralldom of night.

O, beauteous Autumn! why speak we in sighs,
When thus on life's path thy ripe mornings arise?
Why sing we in sadness—why write we in tears,
As thy march of decay 'mid our being appears?

Of the fruitage of being I hail thee the type—
The shell must fall off that the fruit may be ripe;
The body must perish, and mix with the clod,
That the soul may be ripened, and garnered to God.

Newton, Ms.

Selected.

THE MASKED BRIDE.

Or all the stratagems resorted to by female ingenuity to obtain a suitable husband, we know of none so extraordinary as that of the French lady who gave out that her head resembled a "Death's head." From the numerous lovers, who in consequence

of the immense wealth she was reputed to possess, aspired to the honor of her hand, in spite of the terrors of her face, there were received no less than seven hundred and nineteen letters. She showed to a person who was in her confidence, twenty-five or thirty, which she received from Belgium, written by well-known characters, who said they would never revolt, though she would prove the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress, and wed the plague itself, if they could procure abundance of gold. All their letters she left unanswered; but to a few who solicited her hand in gallant style, she was generous enough to order her secretary to return her thanks.

The mind of the young lady did not tend to union in consequence of the above invitations; yet her heart was not insensible. In the brilliant circles in which she moved, and conversed constantly in a mask, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views. This young man, on his part, was so much charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments, which the young lady with the invisible features, displayed in her conversation, that he at length declared that all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her, nor conceal the pleasure she could feel in acceding to his proposals, but expressed to him, at the same time, the dread that he would repent on beholding her face, which she described to be that of death, in its most terrific form. She urged him to beware of rashness, and consider well, whether he could bear the wretched disappointment he might incur.

"Well, well," said the young man, "accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband."

"I consent," replied she, "but remember that I shall not survive the appearance of affright and disgust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage."

"I shall not shrink from the proof: it is your heart, and not your figure, I love."

"In eight days," said the lady, "you shall be satisfied."

They prepared for marriage, and notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property upon him.

"If you have not courage enough to suffer for your companion," said she, "I shall at least be consoled by the reflection, that I have enriched him whom I love, and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory."

Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask. What a situation for a husband! His heart palpitated—his face turned pale—the mask fell—he beheld an angel of beauty! She then exclaimed affectionately,

"You have not deserved deformity; you meet the love of beauty."

The happy couple left Paris the next day, for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.—*London paper.*

CATACOMBS OF ST. AGNES.

AN extract from a private letter, written by a distinguished American artist now in Europe, is published in a late number of the Churchman. It describes his visit to the Catacombs of St. Agnes, near Rome.

You have read that the early Christians of Rome were subjected to a series of violent persecutions, particularly under the reigns of Severus, Decius, and Valerian; when Irenæus, Victor, Fabianus, Cyprian, and others of great eminence, as well as

innumerable private Christians, received the crown of martyrdom. These catacombs are the places in which they interred their dead; and in the time of those dreadful persecutions, sought refuge. For a long time, indeed, the ceremonies of their religion were performed in these dark and subterranean chambers which had been used for sepulture.

The Campagna of Rome is formed almost entirely of volcanic ashes, which is called Puzzolana, and Tufo Rock, which appears of the same material, but hardened into soft kind of stone; in this latter the excavations of the catacombs were made. Into the catacombs we descended from a vineyard two miles outside the walls of Rome, by a flight of steps; (the catacombs are now being opened, and rubbish, &c., removed. The padre who accompanied us has the superintendence of the work;) we then entered narrow excavated passages extending and ramifying in every direction; in the sides of these passages are cells excavated, some large enough for a human body to be laid in, others for several bodies, and many smaller ones for children. Here we saw the mouldering remains of those whose great-grandfathers saw the apostles. Many of the bodies (of course the bones only,) rest as they were laid sixteen hundred years ago. Many of them are now fast mouldering away, since the admission of the air, and the marble slabs or tiles which closed their cells have been removed; each of their cells (which are ranged one above another, and within a foot or two of each other in every part of the catacombs) were closed after the body was deposited, and a piece of marble, or more generally several large tiles were used for the purpose, sealed up with cement, so that the air could not enter, and this accounts in some measure for the perfect preservation of the bones.

Many of these have been taken down, yet some of the cells are sealed up, and remain just as they were at first, and the mortar that was used appears as if it had only been spread a few weeks ago; the marks of the trowel are as fresh as ever, and in this mortar, inscribed while it was yet wet, is frequently to be found the name of the individual interred there, and the words (*in pace*) in peace, or sleep in peace—an epitaph simple, but in those times of trial and tribulation, wonderfully expressive. There are the bodies of many of the early martyrs; they are known by having a small lamp at their feet, inserted in the mortar whilst wet, and a small vase or vial at the head; this vial contained their own blood, which it was the custom of the surviving friends to obtain from the body, and preserve in this manner; some of the lamps remain, but the vials have been removed—but the impression in the mortar in which they were set yet remains. There are also impressions of the coins of the time in which the bodies were interred; by these the date of the interment is known. We remained in this city of the dead two hours, walking at least an hour and a half of the time. There must be thousands of bodies. The extent of the catacombs is not yet known. In these gloomy regions the early Christians took refuge in times of persecution, and the mind is overwhelmed with the multitude of associations that arise. We ascended; the sun was shining gloriously, and the mountains that surround Campagna looked bright and calm, as they did when the dead thousands sleeping beneath our feet gazed upon them.

WHEN I appeared like the world, in Babylonish garments, I had its esteem, and knew not how to part with it. But when I showed by my appearance, that I considered myself as a stranger and a foreigner, none can know, but by trying it, what an influence it has on the whole conduct, and what a fence it is to keep us from sinking into the spirit of the world. For there is no medium: they who are conformed to the fashions customs and maxims of the world, must embrace its spirit.—*Mrs. Fletcher.*

Original.

WORSHIP MARY!

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"Oh! 't is a sweet and lovely sight
To see a band of children gather,
And round the altar all in white,
Bow, angel-like, to God their Father.

All thoughts subdued, and bridled glee,
Their very look is still and wary,
As, joining in the Litany,
They breathe the holy name of MARY.

So kneel, dear child, and raise thy voice
To her, to take thee to her keeping;
That thou with her mayst yet rejoice,
Pure when awake, and pure when sleeping."

Roman Catholic Hymns—London Edition.

WORSHIP CHRIST!

"It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and HIM ONLY shalt thou serve."
St. Luke, iv. 8.

O rather bring the sacred songs
To Jesus Christ, thine elder brother;
Nor homage that to him belongs,
Yield, in thy folly, to another.

For why should Childhood's pleasant voice,
Whose tones Great Nature makes to vary
So musically sweet, rejoice
In Litanies to Holy MARY!

Can a weak woman, whose own sin
Required the wondrous bath of healing,
Thee from temptation's sorcery win—
Or hear in heaven her vo't'ry kneeling?

Or, is the Virgin Mother's care,
Thy daily bounteous table spreading?
Or does her eye detect the snare [ing?
Screened by the flowers where thou art tread-

Will her ascended spirit bend
From battlements, while thou art sleeping,
And leave high service to attend
The helpless child whom God is keeping?

Or will she, in thy dying hour,
Spread o'er thee her maternal pinion,
And shield thee from the grave's strong power,
And bid thee shout o'er hell's proud minion?

O no!—"the sweet and lovely sight"
Is, to see holy children gather
(Washed in the Savior's crimson white,)
In prayer around their common Father:

To breathe His name, His kindly aid
Invoke to guide where footsteps falter;—
Safe, only safe "when foes invade,"
In Christ's own arms, at His own altar.

ADVICE TO MARRIED WOMEN.—A decent country woman came one market day, and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought the company of other women; and that knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell what would cure him. The cure was common—I thought to prescribe for it without losing my reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is simple," said I: "always treat your husband with a smile." The woman thanked me, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months after, she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction, that I had cured her husband; and begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. I was pleased with the success of my prescription, but refused the fee.

Original.

MAHTOE; OR, THE DANGER AND THE ESCAPE.

THE town of Norwalk, Conn., was first purchased of the natives about the year 1640, only twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth rock. It was at that time inhabited by a branch of the Mohegan or Pequot Indians, who, at the settlement of the town, returned again to the main body of the tribe, in what is now the eastern part of the State. There was one little Indian girl, however, left behind. This was done at the urgent request of one of the settlers, named Benton, who, having but one child, a son, desired to adopt this girl, and rear her as his own. She consented to remain with him; and saw her family and friends depart for the land of their fathers without apparent grief, though, after they had well gone, she went away by herself awhile, and wept. It was not strange, for Mahtoe was young, a mere child, only seven years old, and almost a stranger to her newly-found friends. She soon became quite reconciled, however, to her new mode of life; and when she had become somewhat acquainted with the language of the English, none ever appeared happier or more amiable than the little Indian girl. She was soon a great favorite with the whole company of settlers, and was ever welcomed to their houses with perfect cordiality.

Ten years passed away, and still Mahtoe remained with the family of Mr. Benton, to whom she had been very strongly attached. But what a change had those ten years wrought in her! Instead of the slender girl, she was now the well-formed woman. Tall, but delicately moulded, she was active as the young deer, and almost as coy and timid. She seemed to have lost many of the characteristics of her race by her intercourse so long and uninterrupted with a civilized people: and why should she not? For ten years had she been instructed in the same knowledge, and with as much care and labor, as the children of the English. She loved and respected her friends and protectors, and it was but natural that their manners and character should be agreeable, and, as far as possible, imitated. So, by the time she was seventeen, there was scarcely a more lady-like personage in the whole settlement than was Mahtoe, the Indian girl. Oh, it would have afforded you pleasure to have seen her dark eyes sparkling with the bright hopes of youth—to hear her sweet voice breaking out in the rude music of the times, and to watch her as she tripped gaily over the green grass—now bounding like the panther—now climbing rocks that the wild goat would almost fear to tread—now paddling the frail canoe along the beautiful little river that watered the village.

I have said Mahtoe was coy: so she was in company of the young men of the town. There was one exception, however, for she was but little reserved in the presence of George Benton, her brother by adoption. As she had learned to call him, so she seemed to consider him, a brother; and never were brother and sister more affectionate than they, though the wide world were looked over to find them. Affectionate! Ah, they little thought how deep were the sources of that regard, till at length it broke upon them in an instant.

At Unquowa, a few miles to the northeast of the settlement, resided another branch of the same tribe to which those who had left Norwalk belonged. It chanced one day in September, when Mahtoe, as I have said before, was seventeen, that a young Indian from Unquowa saw her as she was sitting on a tall hill that rises up on the eastern side of the river. She sat under the shade of a large tree that threw its spreading branches far and wide around. She was weaving a most elegant little basket of

wicker work, for she had not forgotten the employments of her younger years, nor the language which was her own; but amid all the accomplishments of civilized life, she still retained a regard for many of her old customs and pastimes. The view, from the position where she sat, was beautiful. To the west, the valley of Norwalk, with its winding stream, its meadows, and its trees, whose foliage was variegated by all the tints of the rainbow; to the east and north, the forest, all untouched, just as it came from the Almighty's hand; to the south, the sparkling waters of the sound, and the long island beyond, dim and blue in the distance—all this was before her eye, and its surpassing beauty was appreciated. And as Mahtoe gazed upon the face of nature, so rich, so calculated to inspire one with feelings of admiration, of love, of benevolence, the pure spirit within her manifested through her eyes its happiness, and she looked more lovely than ever. The young hunter saw her, and admired—I will not say he loved, for love is a plant of slower growth. But he was struck with her beauty, and stood and gazed, unobserved himself, till Mahtoe, her work being finished, arose to return to her home. Tontawae placed himself before her, and addressed her in his own tongue.

"Will the maiden not stay awhile, that Tontawae may gaze on her beauty? It maketh his heart glad to look on so fair a creature."

"It is time for Mahtoe to return," replied the maiden. "See, the hill is already between the sun and the river, and the tree shadows are long; my brother awaits me at home."

"Tontawae loves the maiden. He would make her his wife; he will hunt for her all the day. Mahtoe shall never want."

Her face grew pale at his words; and though she knew not why, her heart sickened at the thought of becoming his wife. Need I ask whose image was graven on her heart at that moment? Surely not her brother's? Ah, George, you are loved by a pure soul.

"It cannot be," said Mahtoe firmly, "the youth is a stranger, and seeks in vain for Mahtoe's heart. But he is welcome to our tent; will he eat with us to-night?" and she stepped aside to pass by him on her way home.

Without further parley, the young hunter grasped her in his sinewy arms, and bore her away in the opposite direction. She screamed, but it was too far from the settlement, and no one heard her cry. Tontawae carried her in his arms awhile, and then, setting her on her feet, compelled her to walk by his side, holding her tightly by the hand, till they arrived at Unquowa.

When Mahtoe returned not home at sunset, George, who was always uneasy if she was long absent from his sight, walked out to meet her. Though he knew not where she had been during the afternoon, he chanced to go directly to the hill where she had been at work. And as he came to the tree, and saw the basket she had made, which had fallen from her hands in the struggle to escape from her captor, he knew not what to think of it. The basket was of her workmanship, for no other fingers in the village could weave one like that. He looked about and saw the trail of heavy feet, but they were not hers. He called her by name—he searched all around, but she neither answered nor came at his calling. He returned to the settlement. No one had seen her or heard any thing concerning her. This certainly began to look alarming, for the sun had sometime been down, and the darkness was already coming on. Mahtoe had never stayed so long away; and why had she left her basket that she had been at so much pains in making? There must be violence; but who would injure Mahtoe? The affair was incomprehensible.

All that night and the next day, did they search for the lost maiden, but nothing was discovered that afforded any clue to the mystery of her absence. Unfortunately,

no one had seen her when so rudely borne away by the stranger youth, and the idea of violence from any of her own people was not for a moment entertained. So they sought in the forest and the river, climbed the hills and crossed the valleys, and traversed the whole region round about, but of course in vain, and at last they gave her up for dead.

In the meantime, the poor girl was exposed to a severe trial, from which, however, she came out most gloriously. Her captor, the day after he had taken her to his tent, finding entreaty useless, boldly threatened her with death, if she longer refused to yield to his brutal purpose. Death or dishonor—which preferred the high-minded Mahtoe? I need not tell. Both were sufficiently terrible to a young and happy thing like her, but death was nothing to the loss of a pure conscience, and to a fame sullied among men. Still there was one hope of escape, and it was not forgotten, for as Tontawac approached the despairing victim of his passion, his unhallowed desire kindling up in his eyes till they glowed like fire, she snatched suddenly his tomahawk from his girdle, and, like a stag at bay, turning on her enemy, with the unwonted strength and courage of desperation, with a single blow she felled her persecutor to the earth. It was a bold deed, and she knew it too, for if discovered by his people before she could make good her escape, the most fearful tortures awaited her. She was discovered, for the deed was hardly done when a stout warrior of the tribe entered the tent. With a bound Mahtoe sprang through the door, and in an instant her light form was flying across the plain with the speed of the wind. Fruitless the effort, for her pursuer was stronger far than she. He overtook her at length, and brought her back to the village, and called out the tribe to witness the death of the ill-fated young warrior who was even then ebbing out his life.

Mahtoe must die to-morrow. The relatives of the deceased demand blood for blood. There will be a solemn dance, a funeral dirge, and then the dry faggots will burn and crackle, the greedy flames will dry up the sources of life, and the fair maiden will go to the land of spirits. And there will be savage triumph and rejoicing over her sufferings, and feasting and revelry will conclude the dreadful scene. The girl knows this—how bears she it? She is firm as the rock, for the spirit of twenty ancestral chiefs nerves her heart; and she will sleep soundly to-night, and rise early on the morrow, to watch the sun for the last time peep above the horizon.

It is already midnight; the maiden sleeps. Not a muscle moves; not a sound do those sweet lips utter. Her slumber is quiet, for all is undisturbed within. A few bear-skins spread on the ground form her only couch, but in her infancy she often rested on such. At the door of the tent lies a stalwart Indian, the same who had pursued her when she attempted to escape. Why sleeps he so soundly? Has he unwittingly partaken of some drug that dulls his senses and causes him to slumber at his sentry post? It must be, for he hears not the door of the tent open. A girlish form steps over his huge body, and gliding to the side of the unconscious Mahtoe, softly whispers in her ear. The maiden starts up, but does not cry out, for Indian blood runs in her veins, and Indian cunning and caution are her benefactors now. The two—the girl and the woman, for Mahtoe's character has grown with the occasion, and she has laid aside the girlish character forever—the two approach the door, step lightly across the guard, who still sleeps soundly on, the door closes after them, and they are gone amid the darkness of the night. Well done, Mahtoe; bravely, nobly done, my little Nona, and well shalt thou be rewarded for this. Fly swiftly, nor pause for weariness, for a long and toilsome journey is before you. Let not the howling of the wolf, nor the cry of the panther terrify you, for there are worse enemies behind. The night is dark, and your path rough and difficult, but yonder bright star shall be your guide, and shall cheer you on till the morning dawns.

It did guide them, and cheer them, and when the sun burst forth in the morning,

the ten miles that separated Unquowa from the settlement at Norwalk had been passed, and the fugitives stood panting at the door of Mahtoe's friends. She was soon locked in the arms of her brother George, but she never called him *brother* after that. The little Nona could not of course return to her tribe, but she soon was far happier than she ever could have been with them, for Mahtoe became her teacher, and well did she profit by the lessons she received. She soon became as great a favorite in the settlement as Mahtoe herself, and like her was afterwards united to a young man of the place, who was envied by all who were seeking a wife. Some of the most wealthy and respectable families in the town still boast their descent from one or the other of those two Indian girls.

Norwalk, Aug., 1842.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER OVER HER DYING CHILD.

BY MRS. C. THERESA CLARK.

"I asked for him long life, and God hath given life eternal!"

Not for myself, Heart-Searcher! not for me!
But for the Boy in restless slumber lying,
The gift of years, high-consecrate to Thee—
I craved in thy dread presence, Love, undying!

I have besought Thee, thus, before Thine altar!
To Thee mine offering of price, was brought;
There breathed the promises, that shall not falter,
With the full yearnings of a mother fraught.

This is the way, and Thine "the truth and life,"
No shadow dimmed my vision in that hour,
Inconstant Man, with faults, and frailties rife,
Sees, not as Thou see'st, God of changeless power!

I thought to keep him in Thy temple ever,
Unsullied, dedicate to Heaven above;
But if Thou will'st, the golden cord must sever,
Thy will, oh, Father! all Thy will be done!

E'en now a sign on His white brow doth hover,
Remember mercy! oh, Thou "Strong to Save!"
Wilt Thou take him, who spared not friend and lover?
Oh! shield the Widow's Hope, from the dark grave!

Fearful the change!—my son! my son! I call thee!
Past that sharp anguish, wilt thou not revive?
'Tis done! earth's bondage never more shall thrall thee!
Ye bending seraphs, your blest charge receive!

* * * * *

Again, oh! Chastener! do I kneel before Thee!
The casket yet remains—the gem is fled;
'Tis grief that frenzies—pardon I implore Thee,
The murmuring mourner, o'er her Early Dead!

And shall I say too soon, my plea was granted ?
 Too soon ! my Bird of Joy hath winged his way,
 To those bright living streams, of which I panted—
 He might drink deep ? my soul doth answer, nay !

For by the faith which doth inspire the spirit,
 Of Thy just judgments I will not complain ;
 For such as he, the Kingdom shall inherit,
 And my brief loss, is his eternal gain !

Springfield, Mass., 1842.

MONUMENT TO BURNS'S HIGHLAND MARY.

It was not without some fear of disappointment that we availed ourselves of an invitation to examine a design intended to embody the feelings and wishes of the admirers of this interesting though melancholy episode in the life of Scotland's poet. Our fears were speedily and agreeably dispelled on beholding the design, itself the result of a combination of talent rarely to be found united, but in every respect worthy of so interesting an object and so powerful an alliance. It consists of an elegantly proportioned monolithic obelisk and pedestal, simple and tastefully ornamented, designed by Mr. Kemp, the well known architect for the monument to Sir Walter Scott. The pedestal is enriched on three sides by pannels sculptured in basso relievo, from the chisel of Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, Fisher Row, a young artist of brilliant promise, and a pupil of Thorwalsden, whilst the fourth side is occupied by a simple tablet, containing an inscription from the esteemed pen of the celebrated Delta. Of the sculpture it is not easy to convey to our readers an adequate idea ; the principal and pannel represents the solemn pledge of the lovers at their parting on the banks of the Ayr ; the female is an elegant and classical embodiment of rustic sweetness, simplicity, and grace ; the expression of the head in particular, is replete with lovely fascination—the figure and action at once speak sincerity, unaffected modesty, implicit confidence, and devoted attachment. The bard himself is delineated with that energetic earnestness so characteristic of his compositions, and a gravity of deportment, especially suited to the solemnity of that parting scene so touchingly depicted by his own words :

“ 'W! mony a vow and lock't embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender :
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.”

There is no affectation here ; neither gewgaws nor trifling frippery in attitude, action nor drapery ; he stands erect and independent, proudly conscious of moral worth and self-reliance, an embodied image of his own noble sentiment :

“ The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the goud for a' that.”

There is, however, an accompanying tenderness of expression, beautifully suited to the circumstances of the scene, and justly appropriated to the most sensitive admirer of female purity and loveliness. Of the suitable beauty of the inscription by Delta, it is fortunately in our power to produce the best evidence by presenting a copy ; it is worthy alike of the object, and of the accomplished author's well-earned reputation :

Erected
In memory
of
MARY CAMPBELL,
Whose youth, beauty and innocence,
Won the heart
and
Inspired the immortal muse
of
ROBERT BURNS,
With those strains which are unsurpassed
For moral dignity
and
Depth of pathos.
HER MORTAL REMAINS
Have lain unnoticed in this spot
For half a century ;
Yet
" The fame of her name "
Has pervaded the civilized world,
And the tears of millions have been shed
For the untimely fate
of
HIGHLAND MARY.

The result of the whole design is a tribute worthy of the united exertion of the gifted individuals who have contributed, each in his peculiar department, to the accomplishment of so gratifying an object. When erected it will be one of the most attractive and interesting features of which Greenock can boast.—*Edinburgh Obs.*

Original.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

HUGH PETERS.

HUGH PETERS was once a minister in Salem, Massachusetts, where he was much honored and beloved. Going to England, he contributed greatly to the success of Cromwell's revolution, by preaching to the soldiers in the revolutionary army. At the restoration, he was selected as one of the victims to appease the vengeance of royalty. "His arraignment, his trial, and his execution were scenes of wanton injustice. He was allowed no counsel; indeed, his death was resolved upon beforehand, though even false witnesses did not substantiate the specific charges urged against him. His last thoughts reverted to Massachusetts. 'Go home to New England, and trust God there,' was his final counsel to his daughter."

"At the gallows, he was compelled to wait while the body of his friend Cooke, who had just been hanged, was cut down and quartered before his eyes.

"How like you this?" cried the executioner, rubbing his bloody hands.

"I thank God," replied the martyr, 'I am not terrified at it: you may do your worst.'

"To his friends he said, 'Weep not for me—my heart is full of comfort;' and he smiled as he made himself ready to leave the world."

COWPER.

Cowper, Bishop of Lincoln, had been eight years collecting materials for a large work he intended to write. His wife was displeased at his constant devotion to study, and pretending to fear that he would destroy himself by his excessive mental labor, she one day burned all his notes. It cost the good bishop eight years' more labor to restore them, and yet he never uttered an unkind word to his wife upon the subject.

Original.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY MRS. BLAKE.

WHEN we contemplate the character, accomplishments, and high-born expectations, together with the misfortunes and untimely death of Mary Stuart, or as she is more commonly called, Mary, Queen of Scots, we are forcibly reminded of the waywardness of fortune, and the emptiness of all human titles. Mary, Queen of Scots, was not only daughter of James V., King of Scotland, but she was also grand-daughter of Henry, the seventh King of England, her mother being his (Henry's) eldest daughter Margaret, and of course, sister to Henry VIII. of England, which blood relationship made Mary, Queen of Scots, own cousin to Mary and Elizabeth, Queens of England. Elizabeth being on the throne of England at the time of the fatal battle of Langside near Glasgow, where Mary was completely defeated, and compelled to fly her country, it is not at all surprising that she fled southward to the borders of England, borne on by the confident hope that her cousin Elizabeth would shield her from the horrors which threatened to fall upon her devoted head. But how sadly was she disappointed—how fully was she made to realize how vain a thing it is to trust in man, or to put confidence in princes. Queen Elizabeth felt no sympathy for the fallen Mary. Instead of affording her protection, she ordered her into confinement; and the gloomy walls of Tutbury Castle, instead of the emblems of royalty, were made to surround the young and beautiful, though fallen Queen of Scotland.

Now let us take a retrospective view of the eventful scenes through which Mary, by the vicissitudes of fortune was called to pass in the brief space of eight short years; and who, that has a feeling heart, or is a lover of virtue, can trace these scenes without weeping over the frailty of human nature; while they silently thank the great Dispenser of all events, that theirs is a more humble, and of course, a more secure path through this world of sin and temptation. Mary received from nature, gifts of the highest order; she was possessed of great personal beauty and most winning manners. The powers of her mind were strong and comprehensive, but her passions were equally strong. Mary, like many others, neglected to guard against the dangerous propensities of the heart with firmness of principle. This sad neglect was the procuring cause of all her subsequent misery. The uncontrolled passions of her heart led her to commit crimes which roused the just indignation of her subjects. They rebelled against her, and she was obliged to flee her country. Yet we must make some allowance on account of the degenerating influences by which she had been surrounded while at the court of France. At an early age, in the bloom of youth and innocence, before her habits of acting and thinking had been sufficiently matured by time and reflection to resist the contaminating effects of a licentious court, like that of France in the sixteenth century, she married Francis, the Dauphin of France, and took up her abode with him at the French court. Here the beauty of her person and the charms of her address and conversation rendered her one of the most pleasing of women. Here she quaffed copious draughts from the poisonous cup of flattery; here the early simplicity of her nature was lost in the vortex of fashion; here were fostered those habits of self-indulgence which were destined ere long to bring her lofty head down upon the block of the executioner. Francis died and left her a widow at the age of nineteen. After his death, finding her residence in France rather uncomfortable, she returned to Scotland. On her return, her Scottish subjects hailed her with much satisfaction; and had she continued to guard the throne by a life of irreproachable morality, it is not at all probable that her subjects would

ever have risen in rebellion against her. Soon after her return to Scotland she married the Earl of Darnley. Being dazzled by the pleasing exterior of her new lover, she entirely forgot to look into the accomplishments of his mind. Darnley was a weak and ignorant man, violent and variable in his enterprises. She soon began to convert her admiration into disgust. There was then at her court, one David Rizzio, the son of a musician at Turin, himself a musician, whom Mary rashly took into her confidence, and bestowed on him many distinguished marks of her partiality. This enraged the jealousy of Darnley; he consulted with some lords of his party; they, in company with him went to the Queen's apartment, where they found the Countess of Argyle, Rezzio, and some others, supping with the Queen. They dragged the wretched Rizzio to an ante-chamber, where they dispatched him with fifty-six wounds, the unhappy princess continuing her lamentations while they were perpetrating the horrid act. But when informed that he was dead, she dried up her tears, and said she would weep no more, but think of revenge. She therefore concealed her resentment from Darnley, and so far imposed upon him as to regain his confidence. He being in poor health at this time, she fitted up an apartment for him in a solitary house at some distance, called the Kirk of Field, where she said he would not be disturbed by the noise and bustle attendant on the Palace of Holyrood house. Here one night, the house together with the body of Darnley was blown up. As Bothwell had a short time before been taken into the Queen's favor, suspicion fell upon him as being the perpetrator of the dreadful deed; the Queen was also suspected of being privy to it; yet this suspicion perhaps would never have shaken the throne, had she not confirmed it by her precipitate and unjustifiable marriage with Bothwell, who was a married man, but who got divorced from his wife for the purpose of marrying the Queen. But alas! how dearly, like other wicked men, did he have to pay for his crimes and his follies. The people rose in just indignation against him;—he fled to Denmark, where he became a wretched maniac and died about ten years after the murder of Darnley, a poor horror-stricken being, in a loathsome prison in Denmark. Mary being a Catholic, while most of her subjects were Presbyterians, could not escape their indignation when thought guilty of such gross crimes. An association was formed that took Mary prisoner. She was confined in the Castle of Lochleven, where she suffered much from the severity of her keeper, and the upbraidings of her own guilty conscience. But even in a gloomy prison, her charms and her promises had such power over a young man by the name of George Douglass, that he contrived her escape. The news of her enlargement being spread abroad, a party of six thousand men were rallied to her standard, and then was fought the fatal battle of Langside, which forever decided the fate of Mary. Being completely defeated, the only hope that remained of saving her life, was, to make her escape into England. But Elizabeth had ever looked on Mary as a formidable rival, and was by no means disposed to befriend her. After keeping her a prisoner in suspense between hope and fear for the space of nineteen years, she signed a warrant for her execution, and Mary was beheaded in the forty-fifth year of her age, 1587.

Historians generally agree that Mary, Queen of Scots, was not amenable to the laws of England; and that the part which Elizabeth acted towards Mary, being a fugitive Queen, who had fled to her for protection, was both cruel and unlawful. Yet we know not but that Elizabeth was an instrument in the hand of a just God, who will by no means spare the guilty, of executing upon Mary, that sentence which she certainly deserved, if she were accessory to the murder of her husband. Let no one think he can commit sin and not be brought into judgment, for his sin will surely find him out sooner or later, and unless repented of will rise up in judgment against him and call down the vengeance of a holy God, who will not look on sin with the least allowance.

Carlisle, Sept., 1842.

THE
LADY'S PEARL;

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

MORAL, ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE LITERATURE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

STEEL, COPPER AND WOOD ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC.

EDITED BY
REV. DANIEL WISE.

VOLUME III.

LOWELL:
P. D. & T. S. EDMANDS.
(Stearns & Taylor, Printers, corner Central and Hard streets.)
1843.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE LADY'S PEARL.

The Lady's Pearl is very much improved in appearance, and from the pure and elevated character given to its articles, it is likely to become quite popular. It is accompanied with steel and other engravings.—(*Boston Atlas*).

It is the most attractive dollar work issued. The contents are original, by some excellent writers, and of a purely moral and elevated character.—*Daily Mail*.

It is now one of the cheapest monthlies published in the country.—*Zion's Herald*.

We have received this interesting periodical, edited by Rev. Daniel Wise, formerly of this town, and published in Lowell, (Mass.) at the low price of one dollar per ann. The contents are of a high literary caste, emanating from some of the first writers in the country, and of an entertaining and moral character. The talents and judgment of its editor are a sufficient guarantee that this work will be acceptable to all who may chance to be its patrons.—*Quincy Patriot*.

We have not much sympathy, and are far from recommending indiscriminately, some of the magazines of the day devoted to merely entertaining literature. We have reason to think, however, that the Lady's Pearl is free from all that makes some of the works of the like character exceptionable. It contains articles furnished by T. S. Arthur, Mrs. C. Orne, Mrs. J. E. Locke, Rev. L. Porter, C. W. Denison and Daniel Wise, and is embellished with steel, copper and wood engravings.—*Emancipator*.

The Pearl is now, not only one of the handsomest, but the cheapest magazine in the U. S. The articles are written by some of the best writers in the country, and who, we consider, at a very low price, together with the beautiful embellishments with which it is adorned, we predict that it will attain a circulation but little, if any, inferior to the most celebrated magazines in our land. To our country subscribers we would especially recommend this beautiful magazine.—*Lowell Courier*.

It is conducted with taste and ability, and contains many original articles by eminent authors, with embellishments, &c.—*Mercantile Journal*.

It is a work which every family ought to have, and is very cheap.—*N. Bedford Arrs*.

This magazine is devoted to moral, entertaining and instructive literature, and embellished with steel, copper and wood engravings, and original music, at but \$1 per year. Its appearance is very attractive, and there are several excellent writers among its contributors.—*Evening Transcript*.

Having examined with great interest, this monthly publication, I hesitate not to pronounce it one of the cheapest, and best, and most neatly executed periodicals offered to the reading community. It contains a great variety of original articles—short, full of rich thought, presented in a chaste and lively dress. It is decidedly moral and elevating in its character. Its engravings are superior for the price. From the well-known reputation of its editor, the patrons of the Pearl may confidently expect that it will be among the first magazines of the age—a monthly feast to its readers.—*Rev. Schuyler Hoes*.

This monthly forms a volume of three hundred pages of light reading, characterized by the strictest moral purity.—*Boston Recorder*.

We cheerfully recommend the Pearl as "worthy the patronage of christian women, and of the companionship of the intelligent and refined daughters of education."—*Lowell Advertiser*.



St. Martin's Lane, London.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

JANUARY, 1843.

Original.

AS GOOD AS ANY BODY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HUMBLE to her! O no, indeed! I am as good as she is, any day."

"The best are they who act the wisest, Margaret," was the calm, but earnest reply of Mrs. Wheatly

"I cannot say that I understand what you mean by that remark," the young lady said.

"You say that you are as good as Mary, Clarence. If so, your goodness will show itself in external acts that indicate a higher measure of wisdom than Mary possesses. Here is a criterion by which to prove yourself. You are either better than Mary, or she is better than you, and it shall be to you a matter of no ordinary interest to ascertain, if possible, which has the pre-eminence."

"You talk strangely, Mrs. Wheatly," Margaret Embury said, looking into the face of her friend with something of surprise on her countenance. "I don't see but that I am as good as any body. I've come of as good family, I know, as Mary Clarence, or any body else."

"Your parents, Margaret," replied Mrs. Wheatly, "were excellent persons, and highly esteemed. I knew them well, and always looked upon them as my most valued friends. But, what they were, adds nothing to your worth. You are only to be valued by what you are. And as there are relative degrees of goodness, you must as necessarily fall below some as rise above others. But what do you mean by goodness, in the sense in which you use it? It would be well to understand that."

"I don't know, Mrs. Wheatly, that I can explain my meaning fully," Margaret said, in a tone somewhat changed and more subdued. "I meant, that I was as good by nature as she was. That we were equals, and that, therefore, there was no reason why I should put myself in a position beneath her, or permit her to assume a position of superiority."

"And it seemed to your mind, that, by going to her, confessing your fault, and seeking reconciliation, you would be acknowledging that you were beneath her? Or, would, in other words, be humbling yourself to her?"

"Certainly it did; and does now."

"As I view things, Margaret," Mrs. Wheatly replied, "you would, in that case, have been elevating yourself."

"I cannot understand how that could possibly be, Mrs. Wheatly."

"In the effort to enable you to see this, then, let me first direct your mind to the emphatic declaration of the Lord when on earth—'Blessed are the peace makers!' He did not say that they were debased or humbled—but 'blessed.' To be a peace maker in the eyes of Him who made us, and whose infinite goodness and wisdom enables Him to see all that is good and wise in his creatures, is to be elevated and blessed, instead of being debased and made unhappy. And in his example, how much of unbounded goodness was manifested. Think of what he did to reconcile us unto himself, and elevate us from a position in which we hated Him and despised and set at naught his precepts. Suppose He had left us to come to him. Suppose he had said, 'Let them come to me—I have done nothing.' Where would we now have been? And, surely, if in thus seeking us out, he did not violate the divine goodness of his character, how can we violate the good that we think to be in us, by imitating his example?"

"But there is one great difference in the cases," Margaret said, who had been listening attentively.

"In what does that difference consist, Margaret?"

"It consists in this. In the Lord's coming upon earth, for the purpose of redeeming his creatures, he stood in the light of a faultless being seeking to reconcile to himself, beings who were fallen, debased, and guilty of having grossly offended him. He was not humbling himself and putting himself below them, but actually bringing them up to himself."

"Well?"

"My case, as regards Mary, is very different. We are both to blame—and our condition is equal. The question then is, who shall first humble to the other? or in other words, let the other triumph over her?"

"You put the case in a false light, Margaret."

"I don't think so."

"I will try and make it apparent," Mrs. Wheatly said, in her mild way. "The question, as I view it, should rather be this. Which shall first triumph over the evil in herself? Which shall first put away from her own mind that which prevents a reconciliation? Cannot you see it in this light?"

"Not clearly."

"Then it is because you have permitted something evil and selfish to obscure your mind. But is there not at least the appearance of some truth in what I have just said?"

"O yes. But it is only a glimmering of truth."

"Look at that feeble, glimmering light more steadily, Margaret, and, at the same time, let any idea of your own individual consequence recede from your mind. In doing so, I trust that you will be enabled to see the truth more clearly. Now, try and put yourself in Mary's place, and imagine how you would feel and act under the circumstances. You have said some unkind words to her—think how they must cause her to feel something of indignation towards you; and do not blame her for such feelings any more than you blame yourself for the same. And do not require of her any more than you are willing to do yourself, for this would be injustice. Now, you require that she should first come and acknowledge her fault to you, although you confess yourself equally to blame. If it is not really wrong for her to do this—it cannot be wrong for you to do the same. And, certainly, you would not require her to do a thing that you refuse to do, because it is wrong?"

"I ought not to do so, certainly."

"And yet you are doing so; and endeavoring, by false reasonings, to convince yourself that you are acting right. Now, as I view things, Margaret, it is truly magnanimous to confess a fault. You would think it so in another, I am sure, if another who had sinned against you, were to come and tell you her fault. Would you not?"

"Perhaps I would."

"Try then and separate your own pride of individual consequence altogether from the question that now occupies your mind, and endeavor to look at it in the light of abstract good. You have always liked Mary, have you not?"

"Always.—Even better than any of my young friends."

"And because there is a misunderstanding between you—because an unkind word has been spoken by one, and repeated by the other, your pleasant intercourse is interrupted."

"Yes. But she spoke the first unkind word."

"Very well. And you spoke the second. So you stand on equal grounds."

"Not exactly. She provoked me to speak unkindly to her."

"How?"

"By first uttering an unkind word."

"But why did she utter that unkind word?"

"Because she thought I had done something that I had not done."

"That was the reason, then?"

"Yes, that was the only reason."

"Because she *thought* that you had done something that you had not done?"

"Yes."

"Then she really thought that she had cause to be offended?"

"O yes."

"And you knew that she had no cause?"

"Certainly I do."

"And yet, instead of endeavoring to show her that she was mistaken, you flung back the offence into her face. Now, Margaret, were you not as much, and even more to blame than she?"

To this question the young lady was silent, and her friend proceeded.

"Notwithstanding all this, you fall back upon the idea that you are as good as she, or any body else, and, therefore, will not humble yourself to her—will not go to her and tell her that she was mistaken in what she had attributed to you, and thus seek to bring about a reconciliation. Do you not believe, that if you were to call and see her, and say to her that she had misinterpreted the act that offended her, she would instantly apologize for what she said?"

"I am sure she would."

"Then why not do so simple and easy an act, when results so desirable will flow from it?"

"It is very easy to ask that question, Mrs. Wheatley," Margaret said, "and seems very easy to do all you propose. But I cannot see why Mary, who, upon reflection, must be convinced that she misunderstood me, cannot come to me and seek explanation. Why do you insist upon my going to her?"

"Because I can make freer with you, in the first place, and in the second, because I think such an act would give you a power over yourself for good, which you have never yet had. A right action, if deliberately done from a conviction that it is right, even in opposition to our feelings, brings us into a new and better state of mind, in which we can see truth more clearly. In fact, elevates us, and gives us a broader view of our true relation to society."

To this Margaret did not reply. And Mrs. Wheatley, after the pause of a few moments, proceeded.

"The manner in which you have used the words—'as good as any body,' convinces me that your views in relation to goodness, are altogether perverted. A certain theological writer, in speaking of heaven says—that the angels never reflect upon their

own goodness, never value themselves upon it, but do good to others from a love of benefitting them, while love flows into their minds from the Lord. Now the fact that you reflect upon yourself, and estimate yourself as being as good as other people, and in fact, if the truth were known, of being a little better than other people, shows that you are really not in good; but evil—for that which is truly good seeks to benefit others, while its opposite, or evil, seeks to benefit and gratify only selfish feelings. Besides, as all good is from the Lord, who is the infinite source of all that is good, the very fact of your valuing yourself upon your own supposed goodness, shows that you are either willing to appropriate to yourself as your own what does not really belong to you, or that you are calling that good which is in its very nature evil. The Lord, we are told, is kind to the unthankful. He maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust. If his nature be goodness itself, and wisdom itself, then to act in a way opposite to that in which he acts, cannot be either wise or good. Does not this seem like a rational conclusion, Margaret?"

"That it does seem rational, Mrs. Wheatly, I cannot deny. And more, I should be very glad if I could act from so pure and unselfish a motive as you present; but my nature all rises up against it, and opposes it."

"Then that nature which opposes good must be evil. Is not that a legitimate conclusion?"

"That it is, I cannot deny."

"And does it not follow, then, that you have been building self-esteem and self-consequence upon an evil foundation?"

"I suppose it does."

"Then why not endeavor to put all these false and evil principles away, and act from the divine principle of forgiveness. Surely it is a far higher and nobler principle."

"I confess, that I now see it to be so. But I am pained to find within myself a strong repugnance to acting up to what now seems right in the clear light of rationality."

"Perhaps if I explain to you the true nature of your present state of mind, you may be able to see which is your only course of action, and be induced resolutely to set your feet in the right path, and press onward without once looking back. I want you now to pay particular attention to what I say, and if you do not clearly comprehend me, to say so. In the first place, we have two faculties of mind, a will and an understanding. The first embraces all that we desire or love—the second all that we think—or in other words, the first has reference to the affections, the other to the thoughts."

"I cannot say that I do, perfectly, though I can imperfectly."

"You are conscious, are you not, that, in regard to your action, you first desire, or will to do a thing, and afterwards think about how you shall do it?"

"O yes."

"Well, the first action of the mind was from the will, the second from the understanding. It is the understanding that sees the truth, and the will that apprehends good—for all truth has reference to the understanding or thought, and all good to the will or affection."

* We do not concur with Mr. Arthur in his opinion that the affections and will are blended in the mental constitution as described in this conversation. With all deference to its author, we hold fast to the more philosophical division of the mind into the *intellect*, the *sensibilities*, and the *will*. In this we are supported by the following paragraph from Upham's *Mental Philosophy*: "Whatever truly and appropriately belongs to the intellect has something peculiar and characteristic of it which shuts it out from the domain of the sensibilities; and whatever has the nature of a volition has a position apart, both from the intellectual and the sentient."—[Ed.]

"I begin to understand you."

"Well. As the will has specific reference to the love or affection of man, it is from the will that man acts, and the understanding that furnishes the means of action. Naturally, our will is perverted, by hereditary evil. Originally we loved only that which was good, but now we are inclined only to evil. Originally, the understanding saw truth even as the will desired good, and the truth of the understanding and the good of the will acted as one. Now, the will loves that which is selfish and evil, and the understanding, by false reason, confirms the love of man in its evil, as you have been confirming yourself in your actions towards Mary. But, in the Divine economy, it has been provided that the understanding may be elevated into the light of Heaven, and thus see truth; and when truth is thus seen, as you have been enabled to see it in the present instance, it is provided that man may, if he will, compel himself to act right. And it is by such a process that the evil will is regenerated, and elevated so as, in the end, to love good, and to act in unity with the understanding that perceives truth. This process, you will see, is not an easy one. But, surely, the end to be attained is worth all the effort it will require. Do you really comprehend what I have said, Margaret?"

"I think that I do. But it seems impossible, that, by simply struggling to act from what my understanding sees to be right, my will should be so changed as to love good, where it before loved evil."

"The Lord has told us," Mrs. Wheatly said, "to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Is it not plain, from this, that if we do as he has commanded us, that he will provide for the rest. That, if we cease to do evil, we shall most certainly learn to do well. We know also, that any evil that is indulged, grows stronger—of course, if opposed it will grow weaker. We know, also, that the love of our Heavenly Father towards us is unbounded, and that, therefore, all that keeps us away from him, is the indulgence in such things as are opposed to the infinite goodness of his nature. Let us only, then, try to shun all evil desires, and omit all evil actions as sins against him, and he will draw nigh unto us, and flow into our good desires, and fill them with a power to oppose evil, that will be all prevailing."

"I think that I see it all clear enough now," Margaret said, in a serious tone. "And I see it to be plainly my duty to go to Mary, and seek a reconciliation. I see also, that I have, in me, evils enough to humble all the selfish pride that has kept me away from her."

"Act then, Margaret, from your understanding of truth. Compel yourself to do so, if necessary, and your reward will be tenfold in a happy consciousness of having done right."

At the time that this conversation was going on, Mary Clarence was sitting, in her own room above, and in tears. Bitterly had she repented the hasty and unkind words, and bitterly did she reproach herself for having used them. While thus musing, in a repentant mood, over the event just alluded to, a young friend called in to see her.

"You are certainly not fretting yourself over that little misunderstanding of yours with Margaret Embury," she said, as soon as she was seated.

"I must confess that it troubles me a good deal," was the reply.

"Well, I would n't let it trouble me, I know. It was all her fault. Any how, she is a most provoking kind of a girl, and I never did like her."

"I think differently," was Mary's reply. "I think that it was all my fault. I do not believe, now, that she had the least idea of hurting my feelings when I permitted myself to get angry with and speak unkind words to her. Nor can I blame her for being offended at my conduct."

"Now, I think just the other way, Mary. I saw what she did, and heard what she said, and I thought then, as I think now, that she meant to insult you, as she did. I never had any patience with her in my life. She thinks herself a great deal better than any body else, and, therefore, has not the least regard for other people's feelings."

"I am sure I cannot tell whether she so esteems herself or not," Mary replied. "I have seen nothing in her conduct to make me think that she does. But even suppose that she were thus self-conceited, that would not alter the nature of my act; for I felt unkindly, and therefore spoke unkindly."

"Well, you can do as you please, Mary, but I know what I would do were I in your place."

"What would you do?" asked Mary.

"Why, I would never have any thing more to do with her as long as I lived."

"So far from that," replied Mary Clarence, "I have pretty well made up my mind to go and see Margaret, and confess to her my fault."

"Why, Mary! I am astonished at you! You are as good as she is, and not half so much to blame. Let her come to you, if she wants to be reconciled."

"But I do not know that she will come to me."

"Then let her stay away. But don't demean yourself so much as to apologize to her, when she should apologize to you."

But no appeals to her self-love, no false reasonings, could cloud or pervert Mary's clear sense of duty. She not only saw that she had been wrong, but she felt that she had done wrong, and the pain of mind occasioned by this consciousness, quickened her resolution to make an early movement towards a reconciliation.

It was about an hour after her false friend had retired, that Mary Clarence commenced dressing herself to go out.

"The quicker a right action is done the better," she said herself, as she fully made up her mind to go and see Margaret Embury. "I must see Margaret, and the sooner the better. But how will she receive me?"

This question caused her to pause, and stand, for some moments, in deep abstraction of mind. At length she said, half aloud,

"With that I have nothing to do now. Let me do my duty, and leave the result to the wise Disposer of events."

She then proceeded calmly to the completion of her arrangements for going out. As she entered the parlor, dressed for her visit, she heard the bell ring.

"Some visitor," she said, laying off her bonnet, and seating herself to await the entrance of any one who might be announced.

"Is Mary in?" she heard a familiar voice ask, as the servant opened the door. But familiar as it was, she could not, at the moment, tell to whom it belonged.

In a moment or two after, the parlor door was opened, and Margaret Embury came in with a hesitating step.

"O, Margaret! Is it you?" exclaimed Mary, springing forward and seizing her hand. "How glad I am to see you! Just as you rung the bell, I came down dressed to go and see you, and ask you to forgive me for what I said to you yesterday."

As it may be supposed, the struggle with Margaret had been a severe one. At every step in her preparation to come and see Mary, did her pride oppose her, and obscure her perceptions of duty. But she resolutely persevered in acting out the principle of opposing what was evil in herself. In so doing, her feelings were, of course, a good deal excited. When she rung the bell at the door of her estranged friend, her hand trembled exceedingly. She did not know how she would be received. Perhaps a cold repulse would meet her conscientious overtures for a reconciliation. Thus she thought—thus she felt as she came into the presence of Mary Clarence. How differ-

ent the reception from any thing she had ever dared to hope! It melted her down; the tears gushed from her eyes, as she grasped the hand of her friend, and she could only murmur—

“Let me be forgiven, as I, from my very heart, forgive you.”

From that hour their friendship was sealed—sealed in the bond of self-sacrificing principle. From that hour, in which good triumphed over evil, the character of both took a higher tone, and Margaret, especially, was enabled to see clearly, and to act from the perception, that she was only better than others in just so far as she preferred others to herself. And after awhile she was able to see and acknowledge the still higher truth, that no good which she felt or did, was her own, but the Lord's, and that, if for good action there was any glory, that glory belonged to Him, who was the Fountain of all good and truth.

Original.

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

THOU radiant sun, O hasten away,
That I may be weaving my vestments grey—
The brilliant west waits the gates to unfold,
Where thy couch is spread ready with purple and gold.

The green vine has drooped 'neath thy dazzling eye,
And thy beams they have faded the rose's dye;
Already it folds its fair leaves for the dew,
Which I, from my starry wings silently strew.

I come to awaken the cool, rustling gale,
That has slumbered all day in the flowery vale,
And send it abroad all balmy and free,
To swell the white sail on the dark, azure sea.

I sigh for the nightingale's soft song of love,
Floating sweetly and clear through the shadowy grove,
And I pine to repose in my favorite bower,
Where breathes forth its perfume, each night-blooming flower.

I long to look up to the stars in the sky,
That timid retire at the glance of thine eye,—
To behold in its brightness, the moon's holy beam,
Sleep quiet and calm on the broad silver stream.

Where wave the dark boughs of the greenwood tree,
With bosoms all mirth and faces all glee,
Already have gathered my sweet little fays,
To dance in the light of her tremulous rays.

The captive in the far-away stranger land,
Sighs to see me wave my dark, shadowy wand,
That his unchained spirit in dreams may roam,
And revisit the scenes of his beautiful home.

That he may sit at his door in the sunset time,
Where entwining the rose and the woodbine climb,
And behold on the lawn his children at play,
And list their sweet laughter so free and so gay.

Then hasten away, thou radiant sun,
That I may be weaving my vestments dun,—
The brilliant west waits its glows to unfold,
Where thy couch is spread ready with purple and gold.

Selected.

THRILLING SCENE IN A SWISS COTTAGE.

MONTAUBAN, March 21, 1842.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, I returned home, fatigued with the visit I had made to a school in my parish, when I met at my door the physician, Dr. B., who had come hastily back to the city. I asked him if he had been called to any of my parishioners.

"Yes," said he; "I wish to tell you that your consolations are greatly needed in the house of Abraham P."

"But how so?" I replied; "I saw Abraham P. well a few days ago. Is his niece Henrietta sick, that sprightly, agreeable girl? Alas, youth is no security against disease and death."

"No, Mr. Pastor, Henrietta is not sick, but her mother, the sister of Abraham P. It seems that this woman, long separated from her brother, returned to his house, and I believe the brother is displeased with her coming. She is in a hopeless state of disease: she has a cancer in the stomach—a frequent disease among women subject to strong emotions. The journey has increased the evil; I left the sick woman in almost an agony, and now it is your ministry that her state needs; for myself, I can do no more. Further I suspect, sir, there is some frightful mystery connected with this sickness. When I arrived, the sick person was groaning upon her bed of pain; her daughter Henrietta, was crying in the kitchen by the side of her uncle Abraham, who, seated before the fire, seemed roughly to repel the tears and supplications of the poor child. He rose quickly on my entrance, and followed me in silence to the door of the chamber where the sick person lay; he did not say a single word during my whole visit; and the dying woman seemed to feel a convulsive shudder, every time she met the severe and contemptuous look of her brother. I do not understand it, and I am surprised to find such things in a peasant's house."

"Doctor," I replied, "I do not share your surprise; for myself, I am deeply affected at the sick bed of the poor oftener than in the sumptuous house of the rich man; for the rich man tries to the last to maintain that respect for worldly decorum which restrains the expression of his dying thoughts, his hopes and fears in his last agony. But good-by; it is late, and I must hasten; it is a mile and half to Abraham P.'s house, and the weather is bad."

We separated. Soon I climbed the hill behind which lay the house I was to visit. It was in the month of January. Large flakes of snow fell lightly upon the ground, and from time to time the cold wind blew up the folds of my cloak. Night approached.

It was one of those days which create gloom. By a sort of instinct of the soul, I

had, without being able to tell the reason, an anxiety of mind which made me anticipate something unpleasant. I met no one in the road. No noise in the fields; no singing birds; life seemed everywhere extinct. When I was at the top of the hill the wind became more violent, and blew in my face like ice. My walk was a continual struggle. I could see nothing two steps before me. Suddenly, near the top of the hill, a man's voice was heard through the snow-storm. "Good day, good day! Oh, it is you, Mr. Pastor. I was just going to the city, when little Henrietta at Abraham P.'s requested me to call upon you as I passed, and beg you to come and see them, for they are very unhappy."

I reached at length the door of the cottage, and shaking off the snow from my cloak, entered.

The noise of the door which I opened was not heard in the house, but was drowned by the howling of the tempest without, and within by the voice of the man uttering loud threats and reproaches. I stopped a moment, in order not to break in upon this painful scene, of which I knew not the cause. I heard also the sobs and groans of the young girl; but the man's voice rose louder and louder in threats and rage. Every word came distinctly to my ear; it was Abraham P., who was heaping upon his sister the weight of his anger.

He said to her: "Miserable woman, do you know that this house into which you have brought the Divine vengeance, was witness of the virtues of our father and mother, whose name you are unworthy to bear? Do you know, wretched girl, that here they died; exhibiting, till their last sigh, grief for having given birth to such a depraved creature as you? Ah, at the moment of their death, they were still ready to have pardoned you, if only, besotted woman, you had returned to them with tears of penitence. But no, no; you knew they were about to die; and you did not abandon your shameful life to come to them and ask their forgiveness. They might have expired at your door, and at that very moment you would have refused to leave your infamous pleasures to help them. Why have you come here? Why have you come to bring disgrace and ruin into the house of those who were your parents, and upon the head of this young girl, your own daughter, whom I vainly wished to snatch from infamy? Oh, there is an Avenger in heaven. Go, listen—listen only to the voice of the Avenger. How he seems to shake the roof of the cottage, because I have received you under it."

To these frightful words a silence of a minute or two succeeded, during which the wind, as if to accomplish the wicked threats of her angry brother, shook the walls of the old house. All at once a piercing, agonizing cry drowned the tempest, and chilled me with horror. I rushed into the chamber whence the cry issued.

Never, never shall I forget this scene which exceeded all that imagination could conceive. Ah, truth has horrors unknown to the writers of romance. A dim lamp lighted the chamber. A woman, with arms extended, her eyes fixed and wild, her body half erect, seemed ready to jump out of the bed. Young Henrietta lay prostrate, her head upon the ground, and grasped with both hands one of the bed posts. Abraham P., who was standing, had retreated a few steps, at my sudden entrance into the chamber. He was ashamed of himself, disturbed at my presence, alarmed at what he had done, and what might happen. For he was not a bad man; but the scandalous acts of his sister had soured his mind: the consequence was frequent violent disputes, and at this moment, driven to extremities by the presence of his sister and by the recollection of her ill conduct towards their parents, he had uttered the harsh words I heard on my arrival. It is well known that domestic quarrels produce deep and durable hatreds among our peasantry, who think all the world of their family interests and incidents.

Abraham P. was alone conscious of my presence; the young girl seemed lifeless; and the sick woman, in the excess of her grief and terror, occasioned by the frightful threats of her brother, could see nothing, hear nothing, though her eyes were open and seemed even intently gazing upon, some horrible scene which could only be seen by the eye of heaven.

I approached without speaking. My form, movements, nothing attracted the attention of the sick person. She kept the same posture, the same motionless attitude, as if she had been suddenly struck by lightning! I kept behind her, in order to prevent her falling, when the nervous fit should be over. The deep silence which succeeded, the expectation of an approaching and dreadful change chilled my frame even more than the north wind on the hill. But soon the consciousness of my situation, and the thought of my duties roused me. I recollected that I had to fulfil the ministry of peace and reconciliation for the unhappy people. God gave me strength and courage to perform my duty.

Gradually the nerves of the sick woman relaxed, a convulsive trembling seized her; she fell almost lifeless in my arms. Abraham P. had hid his face in his hands, believing that his sister's last moments had come; remorse doubtless stung his bosom; he felt that he had killed her. I thought too that she had expired. No sign of breathing appeared in the sick woman; her eyes were shut, and her countenance was of a livid paleness. Was not this death?

No, thank God, the wretched woman still lived. I held one of her hands in mine, and I felt, after a few moments, a faint pulse. I leaned near her ear, and I said to her in a low voice, the words of the Lord: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

At these words, young Henrietta raised herself, and took me by the hand with a supplicating gesture; I showed her in silence she had nothing to do but to pray. The sick person, who had doubtless heard my words, slowly lifted her eye-lids, closed them, then opened her eyes again, and gradually her countenance expressed returning reason.

"Doctor," she whispered, (for she thought I was the physician,) "heal me; oh! I beseech you, heal me."

"I am not the doctor," I replied mildly; "I am the minister of Him who doth not wish the death of a sinner, but his conversion and life."

"No, no," she cried with feverish earnestness, "I must be healed; I am too great a sinner; I wish my life to be prolonged that I may atone for my past sins. Oh! I conjure you," she continued in a heart-rending tone, "you do know something that will cure me, don't you? Henrietta, my child, go, look in my clothes: is there not a little money to buy some medicine? Cursed money! no, I am cursed!"

I was going to speak; but with new force, reaching out her hands with difficulty, she exclaimed, "Heal me, heal me, doctor; by and by I will listen to the pastor; but now, a remedy—oh, a remedy!"

She fell back upon her pillow, and uttered deep groans; it seemed that she felt at this moment that her cries were in vain, and that death was near.

I was moved with pity for the unhappy woman, and I desired with all my heart to impart peace to her soul. I availed myself of this lucid interval to speak to the sick person in as strong and encouraging terms as possible, of the uselessness of such wishes as she expressed to be healed. I tried to make her understand that she must seek immediately and ask God a new spirit, a new heart, a new life, a new hope. The Lord deigned to bless me at this solemn hour, and to put into my mouth words full of power and love. I unfolded to the dying woman the secrets of a life to come, the as-

assurance of God's forgiveness in Christ for the penitent soul. I related to her the history of Mary Magdalene, and the victory of the Saviour over death and sin. I prayed with her. My heart was filled with compassion: I felt that the Father of mercies was with me, and the holy religion of Christ crucified appeared to me in a totally new view; it was like the rising sun which scatters the darkness before his face.

While I spoke, the sick woman, long motionless, made an effort, but in vain, to support herself upon her elbow. She looked at me and raised her eyes to heaven. From time to time she repeated in a low voice, as if speaking to herself: "Is it possible! my God, is it possible! Oh! if those who plunged me into ruin knew this! if they understood these things while there is time!" But all at once in seeking for mine, her eye caught that of her brother. Then, it seemed that every salutary impulse was lost. Anxiety, distraction of mind, despair, were again depicted in her face; she relapsed into delirium.

I felt as if my heart would break, and God inspired me with a good thought. I took Abraham P. by the hand, and said to him: "Will you be less merciful than He from whom alone we can expect mercy?"

The poor man was overcome; he suffered himself to be led to his sister; he touched her saying: "May God forgive thee as I forgive thee!" And he burst into tears.

I looked for the daughter, and led her to her mother. Henrietta embraced her, shedding floods of tears, and said to her, "My mother, my mother, God will forgive thee."

Her brother's forgiveness, and the words of the young girl produced the liveliest impression upon the sick person, and she seemed to understand that God would pardon her. "It is true!" she said, reaching her hand to her daughter; "it is then true!" and her face beamed with a heavenly expression. She was no more a degraded and polluted woman; she was changed in a moment. She did not speak again. Her eyes turned upwards, were gradually quenched in death. The last struggle lasted about an hour, and when she expired, the same smile of joy and hope played still upon her livid lips.

When I left the cottage of Abraham P., it was ten o'clock at night. The sky had become serene, innumerable stars twinkled in the firmament, and I gave thanks to God from the bottom of my heart. Accept, &c. [*N. Y. Observer.*]

Original.

JOAN OF ARC.

THIS unfortunate girl, or heroine, which ever the reader chooses to call her, was a native of the little hamlet of Domremi, on the border of Lorraine, in France. Her father was a peasant: her early life was spent in the unfeminine employment of ostler at a country inn. But though of humble occupation she was handsome in person, and what is yet a far higher commendation, of spotless reputation.

While engaged in these humiliating duties her heart beat high with intense desire to benefit her country. France was then in a state of vassalage to England. The rampant lion careered proudly over the fleur-de-luce on the ramparts of Paris, and of many a fair town beside. Touched with the woes of her country, the ardent maid suffered her imagination to be fired with the idea of effecting its deliverance. By night and by day the deliverance of France from its English invaders was the theme

of her meditations : until it became the firm conviction of her breast that she was the destined instrument of Heaven to accomplish its redemption.

Animated by this conviction, she sought an interview with the young French king. After surmounting many obstacles, she succeeded in gaining the royal presence. There, her earnestness, her enthusiasm, and probably the hope, that some favorable effect might be produced by her agency, conspired to gain the approbation of the Court. With all due solemnity her claims to a divine mission were laid before an ecclesiastical tribunal. That grave body declared in her favor ; hope lit up the bosom of despairing France, and Joan was hailed as the favored messenger of Heaven, sent to aid the nation in its extremity.

She had offered to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the King to Rheims, to be crowned in solemn triumph ; exploits that seemed alike visionary and improbable, since Orleans was reduced to the utmost distress by a large army of English, and Rheims was held by English troops in the midst of a country under the same jurisdiction.

Armed cap-a-pie, mounted on a fiery war charger, with a consecrated banner in her hand, on which the Supreme Being was represented grasping the earth, and surrounded with fleur-de-luces, Joan appeared at the head of the French troops. A general enthusiasm took possession of her army, a universal panic robbed her British opponents of their courage—the siege was raised, Orleans was delivered.

Nothing could exceed the rapture of the French at this unexpected change in their prospects. Nothing was talked of through the nation but the 'Maid of Orleans,' who, from being the unknown maid of a village inn, was thus suddenly elevated to the highest place in a nation's esteem, and to companionship with the proudest nobility of a chivalrous and brave nation.

The journey of Charles to Rheims was more like the triumphal progress of a popular monarch in time of peace, than like the march of one, who a few weeks before trembled for his crown. The dispirited English made no resistance ; the loyalty of the French broke out in enthusiastic acts and expressions of devotion to their monarch ; the towns on the route opened their gates to receive him, and the people of Rheims sent their keys forward to beg his acceptance of this token of their subjection.

It was a proud day for Joan, when the royal party gathered in the magnificent Cathedral of Rheims.

"The Chivalry of France their proud heads bowing

In martial vassalage ! while midst that ring

And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king

Received his birthright's crown. * * *

* * * But who, alone

And unapproached, beside the altar stone,

With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,

And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood ? * * *

* * * That slight form !

Was that the leader through the battle storm ?

Had the soft light in that adoring eye

Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high ?

'T was so, even so ! and thou the shepherd's child,

Joanne, the lowly dresmer of the wild !

Never before, and never since that hour

Hath woman mantled with victorious power,

Stood forth as thou beside the shrine didst stand,

Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,

And beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown
Ransomed for France by thee."

The coronation day of Charles at Rheims was the last of Joan's triumphs. She should have retired from the battle field after that event. She wished to leave the destinies of France in the hands of their natural protectors, but the generals of the Royal army would not consent. She again took the field, and successfully threw herself into the besieged town of Compeigne. The next day she headed a sortie, was forsaken by her troops in a fierce struggle, and fell a noble prey into the hands of the English.

Henceforth the star of the Maid of Orleans was buried in a night of misfortune. An Ecclesiastical Court pronounced her guilty of blasphemy, magic and herey. She was sentenced to the stake, and on the fourteenth day of June, 1431, this remarkable woman was burned in the market place of Rouen: a fate she certainly did not merit, and the barbarity of which reflects equally upon the courage and generosity of the English murderers.

THE LAPLANDERS.

With the most limited means of enjoyment, the Laplanders are apparently the happiest people in Europe. They can never have a fixed home, around which they may gather the comforts of life. They have no gardens, no grain, no fruits, not even in their long glaring summer—which is almost an incessant day, are they blessed with the sight of a richly verdant landscape. Their barren soil and ungenial climate, alternating between the dreary winter prospects of unlimited snow fields, and the scanty sameness of the arid summer, forbid all this. Yet no people, not even the Swiss, love their native land so ardently as these poor step-children of nature. They live in tents, summer and winter, and—except fish—the reindeer furnishes their whole subsistence. It gives them food, raiment and dwellings, and forms their only wealth and pride. Some Lapps have as many as two thousand of these useful animals. They live chiefly on moss, and when they have exhausted the supply in their neighborhood, they snuff up the wind, and start off in search of fresh pasturage. The owners have nothing to do but to strike their tents, pack up their goods and their little ones, and follow them. In this way they lead about their patient, good natured masters, at all seasons, sometimes remaining six or eight weeks in one spot, and sometimes not as many days. Having so little to occupy and entertain them in their way of life, the Lapps are driven to domestic habits, and their family attachments, like their national predilections, are tender and strong. They speak with a kind of fond pride of the northern lights that illumine the darkness of their polar winter, of the perpetual day that brightens their summer, and of the fleetness and sagacity of their matchless reindeer.

One of their greatest pleasures is story telling. A large circle will collect in a tent, half buried, perhaps, in the winter's snow, and seated on skins spread on the ground, each of the ring, in turn, relates an adventure, a legend, or a historical event. In this way they receive and impart much curious information, and become more intelligent than one would suppose, from the appearance of their rude camps and uncouth dresses. This community of tastes, interests and amusements, strengthens in a wonderful degree their social feelings. Nothing can detach a Lapp from his family, and they pine if even for a short time they are kept from their beloved encampment.

A noble Swede, who was travelling in Lapland, wished to engage a messenger to go to a certain point on the Gulf of Bothnia and there await some papers which he expected to be forwarded at about that period to the point in question. He offered a reward about equal to ten reindeer for every week his messenger was away. This was a magnificent temptation to a poor Lapp, and an active, honest young man, who, with his father-in-law, two children and wife, lived near the then quarters of the traveller, was persuaded by the father-in-law—to whom the promised accession of wealth had peculiar charms—to undertake the journey. When he went home to communicate the proposed arrangement to his wife, the Swede—who was perfectly at home in the deer-skin winter costume and rough dialect of Lapland, went with him to sustain his resolution, and seating himself on a large stone near the tent, held himself ready to smooth down every obstacle in the way of a speedy departure. It was in February, and the journey was to be performed mostly on foot, in snow-shoes—a boat like a skate six feet long, with which a Laplander will travel 60 miles a day or more, with as much ease as an European will walk 20 on his best roads.

A true Lapp never thinks of washing himself or his clothes, therefore a change of raiment had not to be thought of, and his snow-shoes lay ready for use before him, so our messenger had but to explain the business to his pretty wife, ask her for some smoked venison, and say farewell. The old man took upon himself the explanation, and relying much on the auxiliary promises of the Swede, he called out his daughter Ralla, and told her of the proposed expedition. Ralla turned pale at the thought of four or five weeks separation from her husband, but without saying a word in reply to the brilliant offers of the Swede, turned back to the infant encased like a mummy in a bark cradle in her arms, and her child clinging to her garments.

"Do you love reindeer more than these children, Olaf?" she demanded of her husband; "if not, why do you leave us to die in your absence?"

"But he is not going to be away long," interposed the Swede; "he will be back in a few weeks with beautiful beads for your neck, and a rich silver ornament for your head."

"Do not go, Olaf," said she, "we will love you more than reindeer can, and the sight of your eyes is better than all the beads in Sweden."

The father protested, and the Swede reasoned, but Ralla turned the face of her child towards its father, and declared its spirit and hers would "follow him, and die in the tracks of his snow-shoes."

Olaf was a true and tender-hearted Laplander, and could not resist the appeal. He renounced the ambitious dream of a herd of reindeer all his own, and with many expressions of gratitude to the Swedish gentleman, declined his offer.—*Baird's travels.*

Selected.

THE ESCAPE OF THE COINERS.

THE story to which we shall now advert, has the double value of being told, we presume, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge, and of illustrating the extraordinary changes on which human life is sometimes suffered to depend. The circumstances occurred to the well known Sir Evan Nepean, when in the Home Department. The popular version of the story had been that he was warned by a vision, to save the lives of three or four men condemned to die, but reprieved, and who but for the vision, would have perished, through the Under-Secretary's neglect in forwarding the

reprieve. On Sir Evan's being subsequently asked how far this story was true, his answer was, "The narrative romances a little; but what it alludes to was the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts, as told by myself, are these: One night during his office as Under-Secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, and dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found all his attempts to sleep impossible, and from eleven till two in the morning had never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in his walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness, he opened it. The first thing that he saw appalled him: "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes;" he could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk "could not remember."

"You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan: "recollect yourself: it must have been sent."

The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan. "But have you his receipt and certificate that it has gone?"

"No."

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early."

It was then four; and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen; and they almost ran. They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country-house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary of State, at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the Post Office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning, just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we have ever heard. We shall go further even than he acknowledged, and say that, to us it bears striking evidences of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true, no ghost appears, nor any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of chances, and each of these chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost compelled to regard the whole as matter of an influence not to be attributed to man. If the first link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence, as undoubtedly fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground in the state of either body or mind, still, what could be less in the common course of things than that a man thus waking should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the Park at two in the morning? Yet, if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk round his chamber, or enjoying the cool at his window, not one of the succeeding events would have occurred, and the men must have been sacrificed. Or if, when he took his walk, he had been content of getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and re-

turned to his bed, the chain would have been broken: for, what was more out of the natural course of events than that, at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go to his office and sit down in the lonely rooms of his department, for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply from not knowing what to do with himself? Or if, when he had let himself into these solitary rooms, the book of entries had not laid on the table; (and this we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office;) or the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the Clerk of the Crown's house, and instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for even as it was, there was not a moment to spare; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole is, that the chain might have been snapped at every link, and that every link was equally important. In the calculation of the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against it; but the calculation would be prodigiously raised against the probability of the whole. If it be asked, whether a sufficient ground for his interposition is to be discovered in saving the lives of a few wretched culprits, who probably returned to their wicked trade as soon as they escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity—the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to mete out the value of a human life, however criminal in the eyes of Heaven. But there was another interest concerned, and one of evident value. If those coiners had been hung, Sir Evan Napéan could scarcely have escaped utter ruin: popular wrath would have flared out against him from one end of the country to another; he would have been charged with their murder! No man under such circumstances could have retained the office a week. We have seen a circumstance of the same nature, but of a much lighter color, drive a late chief judicial officer of London from his office in a moment. No minister could have ventured to screen him; office in England would have been shut upon him for life. He would probably have been driven to hide his head in some foreign country, even if some angry parliamentary rebuke had not broke his heart. Yet thus all who know the subsequent services of Sir Evan Napéan as Secretary of the Admiralty, during the long period of our naval glory in the revolutionary war, know that a humane, honest and intelligent man would have been lost to himself and his country. The actual neglect was the Crown Clerk's, but it would have been thrown back from the inferior on the principal, according to the manner of popular justice; and, doubtless, if Sir Evan had made the inquiry the night before, which he made in his waking hour in the morning, the reprieve would not have suffered the hazards of delay. The inadvertence, slight as it was, would have been his ruin. Here then, at least, the "*dignus vindice nodus*," the sufficient reason, the want of which was pleaded with such effect in the crowd of popular narratives, was fully furnished. We can scarcely conceive a more satisfactory ground for an interference with the course of nature.—*By Author De Vere.*

Original.

WILLIAM PENN.

Most of the noble minded men who settled the United States, took possession of their colonies with arms in their hands; ready to defend themselves if attacked. William Penn and his Quakers took words of love, and refused the armaments of war. What was the result? Fierce Indian wars disturbed the tranquillity of other colonies, but the Quakers never lost a drop of blood by Indian aggression. Such is the testimony of History to the safety of pacific measures.

William Penn's first "grand treaty" with the Indians was made under a large elm tree at Shakamaxon, near Philadelphia. "Imagine the chiefs of the savage communities, of noble shape and grave demeanor assembled in council without arms; the old men sit in a half-moon upon the ground; the middle aged are in a like figure at a little distance behind them; the young foresters form a third semi-circle in the rear. Before them stands William Penn, graceful in the summer of life, in dress scarce distinguished by a belt, surrounded by a few Friends, chiefly young men." Hear him speak! "We meet," he says, "on the broad pathway of faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

How did the simple children of the forest receive this touching appeal? They renounced their revenge; received Penn in sincerity; and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of wampum. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." They "returned to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and long afterwards in their cabins would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory and repeat to their children, or to the stranger, the words of William Penn."

Selected.

CHAPTER OF EXTRACTS.

THE MARRIAGE COVENANT.

ONE of the best illustrations of the marriage covenant which we recollect to have seen is found in a small slip of paper which has just fallen into our hands. On one side is a communication, of two lines, from a gentleman to his wife; and on the other side is another communication from the lady to her husband, containing the same number of lines. The paper is of an exceedingly fine texture; and it is impossible to destroy the writing on one side, without destroying that on the other. They cannot be divorced.—*Dr. Luckey.*

BEAUTY.

LET me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile;

let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or the flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever-enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

RELIGIOUS WISDOM.

If there was no life after this, and we had no expectation beyond this world, the wisest thing we could do would be to enjoy as much of the present contentment of this world as we could make ourselves masters of. But if we be designed for immortality, and shall be unspeakably happy or intolerably miserable in another world, according as we demeaned ourselves in this life; then certainly it is reasonable that we should take the greatest care of the longest duration, and be content to dispense with some present conveniences for an eternal felicity, and be willing to labor and take pains for a little while that we may be happy forever. And this is accounted prudence in the account of the wisest men to part with a little in present for a far greater future advantage.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

Original.

BENEVOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

HEAVEN has a virgin daughter whose very name is a talisman; the light of her countenance is as the sunshine, and whose tears are like the magic streams that gush forth from the famed fountain of perpetual youth. The twin-sister of Love: she had her birth in the mind of Beneficence. Her dwelling is the universe; her chosen haunts are the places of sighs and sorrows, of wailings and afflictions. When the world was young she was, as it grew older she *still* was, and now when it is gray with age she still is, the same beautiful being as when the first day of creation broke from the chain of old night, and shook off her unseemly shroud of chaotic confusion. Had you been there on the morning of that infant day you might have seen her walking forth in her beauty, making the impress of her own self upon every object of creation as it came fresh from the plastic hand of God. On the out-stretched Heaven she wrote her name, and set her seal upon the day-god's forehead. She placed her signet ring upon the finger of the moon, and a wreath of light upon the brow of every star. In the dividing of the waters from the land, hers was a conspicuous part. She formed the caverns of the deep, and gathered the waters there. She congregated the dew-drops, guided them to the valleys, and pointed them on their way. She dug channels for the rivers, and bade them speed to their far off dwellings in the ocean caves. At her command the hills stood up, and the mountains rose. You may see her device upon every rock, pebble and grain of sand. Her glory is seen in every blade of grass, and forest tree; in the changing of the seasons, summer, winter, seed time and harvest. She reveals herself wonderfully in the conditional phenomena of nature. For instance, the earthquake, the tornado, the storm, the thunder, and on the other hand, the Heaven-spanning rainbow, and the beautiful streamers that dance at midnight in the snowy courts of Odin's northern palaces; in the organization of the animate creation and its adaptation to surrounding circumstances.

In one word, she has engraven her signature in letters of living light upon the tablet of both the celestial and terrestrial worlds. Not only has the physical creation felt her influence, but also the intellectual and the moral. She has to do with all science, with all morality and religion, tempering the former and making it subservient to the wants and peace of man, and shedding around the latter a halo of glory. Her voice is heard in the councils of Heaven. When man had sinned, and there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save him, and when it was asked how he should be redeemed, and angels caught the question, and whispered it along the lines of Heaven, her promptings induced the Father's son to take upon himself the wondrous work. And when he came to earth, and walked among men, she was his constant attendant. She went with him to the hill of death, saw him die, then called to her aid Joseph of Arimathea, and laid her Lord in the new-made tomb. But when the Savior had accomplished his mission, and gone back to his Father, she lingered in the tents of men not to injure, to wound, to destroy, but to cheer the disconsolate, to comfort the mourner, warm up and reanimate the dying, to bless the world. On her glorious mission, she went forth visiting every division of the globe, making the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the thirsty land to break forth in springs of water. She spread her sails upon the deep, and went to bless the far-off isles.

Wherever there was want and suffering, she sought to be. A poor man, lame and blind, passed the street; the boys insulted him and pelted him with stones, while heartless men looked and laughed and mocked; she took him by the hand, soothed his sorrows, and led him to a place of safety. An honest beggar asking alms, had been spurned from a rich man's door; he leaned upon the wicket gate of yonder cottage, faint and hungry; she met him there and gave him bread. By the highway side there lay a weary traveller, thirsty and dying; she gave him drink, and revived his drooping spirits. A gray old man went out upon a cold winter's day, with naught to shelter him from the chill blasts, but a few tattered rags. She wrapped around him her own cloak, and bade him go in peace. A prisoner sighed in a dark dungeon; she sought him there, spoke kind words of consolation, ministered to his wants, received his blessing, and turned away in tears. In a lone hovel there lay a sick and dying mother, and by her side a starving babe; she pillowed the aching head, and bathed the fainting brow; bent over her till she died, then took the infant babe and reared it as her own.

A bondman groaned beneath the weight of his oppressions and his chains; she threw off his burden, broke his chains, and bade him stand erect in the image of his God. A poor Indian lamented the loss of his ancestral burying-grounds and homes; she sent him the gospel, and pointed him to a better land than the supposed hunting grounds of his departed sires. A dweller in the region and shadow of death cried out for light and life; she gave him the day-spring from on high, and bade him look and live. A field of battle was strewn with the dead and dying; she made a thousand graves, buried the dead, staunched the bleeding wounds of the surviving few, and bore them to her hospitable mansion. And thus she went abroad, and thus she blessed the world, diffusing the light of her countenance, and spreading her benign influences, wherever there was a heart to feel, or a mind to think. So far I have delineated her character and deeds; more I will not, need not say. Her character needs no blanchishment, for hers is a living fame. I will not eulogize her, for she needs no eulogy; hers is a deathless name. But who is this wonderful being, this paragon of perfection. Her name is Benevolence.

Original.

COLUMBIA'S BARD.

WRITTEN 'ON SEEING A LIKENESS OF BRYANT.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

LONG years have passed since I have seen thy face,
And care and wo on mine have left their trace,
Till those I knew in early life, but seem
The rapturing phantoms of a cherished dream.
But here upon the picture do I scan,
The student, scholar, poet, nay the man :
For thou wast once familiar—not thy name,
As daily read upon the page of fame,
Nor yet thy written language gushing free
From out thy heart's deep fount of poetry,
Where inspiration of thy boyhood's days,
In rich simplicity thy manhood lays
Breath freely forth, and gracefully prolong,
So rapture is the homage to thy song,
And thine the master lyre, thy country's boast,
Whose tones thrill every heart from inland to the coast.

Thou wast familiar as the friendly guest
Of those I loved, in bonds paternal blest :
How many a time the parent roof has rung
With thy fond welcome, and the echo clung
To hearts that cherished thee, whose later lot
Has been but sad vicissitude, forgot
Perchance by thee, 'mid toil for glory—strife—
And the deep worship that has crowned thy life.
No, not forgotten all, so would 'st thou be
Unworthy of the olive decking thee ;
But lost amid the murmuring of the crowd,
Whose cheering words of adulation loud
Have choked the tenderer echoes of past years,
And oft obsequious stayed regretful tears :
So mid the tossing of the ocean waves,
Is lost the bird that there its pinions laves,
But when the heavings of the billows cease,
And all is hushed in quiet and in peace,
There rocks the minstrel of the lashing sea,
Whose home in storm or calm is there eternally.

Who could renounce the voices of his youth,
In volume fervor and each cadence truth,
And for a fading laureate bow him down,
Had ne'er like thee worn worthily the poet's crown.

The poet has a soul for every time,
That freezes not or chills, whate'er the clime ;
The gushing fount within his heart of hearts,
Of poetry and song, that upward starts,
In bubbling streams to sparkle thro' the land,
Is moved by magic of no jewelled wand ;
But fills and flows, by every hill and plain,

And leaps and murmurs in Eolian strain,
 Where the soft whispering of his early loves,
 Kissed every flower and husbed the forest groves.
 The sward is greenest where his childhood played,
 The air is softest 'neath its roof-tree shade,
 And loftiest stand the solitary hills
 Whence gushed in gladness those pure limpid rills,
 That washed his tiny feet in childhood's glee,
 And filled the unfurrowed palm as leaping free,
 Or bathed the dimpled hand in joyous ecstasy.
 The flowers that sprung beneath his sister's hand,
 Were fairest flowers in all his native land;
 Or those that bloomed the woody vale along,
 And first gave inspiration to his song,
 Are lovelier far through all succeeding time,
 Than the broad blooming flower of India's clime,
 Bursting in midnight watch of wondering eyes,
 As meteor flashing from the nether skies.
 The earliest time, the most regretful past,
 And earliest friends more cherished than the last.

How yearns his heart, beneath the fond caress,
 And later smiles of those whom titles bless,
 Perchance of crowned heads, (for mitre stoops
 To mind, and plume on helmet droops,
 As the soft lyre and snowy robe pass by,
 As 'twere a gifted spirit from on high;)
 How yearns he thus the toil-worn hand to grasp,
 Or form ungemmed again, once free to clasp,
 Of those who oft his household board had cheered,
 Ere death or change had left the void he feared.

'Thou wast my elder much, I, but the child,
 Dandled upon thy knee in frolic wild,
 When first I knew thee in the merry throng—
 And learned to love the master of the song,—
 Of sisters, brothers, parents, severed now
 By death or distance, seal upon whose brow
 I may not lift or read—so too of thine
 Who joined the group I sing, circling fond friendship's shrine.

My senior much, companion thou of those
 Who sang my nursery hymns, soothing my woes;
 Yet soon ourselves on the same stage we find,
 In the same drama each a part assigned.
 Thine played—how well—encored—the audience charmed,
 Mine—nearly finished, yet whose heart has 't warmed.

Thy birthplace now perchance the stranger's care,
 To me a saddening charm will ever wear;
 For often there when thou wast far away,
 Gathering green laurels for thine elder day,
 Beneath the roof that early sheltered thee,
 Have I the fleeting hours in converse free,
 And merry tale enjoyed, with those allied
 To thee in closest bonds, thy crown their pride,
 Their theme full oft, the sisters of thy love—
 Too gentle *one* for earth transferred above,
 While the rich music of thy tenderest lay

Will e'er immortalize on earth her stay.
 Each spot there hallowed by thy Orphean lyre,
 The meadow and the hill, the graves of sire,
 Of kindred, and of friend, as still hard by,
 That ancient mansion gate they quiet lie;
 The wandering brook that near it gently flows,
 The wild-flower on its bank, the rustic rose
 That lifts its blossoms to the window pane,
 Shaking the morning dew or drops of rain
 From its fresh bursting buds, the vine
 That draped its gambrel roof, as sacred shrine
 Bedecking, these back to my memory come,
 Laden with treasures from my childhood's home,
 As hidden things rise on the tempest blast,
 Uptorn from earth and tell of friendships past;
 While here I gaze upon thy pictured face,
 And on the graven lines thy cherished features trace.

How scattered they those silent paths who trod;
 Some walk Heaven's streets, the early called of God,
 Ere blight or mildew on their beauty fell;
 Some in their waning time passed Jordan's swell,
 Long mourned and wept and hymned with trembling lyre,
 And stricken love sweeping the plaintive wire.
 Some in that El Dorado of our land,
 From prairied vale inhale the breezes bland;
 While foreign dews have lighted on thy head,
 And foreign winds their balmy influence spread,
 Round thee as long thy wandering footsteps trod,
 The soil where proudly waves a monarch's rod.
 Thus rise they to my vision one and all,
 As erst I saw them in the festive hall,
 In quiet converse, or in fireside glee,
 Or in the paths of nature roving free.
 Blest be the picture that can thus recall
 The scenes, the friends of youth long buried all,
 Beneath the mind's dark rubbish, that can stand.
 The guardian of memory in every land;
 And blest the friendship in whose heart it may
 Have brightly glowed, to feel not here decay.

T' have known thee Bryant in thy morning prime,
 Unhackneyed by the world, unscathed by time,
 Unvarnished by earth's foolish sophistry
 That binds the mind as fetters do the free,
 Unshackled by ambition, gospel grace,
 Denies, by virtue of the highest place,
 Assumed by one till others freely braid,
 The wreath of fadeless bays around his head,
 Is joyous in the memory of the past,
 And from its page to fade, in life, the last.

Thus to have known our nation's Poet well,
 Were in the future pleasant theme to tell;
 Nay, honor, when the leafy wreath he wears,
 Is gemmed and circled by Columbia's stars,
 And when compelled by death to cast it down,
 The meed returned shall deck our country's crown.

MOUNT ZION.

"Zion—thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace;
And walls of strength embrace thee round."

THIS was the largest of the four hills upon which Jerusalem was built. It was situated in the south part of the city, and was included within the walls. A large portion of it is now outside. It was upon this mountain that the strong castle stood which David took from the Jebusites. Here, too, he built his palace, and made great fortifications. It was defended by bulwarks and towers on every side. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." These were "the strongholds of Zion;" and so strong were they that it was thought the lame and blind could defend them. When Zion was thus fortified and covered with palaces and towers, the word of the Lord went forth against it by the prophet, and he declared that "Zion should be ploughed as a field." Her fortifications were so many, and her bulwarks so strong, that that assertion seemed impossible, and no doubt the men who feared not God laughed him to scorn as he delivered the fearful message. But the word of the Lord has been fulfilled. Jerusalem has been made heaps, and Zion is now ploughed as a field.

The poor Arabs sow their grain from year to year, little thinking, as they urge their oxen over the soil, that they are fulfilling the word of the Lord uttered thousands of years ago. The palaces of David, the castles and towers which defended it, with all the strongholds which defied the enemy, are now no more. "The daughter of Zion is made desolate, and all her ways do mourn because none come to her solemn feasts." As you walk over this ground where David and Solomon reigned, and where the long list of kings were buried, and mark the sad change which has passed upon the place, you must feel the force of the truth that the word of the Lord is sure. The awful threatenings which he declares, that he will execute. Zion was dear to him. He put honor upon it, and defended it for his servant David's sake. But he warned his people that their sins would find them out, and they would be driven from their strongholds and scattered through the world. That word has been accomplished. They are gone, but Zion remains; while they have been driven like chaff before the wind, to the uttermost parts of the earth, this hill still stands as evidence of the unfailing word of God. They who disobey and despise God like Israel, shall be scattered and punished like Israel; while they who trust in the Lord and obey His word, "shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

Zion is frequently spoken of in the Bible. It sometimes refers to Mount Zion, but more generally to the spiritual church of God. It is said that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." This does not mean that all Christians shall be gathered together upon Mount Zion at Jerusalem, for that would be impossible, but that all the redeemed of the Lord shall be united together in the spiritual Zion on earth and in heaven. Let us then turn from the earthly Zion which now lies in ruins, to the spiritual Zion, the living church of God. There let us record our names and take up our abode, for blessed is the man whose name shall be written with Israel, and who has an inheritance with the sons of Zion. There is salvation, and we are invited to come and take it. Let us go, for we have not to meet the awful curse of the law, which condemns us to hell, but the precious blood of Jesus; we have not to come to Mount Sinai, but Mount Zion—the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—and to an innumerable company of an-

gels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus, the gracious Mediator."

In Zion let me dwell,
The Savior let me tell,
Who saved my soul from hell—
Jesus the Lamb.

There may I find a place,
Through rich abounding grace,
And look upon his face—
Jesus the Lamb.

A NOBLE WIDOW.—During the reign of terror in Ireland, in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown—no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it, that, in common with the most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law, to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt, in the agony of her soul, and clasped his knees, while her eyes, with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable; the transgressor must die. But taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed, "My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon you, and the milk of her bosom shall be poisoned in your veins." He was executed: the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear; she returned to her home; the support of her declining years had fallen; the tie that bound her to life had given way, and the evening of the day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest for ever.

IDLE DAUGHTERS.—It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a most painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of the neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are.

These individuals will often tell you with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real? that "poor dear mamma is working herself to death." Yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

WHERE true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

Original.

THE CONTRAST; OR, THE BLUE MANTILLA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

CHARLES MILNOR and Edward Crayton were for many years joint partners in a mercantile house in Philadelphia, where they accumulated an immense fortune.—When they closed their business, Mr. Milnor retired about two miles from the city, and took possession of a beautiful villa. He had married in early life, an amiable, pious and judicious woman, one whom he had loved from his youth, and a striking similarity of taste existing between them, rendered every object they pursued both pleasant and delightful. Heaven had blessed them with three lovely children, Charles, Alice, and Augusta, who shared equally in their parents' affections. They were educated by their mother, a person of superior mind and finished education. Their servants were faithful, and but seldom exchanged, owing to the prudent management of Mrs. Milnor, whose knowledge of housewifery, and whose good sense enabled her to judge correctly respecting them; her systematic arrangements afforded them many leisure hours for their own benefit, without injury to her domestic concerns. There was a happy family, whose chief source of delight emanated from their own hearts, which were fountains of contentment, and the little tributary streams that flowed from them fertilized every spot they visited.

The family of Mr. Crayton were directly the reverse. The woman he had chosen as the companion of his life, was indeed a most beautiful woman, but vain and illiterate. Her ruling passion was deep, and she, to gratify her taste, would sacrifice every better feeling, and almost every object that stood in the way of its gratification. Mr. Crayton was himself fond of parade and show, and exceedingly proud of his wife, who, sensible of her complete influence over him, by her management and tact accomplished every undertaking. Extravagant in the highest degree, her ambition knew no bounds; every new and fashionable article was eagerly sought after until obtained, when the gratification ceased with the possession. The more exorbitant the price, the more congenial to her taste for display, until Mr. Crayton saw when too late to restrain her, the evil result of his indifference to her extravagance.

The last article she had fixed her eye upon, was a splendid blue mantilla, prized at two hundred dollars, which she was determined to procure; the extreme brilliancy of the color rendering it an object of deep interest, as one becoming her complexion; and for the first time in his life, her husband was resolved not to purchase.

Their children, Agnes, Isabella, and George, were very handsome, but ungoverned,

and restrained. They were seldom the companions of their mother, whose bosom should have formed their center of attraction, a receptacle of all that to them was delightful and pleasing; whose smiles should have been their meed of reward, and whose kiss should have sealed every enjoyment. They were placed under a governess and foreign teachers, who were more anxious to obtain a handsome support than to bend the young twigs committed to their trainings as should be most beneficial to their parents and the world. Thus these sweet children were left to the guidance of their own wills without that restraint which would have rendered them agreeable to all.

Mr. Crayton beheld with mingled emotions the situation of his family. His expenses were enormous; a continued routine of fashionable life engrossed every moment of time; and not until he felt his own health in a measure shattered, did he awake fully to his situation. He pitied, while he admired his beautiful wife, the victim of folly and dissipation, whose charms kindled a conflagration no less destructive to his and his children's happiness, than Helen's of old, when the ancient city of song was laid in ruins by her unparalleled beauty. Ardently attached to his children, much did he wish for an alteration in their mode of living. He called occasionally on his friend Mr. Milnor, and was struck with the order and regularity of his family, and wished Mrs. Crayton and the children to have more frequent interviews with them, hoping his wife might be led to imitate what she could not but admire in Mrs. Milnor, and the children be prompted to obedience by the amiable deportment of the little Milnors:—Although Mr. Milnor and Mr. Crayton were daily together, their families were for a long time strangers to each other.

A sister of Mr. Crayton's married under the most cheering prospects, but her hopes were soon cut off by the death of her husband; and in giving birth to a daughter, she expired; requesting her brother to take charge of her little Emiele, who from that hour became a member of his family. Although surrounded by her cousins who were of the same age as herself, she was lonely, and sighed for something she knew not what. She delighted to sit alone and gaze upon the clear blue sky, and fancied each beautifully fringed cloud as it floated in the liquid air, the abode of her parents; and when oppressed with a sense of her desolation, she would reach out her dimpled hands as if to implore their blessing, while tears, like the pure drops upon the blushing rose fell fast from her soul-lit eyes. She loved to ramble amid the flowers and rear their slender forms, and was never so happy as when nursing the little slips committed to her care by her cousin, who seldom gave their attention to them, leaving like their mother, the cultivation of all that is lovely to the gardener and nature. Mr. Crayton on his return home one day, expressed to his wife his desire, that she, with the children should call on Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, if she wishes my acquaintance, does she not call on me? But I can guess—she is such a home body, and has so little intercourse with the world, she is quite out of the way of making or receiving calls from fashionable people."

"You are quite mistaken in your opinion, Mrs. Crayton," said her husband. "I have been there a number of times lately, and am anxious you should call upon her. I will order the carriage and go."

"Well, you can if you please, but I shall remain at home. I do not like to be dictated when, and where, and how I shall go."

"I do not know wherein I have dictated. Name your time, and we will go when you say."

"I have been waiting these two hours for the money I asked you for this morning."

"Why really, my dear, I thought you had given up that foolish project."

"No indeed I have not; and if I am not there by eleven o'clock, the mantilla will be sold, as it was to be kept no longer for me. Have you the money?"

Mr. Crayton shrugged up his shoulders, and commenced humming the tune he always did when he felt determined not to comply with a request of his wife.

"Oh, do, mama, go," said Agnes.

"Oh, yes, do," responded Isabella.

"And let me hold the whip, papa," said George.

"Life is all a sunny dream,"

sung Mr. Crayton, walking up and down the room, stopping occasionally to view himself in a large mirror.

"Do go, mama," said the children. "Father, will you?"

"Certainly if your mother wishes."

"Well, papa, if you will just drive down to Coney's, and let mother get the mantilla, and me a whip, and Agnes and Isabella and Emiele each, one of those embroidered boxes sold at the fair, she will go."

"Only hear those sweet coaxers," said his wife, putting her hand in her husband's arm, being determined to get the mantilla, she promenaded the room with him to the great delight of the little ones who followed them. "What a dear little group of love," said Mrs. Crayton. "Come, husband, please us all, and give me the bill I have asked you for, and you will have the sweet consciousness of knowing you have made us all happy."

"Oh, do, papa," cried the children; "it is a beautiful morning, and we want a ride very much."

Mr. Crayton stood for a moment, when, placing his pocket-book in Mrs. Crayton's hand, he yielded to what he did not intend to, with the desire it might eventually do good.

"Oh, this is really very good, very kind." Then calling for her hat and shawl, and ordering the children to be ready on their return, Mrs. Crayton gave her hand to her husband, and putting on her sweetest smiles, asked him "if she did not look happy?"

Mr. Crayton, with a sigh, replied, "Yes, would it but last—had I any hopes the mantilla would satisfy you; but, as it has ever been the case, this article will only make way for another."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Crayton, why do you wish to check my vivacity? when you know how very nervous I am. I am almost tempted to be angry with you," and she cast her eyes with so much tact upon the ground, that her husband, fearing a torrent of meaningless words, called aloud for the carriage. * * * *

"Your most obedient, Mrs. Crayton; you have come just in time," said the wily tradesman; "five minutes more, and the mantilla would have been sold. There are three ladies now waiting for it."

"How very fortunate, my dear," said Mrs. Crayton, turning to her husband, her spirits reviving at the idea of being the purchaser. "I think you said the mantilla was two hundred dollars, or I might have it for that, provided I took the other articles I priced; the pocket-handkerchief thirty, the cap fifteen, and six yards of lace fifty, which makes two hundred and ninety-five. You can take these bills, and hand me the remainder."

"Thank you, madam, thank you, but had you not better look at this piece of dark satin? It is partly engaged, I allow," whispering her, "but it is such a good fit for the mantilla, and so becoming to your complexion," holding it up and letting the rich folds fall over her white hands, her taper fingers just peeping from beneath, so as to show the contrast; "partly engaged, I allow, but you have been such a constant customer of mine, that I really feel bound to let you have it if you wish."

Mrs. Crayton took up the goods and examined it. It was indeed beautiful, and so soft as not to be susceptible of a pressure.

"There is but one like it in town, and that I sold to Judge Laurens's lady. It was not quite as nice as this, and I was fearful she would discover it, for she seemed most inclined to purchase this, but I thought of you, and just slid it one side, and praised the piece she had very highly, that you might, if you wished, take this for yourself. There is only this pattern."

Mrs. Crayton wanted the satin; it being superior to Mrs. Laurens's, increased her desire.

"Come," said Mr. Crayton, "the children will be waiting for us."

"Stop one moment, my dear; do you not think this satin elegant?"

Mr. Crayton said nothing, but looked reproachfully at her.

"Oh, you see, my dear madam, your husband has no objections; let me do it up for you."

"How much is it?" enquired Mrs. Crayton.

"Just the remainder of the bills, with the exception of these three quarters, which I will throw in. It is quite a bargain," rolling it up, "quite a bargain, I assure you."

"Mr. Crayton, if you have no objections, I will take it."

Her husband bit his lip with vexation, and turning away, bent his steps towards the door. The bundle was placed in the carriage by the delighted shop-keeper, who bowed low at his customer as she ascended the steps; and they drove home in silence—Mr. Crayton offended, and his wife conscious she had gone a step too far, but determined to conceal her feelings. The mantilla had occupied her thoughts both day and night for a long time, but did not meet with her husband's feelings; he seemed from the first opposed to it. She had priced the other articles unbeknown to him, and knew not how he would bear the purchase, but as he had given her more money than she really expected, she presumed to take them. The satin was what she never thought of, but she was taken in the snare of the practised salesman, and could not resist the temptation. She knew her husband had too much honor to deny her in public, and she took the advantage of his situation to her future sorrow. On the steps of their beautiful building stood the children equipped for their ride.

"What have you got for me? and for me?" they all cried in a breath, after they were seated.

Mr. Crayton looked at his wife, who had been so completely engrossed in her own selfish motives, that she had forgotten the simple requests of her children.

"Did you get me a whip?" said George. "I said I wanted a whip, so I could drive the horses?"

"Did you buy us the embroidered boxes?" enquired his sisters. "Oh, do let us see them."

"What did you expect, Emiele?" said her uncle.

"Not any thing."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the heartless Mrs. Crayton, "you alone are not disappointed."

"What is this?" said George, taking up the bundle which they omitted leaving at home. "My whip is here, I know."

"No, my child, it is not," said his mother. "I forgot it, but you shall have one."

"I want one now, and I will have one now;" and down went the contents of the bundle.

"Oh, you image!" said Mrs. Crayton, picking them up. "My mantilla is all unfolded, and my lace undone!"

George persisting in searching for the whip, became entangled in the lace, and in extricating himself, tore it in pieces.

"Oh, my lace!" exclaimed Mrs. Crayton. "George, you must be whipped. Mr. Crayton, why do you not speak to him?"

"He wants his whip," replied his father, "and he is a child."

Mrs. Crayton felt the reproof. The girls helped collect the articles. Mr. Crayton took George upon his knee, and gave him the driver's whip. Thus the difficulties were settled, and the children became composed, when they drove up to Mr. Milnor's dwelling.

"I have never seen them in their new habitation," said Mrs. Crayton. "Pity people of so much wealth should be so penurious; no one knows they are alive."

"In your circle they may not," replied her husband, "but ask those around them," pointing to the neat white houses on the road.

As the carriage drove up the avenue, the children were urged to behave. They were met by Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, and received with much politeness by them both.

"You have got a very pretty place," said Mrs. Crayton, astonished at the elegance of the hall and rooms through which they passed.

"I believe you have never called upon us before, since we moved," said Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, no, I have so many engagements always on hand, that I—"

"Come here, Emiele," said Mrs. Milnor, very prudently turning the conversation, in order to relieve the fashionable beauty from framing a wrong excuse. "How do the slips grow Alice sent you?"

"Oh, finely; they are so high," raising her hand; "they are as large as those," pointing to a number arranged in a bow window.

Agnes and Isabella observing a beautiful geranium in bloom, without thought broke off a large branch. At that moment, Alice and Augusta with their brother entered.

"Good morning, my dears," said Mr. Crayton; "you see I have fulfilled my promise, and brought your young friends to see you."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Crayton, taking the girls by the hand, "how you have grown, and Charles too! why really I am surprised," and a feeling of envy rankled deep in her bosom, as with dignity and ease Charles and his sisters returned her compliments.

"Come," said George, "let us go down the lawn."

"Shall we go, dear mother?" enquired Alice and Augusta.

"You may; but be careful of the plants."

Alice took Emiele's hand, and away they flew—George with his whip, of which he still kept possession.

"What have you here?" enquired Mrs. Crayton, whirling over some books on the center-table; "any thing new?"

"This is the Patriarch, and this the Christian Family Magazine," replied Mrs. Milnor; the plates in both are very fine."

"Dear me, do you read them? I seldom find time to read, but when I do it is always my two favorites, 'Bulwer' and 'Byron,' and sometimes 'The Lady's Book'—every other appears insipid."

"We have a great variety of books; here is Abbott's works, Phillips's writings, and my favorite Cowper."

"What are these?" enquired Mrs. Crayton, looking at a few elegant-bound books. "Milton's Paradise Lost—mercy! did you ever read this through?"

"Often," replied Mrs. Milnor.

"Why, I should think it would take you an age. Is it a late production?" Mrs. Milnor caught Mr. Crayton's eye, who blushed deeply at the ignorance of his wife.

"Johnson's Rasselas, Montgomery's Poems, Rogers, Campbell, Henry Kirk White—why really, these are quite new, but I should never find time to read them;" and laying them down, she walked to a window. "It is very lonesome out here, is n't it?"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Milnor, "our time is all occupied." —

"Who are your teachers now?"

"Mrs. Milnor is the principal one," said her husband.

"Mercy! you teach your children? I should never have patience; I am always rejoiced when school commences. But pray how do you employ your time?"

"It would take sometime to make you acquainted with my form of managing. Shall we walk out and meet the children?"

"Oh, yes, for it is nearly time for us to go."

"Why will you not spend the day? you surely cannot be lonely with our husbands and the children."

Mrs. Crayton plead an engagement, and they proceeded down the lawn. Charles and Alice were busily engaged in arranging the pots of flowers, some of which were overthrown, and the branches broken. At the same moment came Agnes and Isabella, followed by George with his whip in his hand. In his haste he threw down a beautiful verberna, and broke the pot which contained it.

"You have made sad work, my children," said Mr. Crayton, very much chagrined and trying to replace them.

"Oh, they are nothing but children," said his wife; "I know Mrs. Milnor will forgive him."

"But he has broken another," said Agnes.

"No I did n't—'t was you," he replied, with a stroke of the whip.

"Come, come," said his mother, "you are crazy, I believe. Really, Mrs. Milnor, you have such a fine yard, the children are like birds let out of a cage; we brought them out for liberty, and they do so enjoy it."

"Shall we return," said Mr. Crayton, extremely grieved.

"Oh, do n't go," cried the children, "we want to stay longer."

Mrs. Crayton, anxious to see her new purchase, told them they must. On returning to the house, they visited the music-room, which contained an elegant organ, harp and piano. A spacious library of the best authors was connected with it. At Mr. Crayton's request, Alice played a few tunes on the piano. Mrs. Crayton's heart died within her as she listened to the enrapturing strains of the mingled voices of each member of the family accompanying Alice, as she swept the notes with her fairy hand. Mrs. Milnor ordered refreshments, and the children without ceremony enjoyed the banquet. Strawberries, raspberries, cream and cake disappeared under their touch, like dew in the sunlight.

"Will you come again, and see your young friends?" enquired Mrs. Milnor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied George, if you will give us more of your nice fruit."

"I wish I could stay now," said Emiele.

"Do you, my dear?" enquired Mrs. Milnor? "If your uncle and aunt are willing, you may."

"Can I stay, my dear aunt?"

"Certainly, if you wish, and Mr. and Mrs. Milnor request you."

"Let her remain, if you please, and we will send for whatever she needs."

"Good morning;" and George led the way to the carriage with his whip.

Mrs. Milnor soon arranged her flowers and books. After a few orders to the servants, she entered the recitation-room.

"My dear Emiele, as you have expressed a wish to remain with us, you must submit to the rules of the school, and if you please can study with the girls. Would you like to?"

"Oh, yes, very much."

"Well, here is a geography, globes, atlases, &c. Your first lesson will be on this page. Have you ever studied geography?"

"I have a little; I like it much, but aunt says it is too hard for my cousins, and not very necessary."

"Have you studied grammar?"

"Yes, ma'am, and can parse very well, but aunt says that it is a dry study, and we must be older before we can understand either."

"You must see, my dear, what proficiency you can make here."

"I will show you," said Charles, who was older than his sisters.

"You must not think you are too young to learn any of the branches my children study. You must be patient, and be willing to be taught, and apply yourself closely."

The evening closed with reading a chapter in the Cottage Bible with the notes, singing a hymn, in which all joined, including the servants, each with his book, and a prayer offered by Mr. Milnor, whose grateful heart arose in humble thanksgiving to God for his mercies. After Emiele retired to rest, she thought how differently her aunt managed from Mrs. Milnor; she could not sleep, the idea of returning home was so painful. At her uncle's, all was noise and confusion. Continued calls occupied most of her aunt's time, either in making or receiving them. She paid but little attention to her children, who were often ill-natured if restrained by their governess, and out of patience with their teachers if they exacted a perfect lesson, flew with every little complaint to their mother, who, fatigued with continued excitement, stilled them, by saying she would write an excuse. All the efforts of their teachers for their improvement were thus rendered abortive. The parents were remiss, the children petulant and ungoverned, and they permitted them to take their own way, satisfied with the salary allowed them. They were pleased with Emiele, and took much pleasure in instructing her. But it was in vain to keep up any regular system in the school, it being continually interrupted by calls to ride, to see particular friends, &c. Thus their education was neglected.

To be concluded in our next.

Original.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY MRS. M. H. MAIWELL.

FAR down that dell, a thousand streamlets flow,
And summer flowers in wild luxuriance grow,
While whispered notes, as from Eolian lyre,
Or parting echoes from an angel choir,
Come softly stealing through the aged pines,
Whose hoary trunks the evergreen entwines,
And whose deep shade is like the impervious gloom
That broods in silent grandeur o'er the tomb.

Far down that dell a lowly grave is seen
Beneath those pines, amid that evergreen
And round the stone—that humble stone, a wreath
Of fading flowers, the silent gift of grief
Is lightly twined. And there He sleeps,
Where Sorrow's self an endless vigil keeps.

Yet clad in glory, crown'd with living light,
Robed in the vestments of immortal bloom,
His lofty spirit grasps with fearless might
All that remains to man beyond the tomb.

There blooms undying on a distant shore,
Fast by the pool where living streams are pour'd,
The tree of Life, but guarded now no more
By cherub's wing, or Eden's flaming sword.

The gathering clouds from off his sky are roll'd,
And beauteous landscapes to the spirit eye
In bright prospective endlessly unfold
The boundless realms beyond the beaming sky.

And there He dwells—a bright immortal spark
Of Him, the Sun, whose brilliant rays illumine
The wide-spread lands that lie beyond the dark
Uprolling shadows of the dreaded tomb.

'Tis his to drink those waters pure and bright
That still from age to age unwasting roll,
To taste those leaves that bear celestial light
And gentle healing to the weary soul.

Then let the summer sky in beauty glow,
The evening shades their varied colors fling
Upon that grave, beneath whose sod so low
He sleeps alone, like some forgotten thing.

Alike to Him the storm-wind's breath
Or evening zephyr hastening to repose—
What reck's that slumberer on his bed of death,
How wild, or rude, the storm around him blows.

Far o'er the waves—the stormy waves of time;
Far o'er the sea—the restless sea of life,
Amid the glories of a brighter clime,
He smiles serenely on this scene of strife.

Then teach the vine to wreath his humble stone,
The willow bough to sweep his lowly sod—
The Early Dead there sleeps unseen, alone—
The spirit dwells securely with its God.

THE FORESTS OF NORMANDY.

THE principal forests on the banks of the Seine in Normandy are those of Roumare on the left, of Brotonne near La Marll, Rouvray, Du Point de l'Arche, and the woods extending with but a slight interruption from the town of Andelys to Vernon, all on the right bank of the river.

The origin of the name of the forest of Roumare is interesting. Rollo, one of the early and most famous rulers of Normandy, in order to check the habits of plunder which a military life had entailed upon his people, punished all offenders with great severity. In cases of theft for instance, he hung both the robber and the receiver on their conviction of the crime. Whether from this or from the operation of their wise regulations, he became universally feared and obeyed. "One day, after having hunted in the forest which rises on the bank of the Seine near Rouen, the duke, surrounded by a crowd of his servants, was seated on the edge of a lake, which we call

in familiar language the pond (*la mare*,) when he hung his golden bracelets on an oak. These bracelets remained hanging in the same place untouched during three years, so great was the terror of the duke; and as this memorable fact took place near the pond, this forest is called the pond of Rollo (Roumare) to the present day."* On the heights of Banteleir, in this forest, Voltaire for some time resided: many of his letters are addressed from that spot. The forest of Brotonne, which contains about 12,000 acres, is very ancient. It was the favorite hunting-ground of the early kings of France, one of whom built a country-house or fort in the neighborhood, at a village called Vatterville, the ruins of which yet remain. One of the curiosities of this forest is the "Tub," a tree so called, composed of three large branches united at the root, and forming a reservoir for water, of which, in the hottest summers, it contains from three to five feet. At La Maillerie, on the edge of this forest, is the castle where it is said the Duchess de La Vallière first imbibed her unhappy passion for Louis XIV. The forest of Rouvray is very dense, and stretches to a considerable length along the banks of the Seine. It is supposed, in growing up, to have covered the ruins of some Roman settlement. Bronze medals of various Roman emperors, statues of Trajan, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, and the remains of Roman agricultural implements, have been discovered there. The forest of Pont de l'Arche derives its name from the bridge of the neighboring town, which has twenty-two arches. Not far from hence is the Côte des deux Amans, or the hill of the two lovers. This extraordinary name has been given to the mountain from its connection with a still more extraordinary incident, and which, however romantic, is generally received as true. The king of that part of the country had a beautiful daughter, whose happy disposition and amiable qualities consoled him for the loss of a beloved wife. Time passed, and the people desired that the princess should marry; but the king, unable to refuse so reasonable a request, or to bear the loss of her society, caused it to be generally promulgated that he alone of her suitors, who could carry the princess to the summit of the mountain, without resting himself, should receive her hand in marriage. The opportunity was eagerly embraced by a young nobleman, between whom and the princess there existed the most tender though secret attachment. Believing the feat to be impossible, the princess earnestly dissuaded her lover from the attempt, but in vain. A day was fixed, and the princess appeared dressed in the lightest possible manner, and exhibiting, in the paleness of her features and the attenuation of her form, the severity of the measures she had adopted to lessen her weight. Full of confidence, her lover raised his charming burden, and ascended the hill, for a considerable period showing no signs of exhaustion. He began at last to pause, then go on, and pause again. His steps faltered, and he appeared to be entirely giving way. At that moment some cheering thought or most precious word whispered in his ear instilled new vigor into his frame: he again essayed the terrible steep, amid the rapturous shouts of the assembled spectators, he stood fairly upon the top of the hill. He put her safely down, and then fainted away. The princess stooped to recover him, and the king, as he approached, seeing her in this posture, called to an old peasant to raise them. "Sire," was the reply, "they are dead!" The lovers were entombed together a few days after, and the spot has since been called "the hill of the two lovers."

In the town of Andelys was born the great painter Nicholas Poussin; and, in the neighborhood of the forest, stretching from Andelys to Venon, is the castle of Gilliard, built by Richard Cœur de Lion in the twelfth century. This fortress stood a terrible siege in 1203, when it was attacked by the King of France, Philip Augustus, on the pretence of punishing King John of England, to whom it then belonged, for the alleged

* William of Jumiege's "History of Normandy."

murder of his nephew Prince Arthur. The fort being impregnable to an assault, it was reduced by famine. The garrison was, consequently, from time to time, obliged to dismiss its useless inhabitants, who were allowed to pass unmolested by the besiegers. At last this relief was stopped; and when the garrison turned out, at one period, above four hundred old men, women, and children, the French fired upon them, and drove them back in despair to the walls. Here they were denied admittance; and for three months were those poor miserable creatures obliged to live in the open air, and with no other sustenance than grass and water. At last a circumstance, too dreadful to mention, reached the ears of Philip, and he relented: all those who were yet alive were taken care of. In this same fortress, David Bruce, King of Scotland, resided when in exile. In 1409 it came into the possession of the English, who held it for above forty years. In conclusion, we are sorry to add that these fine forests are said to be fast dwindling away, not under the axe of the poor woodcutters, whose exertions may be said to be useful, rather than otherwise, in keeping down their rapid undergrowth, but under the more wholesale operations of the speculator and the capitalist.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

DEATH! how fearfully the name rings an alarm upon the ear of mortality. It is the mournful intimation that the current of Time is bearing us onward to the illimitable ocean in which all earthly wealth, luxuries, friendships, the strong affections that are golden-linked to our hearts—are lost forever. DEATH! it is Earth's mightiest sovereign. The proud and strong are levelled to the humble and the weak. The ambitious man is hurled from the dizzyest height down beside the six feet of mould of the lowest. The rich, who have rioted in marble palaces, and the poor who have dragged miserable existences out in roofless hovels, "lie down together," until the resurrection morning.

It is a harrowing reflection that we *must* die; but if that reflection be so bitter, who can fathom the sensations of one who has been pronounced dead, who has been laid in the tomb—and yet has been BURIED ALIVE! That was my fate. Listen, and ponder well.

I was the only daughter of proud, wealthy, fashionable parents, resident in Boston; the round of my life until I was twenty may easily be imagined. It was a series of dissipation that was crushing all the moral feelings and intellectual powers. That momentous period of my existence is a blank. Let it be blotted out from the record of time, and nothing good, pure, or holy will disappear with it. I mean not that I had committed any crime that is popularly stigmatized as heinous, but that, like thousands similarly situated, I had considered the "chief end" of life to be the fashions—the frivolities of technical "high life." So I could get my jewels and my satins, I cared not how the "inner jewels of the soul," long buried in ruin. I was daily bartering a glorious eternity for an ignoble mortality. But on the even of my birth-day—I was then twenty—the hand of disease rested heavily upon me. In three days I was struck dumb—paralyzed in all my faculties—as though by the hand of the Almighty. My mother entered the room—looked at me—shrieked, and exclaimed, "*She is dead!*" The physician was called in—examined my pulse, shook his head, and pronounced me "*dead.*" I tried to speak—tried to struggle—to groan; but though burning with agony, I was not able to give vent to the pent-up fire. While I lay in speechless consciousness, I heard the carpenter coolly ask the measure of my coffin—I heard the coffin itself brought up stairs—I heard them open the door and enter the room with it.

As I was placed in it, I again attempted to speak, but could produce no sound, or exhibit any sign of life. The memory of the past was burning and blazing before me—the horrible future was vividly painted on the black canvass of the mind. I again tried to struggle;—it was in vain. But now came the heart-harrowing scene. It was my burial. They began to assemble in the room where I was confined. All was solemn silence, unbroken save by my mother's sobs. The clergyman rose, and said, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He then laid the ashes upon my body, and uttered the thrilling words of the liturgy: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased sister, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Who can imagine my feelings at that hour! It would require an archangel's power to describe them. Oh, how inapplicable was the title of *sister*, at that solemn moment! But let me hasten. After being carried through the streets, followed by a splendid train, such as wealth could buy, I was laid in the tomb of my ancestors—upon a pile of mouldering coffins—to die. My mother came, dropped the tear of agony, and retired. Others, as a matter of idle form, followed her example;—but my poor mother's solitary tear was all that wet my cheek. All had done—the door was closed—the key turned—I was alone. The struggle was over. I must die. Yet at that moment a calm—sweet and balmy as the atmosphere of paradise—stole over my senses. I felt not alone. My mother's tear!—it still lay wet upon my cheek. It was her representative. Oh, how I prized, at that fearful moment, that jewel drop. It was to me the richest diamond of her soul. It soothed me and—I slept!—ay, sweetly slept, even in the very tomb; slept in companionship with the dead! But it was a sleep that could not last for ever. At first when I awoke I imagined myself in my father's house. Then the consciousness of where I was came rushing upon me with accumulated horror. I made an effort to move—I did move—the paralysis had past. With the energy of desperation I struggled—the coffin toppled from its pile of death—fell—burst the lid, and rolled me out upon the damp, stone floor. I rose, rushed to the door, and tugged at the ponderous fastenings, as though Samson's strength rested in my attenuated fingers. I raved—I even cursed—I prayed—I laughed the hideous laugh of the maniac. My brain was like molten lead. I was mad. Phantoms of the imagination crowded around me. I saw the grinning and dusty skeletons of the dead rise before me—hissing serpents twined themselves around my throat. I fainted and fell.

When I awoke, I was on my own bed, in my father's house, with my mother by my side. In my calm moments I ascertained that my screams had arrested the attention of the sexton, who was then preparing a neighboring tomb for the reception of the dead. Notice was immediately given, and I was rescued from a living grave.

Reader! while, perhaps you shudder at my narrative, I bless the horrible cause for the salutary effect. I had been living as though Earth and its people were immortal. The lesson I have received has taught me to prepare for a residence in Heaven; and now I can exclaim truly, in the language of the almost inspired Young,

"Happy day that breaks our chain!
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne,
Who hears our advocates and through his wounds,
Beholding man, allows that tender name."

Roxbury, Mass.

Original.

THE ASPIRANT FOR INTELLECTUAL FAME.

BY C. F. ORFE.

THERE 's joy for him who sails the main,
 Who roves the pathless sea,
 Whose gallant barque, a snow-white bird,
 Flies fearless on, and free;
 Which breasts the storm, defies the gale,
 Withstands the tempest's shock,
 And leaves behind the dangerous shoal,
 Avoids the sunken rock.

Yet there 's a higher joy for us,
 We sail a prouder main,
 We steer our bonny barque right on,
 Till harbor safe we gain.
 We've loosed our pennon to the breeze,
 We heed no danger's frown,
 There reigns no tyrant of the seas
 Shall make us strike it down.
 Oct. 1842.

Once joy was 'mid the stormy strife,
 When haughty foe met foe,
 When flashing swords leaped from their sheaths
 And rung the clanging blow;
 When steel-clad warriors sought the field
 And joined the wild melee,
 And charging squadrons bravely won
 The all but desperate fray.

But higher, better joy for us,
 We win a nobler field,
 And keener than the flashing sword,
 The polished arms we wield.
 Then for that prouder, loftier strife
 Gird we our armor on,
 Where dauntless mind encounters mind
 Our laurels shall be won.

From the Lady's Repository.

OPTICAL ILLUSION; OR, GHOST-SEEING.

ALTHOUGH it is no longer the custom with the present generation to *inculcate* superstition by allowing nursery maids, *unrebuked*, to relate supernatural tales to their children, yet do I believe that superstitious fears and feelings still exist in some parts of our land to a very considerable extent; not with the young alone, but with the middle-aged and the *old*. It is in the hope that these lines may be read by some of this class that I now relate my ghost story.

I had arrived at years of maturity before Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," had explained away all superstitious belief, with the enlightened part of the community, by taking them, as it were, *behind the scenes*, and exhibiting to them all the wires and pulleys of *spectroism*; so that those who now have the courage to *look a ghost in the face*, may literally *see through it* as through a thin vapor. I had listened in my youth to many well authenticated tales of this kind, which I dared not distrust, and which I feared to believe; and perhaps there still clung to me an *unacknowledged heaven* of this sort; for I earnestly desired that I might never be visited by a spectre, but still hoped if I ever were, that I might have the courage, if not to "speak to it," to reconnoitre and *investigate* it. My wishes were at length granted. In the year 1834, I was on a visit to the southwest, and had been brought to the borders of the grave by the prevailing fever of that country. It had left me in such a low nervous state that the slightest sound would awaken me from sleep, and keep me watchful for the night; so that in order to be entirely undisturbed, I had my bed removed to a large unfinished upper room, ex-

tending the whole length of the house, with the rafters sloping overhead. Of this room I was the sole occupant. My bed was placed nearly in one corner, and was so high as to bring my head within a few feet of the roof. Here I had slept for several nights in undisturbed quietude. But the night in question was dark and cloudy when I ascended to my chamber; so that when I had extinguished my candle, there was scarcely light enough to make the "darkness visible." Although there were two large windows at each end of the room, yet I could see nothing; but it was delightfully still, and I soon fell into a sweet, quiet sleep, from which, after the lapse of some hours, perhaps, I was suddenly awakened by a rude sound directly over my head; but at this I was not alarmed, for my ear recognized it to be the alighting of some night bird on the roof, and I did not even uncloset my eyes lest I should induce a state of wakefulness. But it was all in vain, and my prudence availed me nothing. My sleep had been disturbed, and slumber had flown from my eyelids; so, after tossing about for sometime, I opened my eyes and looked around. The room now presented so different an appearance from what it did when I went to bed, that I could hardly realize *where* I was. The clouds had dispersed, and the moon had risen in her splendour, and was shedding a broad pathway of light through nearly the whole length of my long and before dismal chamber, leaving the eaves and the corners still in undistinguishable darkness. After admiring for sometime the surpassing brightness of the moonlight, my thoughts turned *inward*, and I closed my eyes for meditation.—When I again opened them, I was indeed alarmed. In the diagonally opposite corner of the room from my bed, remote from the light of either window, and where but a few minutes before, all had been pitchy darkness, there now glowed a broad, softened, phosphorescent light. In vain I strove to account for it. I sat up in my bed, and gazed and speculated. It seemed to my scared vision broader and brighter as I looked upon it. Every thing was hush as death. I was nervous and alone, and I began to feel my hair stiffen, and to *hear* my heart beat with undefined apprehension. Again I feared the vision would assume the semblance of some departed friend, and approach me; and I was more excited than I had ever before been with supernatural dread.—But I remembered my determination, and resolved, in my desperation, to ascertain its nature before I was bereft of my senses; and as I rose from my bed to approach it, my knees smote each other with fear. There it was, still glowing before me; but I drew nearer and nearer, as if drawn on by a spell—at last I reached out my hand to grasp, as I thought, the "impressive air," and *touched* it. And, reader, what do you think it was?—a large *black japanned waiter*, standing against the house. The moon, as it rose, had shone through the window full upon a *looking-glass* that hung in its track, which caught its rays and threw them into this dark corner of the room, where they found a broad polished surface to rest upon; and the waiter being *black* neutralized the rays, and gave them that softened halo-looking light, of which the imagination ever weaves the drapery of ghosts. And thus was I deceived with my eyes wide open, and in the full possession of my senses, *until I touched* it. Had I remained in my bed trembling and speculating, I never should have arrived at the truth of the matter. When the moon should have attained a sufficient altitude in the heavens, to have passed away from the mirror, *my ghost*, which actually kept moving, would have *vanished also*; and I should still have continued the victim of doubt and uncertainty.

Let every one who beholds a suspicious looking object in an uncertain or obscure light, approach and *examine* it; and then, and not till then, will ghost stories vanish from the *dark corners* of our land, and spectres, like *witchcraft*, be heard of no more. Reader, you may smile if you will—I am *no coward*; and, all circumstances considered, I esteem it the greatest act of courage I ever performed; and I still contemplate the old black waiter with the greatest complacency, as the evidence of my heroism.

Original.

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the evening of a warm summer's day, in the ancient and beautiful hamlet of Porchester, there might have been seen a man genteelly dressed, with a pale and uneasy countenance, driving a spirited horse, apparently weary with a long and dusty journey, through the long and shaded street which chiefly constituted the village. Meeting a countryman with a reap-hook under his arm, he accosted him in a hollow, trembling voice, and asked,

"Where is your village inn?"

The man, raising his hat from his head after the custom of an English peasant when addressing a superior, replied,

"Keep right down the street, zur, and you'll come to the 'Ship and Castle,' a quarter of a mile below."

Cracking his whip, the stranger drove on, and in a few minutes he was safely ensconced in the little tidy back parlor of mine host of the Ship and Castle. Presently the landlord appeared smirking very pleasantly, his hand, meanwhile, playing with the huge bunch of seals which dangled from his watch-chain. After an abundance of bowing, he asked,

"What will you take for tea, sir?"

The stranger had seated himself at a window which looked out on the harbor, his feet resting on the window sill and himself seemingly lost in a brown study, so that he did not hear the landlord's question.

Boniface waited and coughed and shuffled round the table, arranging the long white pipes which lay there, but in vain. At last he ventured to speak once more, and "What will you take for tea, sir?" again fell upon the ear of his visitor, but in a louder tone than before.

The man started so suddenly, that he well nigh lost his balance; then he jumped up on his feet, looking pale as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf in the breeze. The landlord was alarmed, and muttered,

"Beg pardon, sir! I only asked what you wished to have for your tea?"

With a violent effort his guest recovered himself, and in a tone of voice between fear and confidence, he said,

"Bring what you please, landlord: a little toast and a mutton-chop will do."

The innkeeper bowed and retired. As he entered the bar, he remarked, to several friends who sat there smoking very composedly, and sending up volumes of smoke that looked like the breath of a little volcano, "That fellow in the little parlor is a bad man, or I am greatly mistaken." He then described the fear and alarm of the stranger in no very favorable light, and by the time he concluded his discourse, his staring auditors had come to the conclusion that their village contained at least a runaway from Newgate. A very animated discussion followed, and it was finally agreed to invite the mysterious unknown into the smoking-room that evening, where they concluded they should be able to discover something of his real character.

Whether the stranger was merely startled by the unexpected intrusion of the landlord, or whether he felt it necessary to assume an air of cheerfulness in order to nip suspicion in the bud, the reader must at present determine; but it is very certain that when the inquisitive wife of mine host entered the little back parlor with his tea, which unwonted honor she conferred on the stranger guest more for her own gratifi-

cation than for his satisfaction, he was so pleasant, so affable, and withal so bewitchingly courteous, that when she withdrew, she boldly affirmed that her liege lord was altogether mistaken, and that no felon from Newgate could act with the self-possession and gentility of their guest. This opinion was confirmed in the evening by the blandness and ease of his manners while with his self-constituted spies in the smoking-room: so that before night the landlord had sunk several degrees in the estimation of his company. "He was not," they said, "a man of so much discrimination as they had always supposed." Perhaps the sequel may test the truthfulness of this sage conclusion of the loungers at the Ship and Castle in the ancient hamlet of Porchester.

CHAPTER II.

While the gossips of Porchester were busy in their speculations about the probable character of the mysterious individual introduced in the previous chapter, very different emotions were disturbing the breasts of a family residing in the city of Liverpool. It consisted of a matronly woman some fifty years of age, whom we will designate as Mrs. Booth, and of two young ladies, her daughters, just merging into the full glory of young womanhood. They resided in a small cottage near the great cemetery on the outskirts of the city. The day had just closed, and as the dusky night began to throw its sombre pall over the beauties of the wide creation, the group of distressed females took their seats under the piazza before the door, which thickly covered with honeysuckle and woodbine afforded a grateful retreat from the oppressive heat that prevailed within the house.

"How strange it is that your father does not return," said Mrs. Booth, addressing her daughters; "he should have been here last Tuesday, and now it is Saturday!"

"Be not uneasy, dear mother," replied the elder daughter, "something unforeseen has detained him."

"Perhaps, mother," remarked the younger, "he will be here to-night. Hark! is not that the sound of his gig?"

The three ladies started to their feet; it was indeed the sound of an approaching gig. Their hearts beat high; it came towards their cottage; they ran to the gate; it passed on!

Disappointed they returned to the piazza. "Something must have happened to Mr. Booth, he never stayed so long after his time before," said the afflicted wife; "what *shall* we do if he never returns?"

"Mother, dear mother, do not give way to despondency. Let us put our trust in the providence of God. He will take care of father and bring him home in peace. Is it not a sin, my mother, to doubt His care or goodness," said Matilda, the elder daughter.

"I know," replied the mother, "God is our guardian; yet I also know He often permits His children to pass through fiery trials and bitter woes; and oh, what should I do if he should require me to drink the bitter cup which I fear is even now at my lips!"

"Mother! the cup that God gives, shall we not drink? Remember how cheerfully the Savior drained, for our sakes, the fearful draught our sins had mixed; dear mother, let us cast our care on God and be submissive, patiently waiting the end of every event, remembering with Cowper, that

'Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'

After spending the evening in these pious meditations, each striving to console the other, they at length retired to their chambers; though care and anxiety for the absent father and husband suffered them to enjoy but little of the refreshing influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Day after day passed and Mr. Booth did not return. The gloom of death hung over

the brows of every member of the family, though now they said but little. Each feared to speak, for their pent up bosoms were sure to seek relief in floods of tears if either dared to mention the name of father. Their anxiety was intolerable, unendurable: certainty, however terrible the news it might bring, was better than this; for when the mind apprehends how much it has to endure, it insensibly braces itself to the task; but when an undefined load presses upon it, it sinks powerless and imbecile under the weight of its own terrible forebodings.

At last their worst fears were realized. A newspaper brought the following fatal paragraph to their abode. "Found, in a pond, on Bagshot heath, on the 1st instant, the body of a gentleman, whose name, judging from papers found on his person, was Edward Booth. He is supposed to have been murdered: a pistol shot had passed through his heart and his pockets had evidently been rifled. An inquest was held over the body, which found a verdict of 'Murdered by some person or persons unknown.'"

The agony, the speechless agony that found no tongue nor tears, of that afflicted family, is beyond description. Their feeling was as

"If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life.
Yet all as cold as ever—'t was just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

Alas, how sad were the next years of life to those grieved children and that heart-broken wife. They were years of living death; their hearts fed upon themselves; the murdered image of the husband and father clung to their imagination like the fabled vampyre; time and change loosed its hold in a slight degree, but yet it clung there, eating with greedy appetite every joy that would fain have gladdened their lone hearts. Death, kinder than man, at last released the widow from her misery; the daughters lived, though chastened in thought and feeling until long after their hopes of finding the key to their father's fate had died, and even beyond the time of the events recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

We now return to the traveller whom we left in company with the gossips of the Ship and Castle. The reader must imagine the lapse of some ten years from that night during which the stranger has settled himself in business, accumulated a fortune, married a highly respectable lady, and even become a county magistrate; for all these changes had in truth taken place since his first visit to Porchester.

The assizes were in session. Our hero, Judge Watson was on the bench clothed in his ermine robe, and surrounded by all the forms and solemnity of a British court. A prisoner is at the bar charged with murder. The examination of witnesses reveal an array of facts which exhibit him in the worst light. He is proved to be the robber and murderer of a kind and indulgent master; ingratitude, covetousness and thirst for blood are the great elements of his character. The jury, the court, the spectators are horror-stricken at the revolting conduct proved against him, and every eye rests in mingled pity and disgust on the prisoner.

Suddenly the scene changes. Judge Watson, with a face pale as snow, his whole frame shaking as with the palsy, is seen to stagger from the bench and to plant himself beside the prisoner, and to the unutterable astonishment of every person present, he is heard to declare himself a murderer!

He then made a confession in substance like the following. He was formerly servant to a Mr. Edward Booth of Liverpool, a goldsmith and jeweller. In company with his employer he went on a commercial journey, Mr. Booth having an immense amount of jewelry in his portmanteau. A desire to possess this wealth suddenly

seized his mind; he resisted it at first, but consented to harbor the idea; it gained ascendancy over him; to accomplish his purpose, he shot his master, threw the body into a pond, and with his chaise drove to the retired village of Porchester. There by dint of caution, he had continued to gradually use his ill-gotten wealth in trade, so that people fancied he obtained it in regular business; but that during his abode there his mental agony had been intolerable. The sight of a stranger, the mention of a crime by another, had filled him with fright and terror. He had endured a thousand deaths. The case before the court so much like his own, had wrought him up to the last point of misery. He could endure no more; he surrendered himself to the laws of his country. He was subsequently tried and punished with the highest penalty of an insulted law.

Such was the effect of a troubled conscience. When he first reached the place, it nearly betrayed him in presence of the landlord; in all his future prosperity it constantly followed him with its torments, and at last it led him to confess what his guilty heart could no longer contain. How forcibly does this tale, which is essentially true in all its parts, illustrate that Divine saying, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE ELOPEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1824, while passing from my native county to the house of a relative in the county of Nansemond, I stopped at one of those old and venerable brick churches, (it being the Sabbath day,) which we sometimes meet with in Eastern Virginia. Built during the reign of George III., some of them still retain pretty much the appearance they had eighty years ago;—with high-back pews of substantial oak, and a lofty pulpit of the same material, the baptismal font on one side, and the communion-table in front. Just out of doors was the graveyard—generally at the North end; at the South end you entered an open portico, above which was the vestry-room; and, above that, a high steeple, on the top of which were two large iron keys, crossing each other at right angles. In the midst of fine old oaks, these dilapidated churches now stand. It was at these places of worship our forefathers would congregate, with pious intent of hearing Bible truths expounded, by parsons, who, for the consideration of so much tobacco, would leave kindred dear, and cross the "black waters."

The day on which I stopped at the above-mentioned church, was intensely warm, and the spreading oaks cast a most inviting shade to the weary and fatigued. Some of the cattle from the adjacent fields had sought refuge from the piercing rays of the sun, the locusts were singing their long shrill notes, while the dove cooed in mournful accordance.

Alighting, as most of the congregation had gone in, I walked to the graveyard; a part of the wall which once enclosed it, was still standing, while the remainder was overshadowed with tall grass.

Whilst engaged in reading the different inscriptions, to the memory of the infant of six months, as well as the revolutionary soldier of eighty, I was arrested by the sound of a female voice very near, which I supposed to be the earnest invocation of some pious mother, who, bending over the grave of her infant babe, was calling upon God to make her heart as pure as that of the little sleeper's below.

But my impressions were instantly banished, when in the act of stepping back, by

perceiving two old women sitting very close to each other, engaged in deep and earnest conversation; partly concealed by the tall grass, and partly by a small erect tombstone. My attention was immediately arrested, by one saying to the other, in a very audible voice—

"Ah! I remember the night well enough; never did I hear the wind blow so hard, or the rain fall so fast, and he, poor young man, I thought would have gone beside himself. Yes, though you see him standing there now, looking so like a ghost just out of one of these graves, he was, that night, when he first got to my cottage, so gay and so handsome; and his voice did sound so sweet, when he said, 'Mrs. Jenkins, have my servants arrived yet with the carriage? I am afraid we shall have a storm to-night, it lightens so to the North.' 'No, sir,' said I, 'though I have been looking for them this last half hour.' Never did I see features change so quick; they looked so dark and terrible; his large black eyes, which before seemed to speak, as well as look love, almost flashed fire; and, stamping on the ground, he exclaimed, 'By heavens, not yet!' then turning suddenly around, walked out. Returning in a few minutes, he inquired if I had seen the signal from the river. 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I saw a white pocket handkerchief hanging from the window of the second story of the house, a little before sunset.'"

At the conclusion of this sentence, I indistinctly heard the other exclaim, "Ah! dear young lady, she little knew what a horrid death she would soon meet with."

Their voices sank so low, I could hear nothing more. It was however certain, that the object of their conversation was near. This narrative excited my curiosity, and determined me, if possible, to discover the personage to whom it related. I had not proceeded many paces, when I observed a gentleman rise from the ground and lean against a large cedar, whose boughs overhung a plain marble tomb, by the side of which he had been kneeling. Apprehensive that my presence might disturb his halcyon thoughts, I turned a little off, and busied myself in plucking the flowers, that grew in wild abundance—remaining near enough to see that he was a man past the middle age of life, of a thin visage, and rather above the medium height; his large black eyes still retained the fire of youth, while his hair denoted premature age; his dress was a plain suit of black. Whilst endeavoring to discover the botanical name and class of one of the flowers, he approached, and accosted me as follows:

"Sir, you seem to be a stranger in this habitation of the dead."

"Yes," replied I; "it is my first visit here. I am always fond of walking in a graveyard, and reading the various epitaphs; they afford more subjects of serious meditation than a treatise on mortality twice as large."

"Indeed they do," replied he; "that marble slab, just under that tree, has caused me more thought these five and twenty years, than all the incidents of my life together."

"Perhaps it is the resting-place of a sainted mother, or sister, or"——

"No! it is not," said he in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

By this time we had approached close to the grave. I read the following epitaph:

"To the memory of Lucy, only child of Oscar Normand, who departed this life, July 20th, 1801. Aged 17.

'The spring of life had just begun,
When a wintry cloud obscured the sun,
And all was darkness then.'"

"That little verse," said he, "speaks a tale of woe."

What I had gathered from the old woman, and his own melancholy appearance, made me curious to know the circumstances of the death of the young lady, over whose grave we were standing. Observing that it seemed a relief to him to converse

on the subject, I said, "If it is not painful or tedious to relate the cause of the young lady's death, I should be pleased to know it."

"It will be painful, yet relieving for me to do so," said he. "In narrating the melancholy tale, however, I shall have to go back to 1773, when Oscar Normand and my father Frederick Carlton, two years before the disturbances between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, sailed from Liverpool and landed in New-York the 3d of June. Each having connections in Virginia, they bent their way hither, a few weeks after their arrival. Being college friends, they determined to purchase lands in the same neighborhood; which, however, they did not do—my father being pleased with the interior of the State, and Normand with the flat lands near the Chesapeake. The year after my father located, he married a young and beautiful lady; but death soon severed their union, as she survived my birth but a few days. Despairing of again enjoying the same connubial felicity, he never afterwards married. Shortly after my birth, my father, actuated by the noble feelings of justice and patriotism, joined the continental army, which was arduously struggling against the oppressive yoke of Great Britain. Distinguishing himself at the battle of Guilford, by his valor, he received many encomiums from General Green, and was then attached to the staff of La Fayette, whose army was at that time cantoned in Virginia.

"About this period, Normand married a wealthy heiress, by whom he had a daughter, an only child, whose remains are now resting beneath this little mound.

"A man of violent passions, proud and haughty in the extreme, he retained all his national prejudices. When told of the laurels his friend Carlton had gained at Guilford Court-House, with a sarcastic smile, he was heard to murmur, 'Renegade!' A circumstance which happened soon after, forever blighted the friendship of these old companions. At a dinner given to La Fayette and his officers, at Louisa Court-House, Normand who had been up to settle a tobacco plantation in the neighborhood of the Green Springs, was invited, for the purpose of meeting his old friend Carlton. They met; and, for a while, all political opposition was forgotten, as they talked of their love scrapes and college days in Old England.

"The announcement of dinner, however, put a stop to their conversation. As politics was the leading topic of all assemblies at that time, that theme was soon introduced. And many were the toasts drank on that occasion, to the success of the American arms, and the good faith of France and America; among which my father gave the following: 'May we never sheath our swords, until Britain has acknowledged our Independence, and humbled her haughty arrogance before the American Eagle.' Loud and unanimous was the applause that followed, save from Normand, who sat in mute silence, scowling darkly upon his old friend; the wine he was in the act of drinking, was placed upon the table untasted, and, in a voice half-suffocated with anger, he said: 'I think, Frederick, your uncle, Sir Henry Carlton, would have cause to rejoice in so promising a nephew, could he now see and hear you. Indeed, I am disposed to think, could he have known as much, he would have made an abler defence on the part of America, a few days ago in Parliament, in reply to the Earl of Carlisle. I suppose, at the end of these hostilities, you intend to turn saint and parson, and declare a war of extermination against the devil and his imps.'

"'Oscar,' said my father, 'such language is unprovoked, and particularly improper from you, knowing as you do, that I have ever treated you as a gentleman, friend, and brother. Should you ever utter such insolence again, that friendship, which now shields you from chastisement, will be a frail protection.'

"The lion roused from his lair, or the maniac taken from the object of his hatred, never evinced more rage than Normand. His features swollen with passion, he sprang from the table, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, levelled it at my father. Several

of the officers made an effort to wrest it from him, but Normand was too quick for them: it was fired; my father sank motionless on the floor. In an instant every sword was drawn; many rushed at Normand, but were stopped in their purpose by some one saying, 'He is dead!' Turning aside to see if the sad intelligence were true, Normand made use of the opportunity. He left the room in haste, and mounting his horse, was out of sight ere he was missed from the room. Medical aid was immediately procured. What little hope lingered in the minds of my father's comrades, was soon banished by the physician pronouncing the wound mortal: 'The ball,' said he, 'has passed near the heart, and more than probable, has cut the large artery that conveys the blood to it. That, however, will be determined in a few minutes. Should the blood continue to flow as profusely as it does now, he must sink; if we can succeed in stopping it, there is hope.'

"Every effort was made; bandage after bandage was taken away saturated in blood, that had flowed so long in friendship to one who had spilt it so rashly. Life seemed to be ebbing fast. His companions-in-arms had assembled around, to see a brave man die. The physician again examined the wound, his countenance brightened. 'There is some hope yet,' said he, 'the bleeding has somewhat abated.'

"In half an hour, that life, which seemed to glimmer so faintly, gradually revived. The physician directed him to remain in bed at least three weeks, without moving, and to use the lowest diet. At the expiration of five weeks, he was sufficiently restored to ride out. About that period, La Fayette received orders from General Washington, to meet him at York-Town.

"My father, though still debilitated by his wound, attended him, and there participated in the triumph of our arms. At the conclusion of peace, my father retired to his estate to superintend my education; which he continued to do for ten years. He then determined to send me to England, to go through a collegiate course of studies. With a heavy heart, I sailed on the 10th of May, 1791, and landed in Liverpool in the month of July. I prosecuted my studies at Cambridge four years, at which time I received a letter from my father, requesting me to make a tour of Europe. I set off immediately, intending to get through as soon as possible, for I had become anxious to see the best of fathers. I had not, however, proceeded farther than Rome, when I received letters from my father, desiring me to return home, as his health had become extremely bad. I embarked in a few hours, in a packet bound to Charleston; which city I reached after a long and tempestuous voyage. I hastened home, and, to my infinite joy, found my father nearly restored.

"I now come to a period of my life, which promised the fullest realization of happiness; I mean that period of one's life, when the gentle rays of love first break upon the heart, awakening all the softer passions of the soul, and calling into action feelings hitherto dormant—inducing one to believe, that true happiness is no phantom. But, alas! the sunshine of life was soon darkened. Just as I thought perfect bliss within my reach, the shadow vanished, and all that remained was darkness and night.

"A few months after my arrival at home, I visited the western part of the State for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of its medicinal waters.

"The sun was slowly sinking behind some of the lofty peaks of the Alleghany, as I was descending a long and rugged declivity, at the base of which gently flowed one of those deep, narrow rivulets, that enter into the Shenandoah. The sun had been shining intensely all day, and my horse appeared much fatigued from the day's ride. While I sat carelessly on him, giving him the reins, in an instant I was nearly thrown by his springing suddenly forward. With difficulty I recovered myself sufficiently to stop him. On looking around I discovered a coach, drawn by four horses, descending the hill at full speed. The postilion had been thrown from his seat. I indistinctly

heard the scream of a female, as it passed me; death appeared inevitable. Ere I had time to reflect, the horses, with one bound, sprang into the centre of the stream, drawing the coach in after them. They were drowned; and so would have been the travellers—a gentleman and his daughter—had I not, at great risk, rescued them. With much difficulty, the young lady was restored to consciousness. Just at this moment, the carriage that conveyed their baggage arrived, and took them to an inn a short distance off, to which place I accompanied them, little dreaming the fatal consequences that would ensue from impressions made on me that night.

"By the time my new acquaintances had changed their apparel, supper was announced. They appeared quite happy at their escape, and were profuse in their acknowledgments to me, whom they regarded as their deliverer.

"'Indeed, sir,' said the young lady, addressing herself to me, 'but for your timely assistance, at the hazard of your life, we should now be as insensible as the poor horses that rushed, so alarmed, with us into the water. And all I regret is, that papa and myself can never compensate you for such great kindness.'

"'You can hardly call it kindness, madam,' replied I, 'for common humanity would prompt the coldest heart to rescue a fellow-being, when placed in such a perilous situation; and more particularly when beauty calls for aid.' The concluding portion of the sentence I designed that she only should hear.

"A crimson blush instantly mantled her cheek, as she resumed her tea. 'I think, sir,' said her father, 'more than common humanity is required, to induce one to risk, at such great hazard, one's own life. It requires, also, for the sake of others, the noble presence of mind, so rarely found, and on which a man can only rely, when placed in such sudden emergencies.'

"'I had not time,' said I, 'to reflect on my own danger.'

"The alarm and fatigue soon induced my acquaintances to retire; other reasons caused me to do the same. As soon as I reached my apartment, the incidents of the day rushed upon my mind in rapid succession. The frantic speed of the horses, the loud splash of the water as the coach plunged in after them, the awful silence that ensued—and, (what left the most vivid impression upon my mind,) the rescue of two fellow mortals from sudden death, one a young and beautiful girl, just embarking upon the summer-sea of life. I knew not from what my diffidence proceeded, but every effort I made at conversation, after she was sufficiently restored, failed; my mind became abstracted. I had an imperfect recollection of similar features, and I almost fancied I had heard that same voice before; but no, that could not be, I had never seen one half so beautiful, nor heard a voice half so sweet. And already, strange as it may appear, I was thoroughly impressed with the idea that my happiness depended upon her.

"Next morning I was awakened by a servant, saying that the gentleman below had sent him, to request of me my name and residence, as it would be a source of considerable gratification to be in possession of the name of one whom he should ever esteem as having preserved the life of himself and daughter. I sent it to him; and immediately commenced dressing, hoping to be in time to bid adieu to her, who had made such an indelible impression upon feelings long indifferent to beauty's charms. Just as I reached the portico, the coach, which they had procured, rolled away. I had but one glimpse of those lovely features; it was a delicious moment; she waved a smiling farewell. With straining eyes I followed the coach, as it wound along to the summit of a small mountain in front of the inn. It then darted suddenly off. The spell was broken.

"I immediately sought the innkeeper, to ascertain who were his guests of the preceding night, but he was a man more anxious to know the length of his guests' purses

than their names. I then interrogated the servant who, that morning, had brought me the message. He said the gentleman's servant had told him, that he was a Mr. Noland, and that they expected to stop several days in Lexington. As you may well imagine, I was not long in making up my mind, to set off immediately for that place, which I reached after a journey of two days. On my arrival, I learned that a ball was to be given at one of the principal hotels, in celebration of the fourth of July. This was pleasing intelligence; for, I thought it more than probable I should there see this beautiful young lady. With feverish anticipation I waited for the appointed day. The hour arrived to make preparation for the occasion; a tremulous sensation ran over me; a nervous indecision seized me, of which in spite of all my efforts, I could not divest myself.

"At an early hour I set off, and found quite a large assemblage; but in vain did my eyes roam through the apartments in search of that angelic form. Presently a noise was heard at the farther end of the room; on turning round, I beheld those never-to-be-forgotten features. As she passed down, our eyes met. I thought I saw her color change as I bowed. I immediately sought for some one who could give me a formal introduction; and fortunately found an old acquaintance, who informed me she was a Miss Normand, daughter of Oscar Normand, of Eastern Virginia.

"It would be in vain to attempt a description of my feelings. The implacable enmity Normand had ever borne my father, since that unfortunate dinner in Louisa; and my instrumentality in saving the life of himself and daughter; and more than all, his certain opposition to my becoming her suitor, were thoughts of a second. There was a sudden transition from delicious hope to utter despair.

"I think, Mr. Carlton," said she, after my friend had introduced me, 'our first meeting would have been a sufficient introduction without any other. For my part, I feel almost as well acquainted, as if I had known you from childhood.'

"I was apprehensive," replied I, 'that you might think I was presuming too much on services that any one would have rendered, placed in similar circumstances; yet I shall ever look back, as the most fortunate event of my life, to the incident which enabled me to rescue Miss Normand from peril.'

"I think, sir," said she, replying only to the first part of my sentence, 'your modesty prevents you from placing the proper estimate upon your generous efforts; indeed, when we think of the whole affair, there is a good deal of romance in it. You know we frequently read in novels of ladies being saved from watery graves by young gentlemen,'—'And then becoming desperately enamored,' said I, finishing the sentence.

"At the conclusion of this remark, a young gentleman requested her hand in the dance. In silent admiration did I stand and gaze upon her, as she gracefully moved off. Once or twice her eyes glanced at the seat that I occupied, but were instantly withdrawn, while a slight blush ensued.

"I walked out to indulge my feelings in the open air; but, returning soon, I found her in one of the apartments adjacent to the ball-room. She informed me she had ordered her carriage, as a slight indisposition had determined her to return home. The servant returned in a few minutes, saying he could not find the driver. I offered to escort her home, if it was not too far to walk.

"The animating sound of the music gradually died away as we walked on. The moon shone with unclouded brilliancy, while I, with rapturous feelings, declared my unchangeable love, and called upon God to witness my unalterable vows. Ere we reached her boarding-house, she had consented to be mine. The blissful feelings of that moment were, however, soon displaced by those of a more corroding nature. Her father met us at the door; a haughty frown darkened his brow, as he said, 'This is Mr. Carlton, I believe.' I bowed, and immediately withdrew.

"I had scarcely reached the street, half suffocated with rage and mortification, when I paused to consider whether I should not return and demand an explanation of his conduct. The dastardly manner in which he had nearly murdered my father—the service I had so recently rendered him—were thoughts that rushed upon my mind. I became almost frantic; but he is the father of Lucy, said I to myself! Can I do any thing that would grieve her? Moreover, I remembered that Normand had done nothing that would justify an explanation; for, though repulsive hauteur be more goading than a direct insult, yet, according to the worldly code, silent resentment is the only atonement to the wounded feelings. I returned to my hotel to ponder over the incidents of the night. Early the next morning I received a letter from Normand, the purport of which was as follows:

"**SIR:** I extorted from my daughter, last evening, a reluctant acknowledgment of your declaration of love, and of the pleasure it gave her. By virtue of a father's right, I dissolve the engagement, and require of you never again to renew the acquaintance with Lucy Normand. Such ungenerous use, sir, of the claims you have upon my gratitude, will ever be held in abhorrence by me, should you persist in an affair so repugnant to my wishes. My objections, sir, to your becoming allied to my family, I deem it useless to state. I remain, yours, &c. OSCAR NORMAND.

"I was not much surprised when I read the letter, aware of his hatred to my father. I determined, however, to see Miss Normand as soon as possible, and know if it was her wish that our engagement should be dissolved. An opportunity of so doing occurred a few evenings after: while walking the avenue that led from Washington College, I met her. Our meeting at first was rather embarrassing from so unexpected an interview. I desired her to take a seat with me, on one of the many benches that were scattered on the lawn. She directed her servant to remain where she was, while she did so. 'Miss Normand,' said I, gently taking her hand, 'in a letter I received from your father, a short time ago, he informed me my attentions to you met with his highest displeasure; and that he deemed the bestowal of them an ungenerous use of the claims I had upon his gratitude. I have sought you ever since, to learn from your own lips if our plighted love and sacred vows should forever pass into oblivion?'

"'Would you have me disobey him?' said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes.

"'Would you rather obey the stern commands of a proud father, than follow the inclination of your own heart? Alas, I am fearful your love is not strong enough for the emergency.'

"'You wrong me, Mr. Carlton,' said she, bursting into tears.

"I was mortified that I had doubted her attachment, and softly breathed in her ear,

'Oh weep not thus, my gentle girl,
No smile of thine has lost its spell;
By Heaven! I love thy lightest curl,
Oh! more than fondly well.'

"'Miss Normand,' continued I, 'there is but one alternative, and that is an elopement. If fifteen years have not obliterated your father's prejudices, (for I see no other cause of objection than the rupture he once had with my father,) it will be in vain for us to wait for farther time to efface them. Never can I subject myself to his repulsive scorn, which I know would follow, were I to ask his consent. Under circumstances like these, when it is folly to expect paternal consent, and where the parent has no reasonable cause for objection, and where the happiness of the child depends upon his acquiescence, I can see no reason why you should not follow the teachings of your own heart. We had better decide now; perhaps it will be our last interview.'

"She finally consented, after considerable importunity, to an elopement; but severe was the conflict between love and filial duty.

"I now come to a part of my history which fills me with grief and remorse, even at this distant period. She left Lexington a few days after our interview, on her return home, and I soon after set out for my father's.

"About a fortnight after my arrival, I wrote to her, and proposed that on the night of the 3d of September, she should meet me at the bottom of her father's garden, where I would be with a boat to take her over the river to Mrs. Jenkins's cottage, and there a coach would be in readiness. A few days, however, before I wrote, I had visited Normand's neighborhood, and there discovered this Mrs. Jenkins, whom I recognized at once as a former tenant of my father's. I immediately put her in possession of my secret, and the cause of my being in the neighborhood. She informed me she was apprehensive an interview would be impossible, for she had understood, since Normand's return, that his conduct to his daughter was much altered; that he would not permit her to ride out without an escort, nor walk farther than the bottom of the garden. This induced me to designate that spot for our meeting.

"From that time to the 3d of September, days lengthened into weeks. A gloominess took possession of my mind. I was continually filled with dark presentiments, which I found it impossible to dispel. I however started in unusually good spirits, on the appointed day. After getting within fifteen miles of the cottage, I directed the servants to take the river road, until they came to a small ordinary, and there inquire for Mrs. Jenkins, while I would take a nearer one, through the forest, but not so good. I reached the cottage a little after sunset. The time for the arrival of my servants came. I waited an hour longer, but nothing could be seen or heard of them. I became almost frantic with impatience, for it was impossible to cross the river without them. Ten o'clock, the appointed hour came, just as the coach made its appearance; the delay having been occasioned by their taking a wrong road.

"In a few minutes we were pulling with all our strength, against an adverse wind and current. A dense bank of clouds, which had ominously threatened, for some time, from the Northwest, muttering a continued roar of thunder, gave alarming symptoms of an approaching storm. This, with the certainty of my being half an hour later than the appointed time, made my impatience almost insupportable. As soon as we reached the shore, the solitary form of Miss Normand made its appearance from behind a large weeping-willow, that overhung the stream. I urged her to delay not a second, for the storm was then setting in with terrific violence. We instantly showed off; and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"On looking around, I discovered that we had not proceeded twenty paces in as many minutes. Never did I witness such an awful scene. The thunder roared with unparalleled fury, and the forked lightning seemed to play upon the waves, which emulated each other in height.

"I soon found, that it would be madness to persist any longer with such inexperienced hands, and therefore ordered them to return to the shore with all speed. In doing so, the boat trenched;—a second more, and all was over. As we went down, I seized Miss Normand by the arm. We were, however, soon thrown up by the waves, and were about to sink again—perhaps to rise no more—when I indistinctly heard the sound of voices on the shore, and shouted at the top of my voice for aid. A boat was instantly sent out for us by Normand's servants. They informed me, that their master having missed his daughter about an hour before, had been in search of her ever since. As soon as we were taken into the boat, I discovered, by a vivid flash of lightning, that my worst apprehensions were too true. That life which I had once preserved, was then soaring far above the storm."

My narrator could say nothing more; his voice became stifled with sighs. I pressed his hand in silence, and mingled with the crowd that was then leaving the church.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

MARCH, 1843.

Original.

MAN IS WRONG.

BY W. B. TAPPAN, ESQ.

MAN is wrong in his pursuits ;
Sowing wrong, but bitter fruits
Reapeth he. In desiring,
He is wrong. In aspiring,
Yea, in grovelling, he is wrong ;
Weak in good, in evil strong.
Wrong the moment he beginneth
On the weary march of life.
In each step he only sinneth ;
And his only goal is strife.
Wrong in childhood, how perverse,
Obstinate and giddy he !
Wrong in youth, a frequent curse,
Parent, is thy boy to thee.
Wrong in manhood ; just the course

Wisdom warreth from, he takes ;
Wrong in age, his folly's source,
Whence the wrecking torrent breaks.
Wrong in hopes, and wrong in fears.
Wrong in smiles, and wrong in tears,
Wrong in object, wrong in plan,
Wrong in action—such is man.
Wrong in life, his parting breath
Ebbs out as an idle song ;
Wrong is he in awful death,
Living, dying, only wrong.
“CYNIC !”—No, a truthful sketch
Gives my pencil of *thy* face.
Here thou seest what a wretch
Is God's image, *shown of* grace.

Original.

THE RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. C. ORNE.

It was a fine moonlight evening in January, that George Endicott proceeded to the lodgings of his friend, Lorenzo Hastings, on his way to a party given by Mrs. Appleton. He found him in an elegant dressing-gown, reclining on a sofa, which was wheeled round in such a manner as to enable him to enjoy the genial warmth of a bright coal fire, burning in a highly-polished grate. Every thing in the room indicated wealth and refinement, though the absence of a few of those delicate decorations, which more exclusively owe their origin to female taste, might have suggested, what was indeed true, that he was a bachelor. He welcomed his friend with an air of languor approaching to melancholy.

“You surely mean to attend Mrs. Appleton's party this evening,” said Endicott, finding that Hastings made no allusion to it, and still preserved his lounging attitude upon the sofa.

"I believe not, for really I feel too stupid to make the least exertion."

"As to that," replied Endicott, "you have not much exertion to make. I perceive that you are already dressed—all you have to do is to exchange your dressing-gown for a coat."

"I do n't allude to physical exertion. Do you imagine I wish to exhibit myself before the beautiful Mary Appleton as a mere walking automaton, for I am sure that I shall be incapable of giving utterance to a single idea."

"O, being in the presence of so lovely a girl as Miss Appleton, will be inspiration enough. I dare say that eloquence will flow from your lips as clear and sparkling as the crystal water at our Washingtonian celebrations."

"And quite as insipid. Look!—see what a pair of lack-lustre eyes I have got; and my complexion is absolutely cadaverous. For Mary Appleton to see me in this plight, would be death to all my hopes, as far as she is concerned."

"Nevertheless, my advice is, that you attend the party to-night. There is more than one rival in the field."

"There is one way to be myself again, and only one."

"Hastings, you cannot mean—?"

"Yes, I *do* mean, that by taking a glass of brandy I shall live again. For a week past, I have only vegetated. My mental faculties have been in a state of torpor. I have had recourse to stimulants so long, that I cannot exist without them."

"Hastings," said Endicott, in a quiet, though rather severe tone of voice, "is it possible that you have so little self-control as to be able to hold to a resolution no longer than one week?"

"I did not pledge myself to abide by it; and as I now see good reason to break it, I shall do so without ceremony. You know that I never drank to excess—that is, I could always preserve an erect gait, and could always keep a proper restraint upon my tongue, whatever nonsense might enter my head. The fact is, my temperament is of a kind to make me absolutely require some daily stimulant. What a clear, bracing atmosphere will do for you, this will do for me."

As he spoke, he poured out a glass of brandy, and drank it at a draught.

"Had Miss Appleton seen that," said Endicott, "it would have been death to your hopes."

"As it is, it will prove the life of them."

"Be not too certain."

"Endicott," said he, in an excited voice, "you will not dare betray me."

"I am no tale-bearer," he replied.

In a short time a vivid red came to the late pale lips of Hastings, a bright glow suffused his countenance, and his dark eyes became almost wildly lustrous.

Suddenly throwing off his dressing-gown and putting on his coat, "I am," said he, "ready to meet a dozen rivals now. When I am in the vein, you know as well as I, that no person can outshine me in conversation, or in those lighter and nameless graces which form the polished gentleman. Come, are you ready to go?"

Endicott answered by putting on his hat and gloves. They proceeded to Mrs. Appleton's in silence. George Endicott was too much chagrined at the idea of his friend's weak resolution, to feel in a mood for conversation, and Hastings did not care to exhaust his newly exhilarated spirits, by giving voice to the bright-winged thoughts that were springing up in his brain. It was rather late when they entered Mrs. Appleton's drawing-room. The color perceptibly heightened on the cheeks of Mary, as her eyes, for a moment, rested on the fine figure, and the noble intellectual countenance of Hastings sparkling with its usual animation. Never did he appear more brilliant, or to better advantage. All who approached him, were thrown into the shade. Mary

among others, surrendered herself to the fascinations of his language and manners. She had taken his arm, and with several other young couples they were promenading the splendid apartments. Gradually his language became softer and more impassioned. He spoke in a subdued voice. Hers took the low tone of his, and as he bent to listen, her warm breath fanned over his cheek. He replied without raising his head. A sudden, though very slight recoil on her part, made him at once aware, that she had inhaled the spirit fumes of his own hot breath. From that moment, both were silent, and soon, under the plea of fatigue, she relinquished his arm. She was too spirited to willingly expose the mental pain she was suffering, and assumed a cheerfulness which deceived all, except him she most wished to deceive. The veil impenetrable to others, was only too transparent to him. He had well interpreted the nature of the sentiments with which he had inspired her during their former meetings, and felt assured that the declaration which was hovering upon his lips, would have been favorably received, had not the enemy that had tempted him, likewise betrayed.

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. Appleton to her daughter, after the company had dispersed, "I think you have, at last, achieved a most enviable conquest. I am persuaded that the elegant, fascinating, and, though last, not least, the rich Mr. Hastings is yours, if you will accept him."

"Which, though all you say be true, I probably never can," replied Mary.

"I cannot understand you. I hope you are not one of the whimsical, fickle-minded class, that can see nothing desirable in an object the moment it appears attainable."

"If I were, I should certainly cease to respect my own character. But Mr. Hastings has never offered himself to me, and I *think* never will."

"You must have some secret reason for your opinion then. Every person who has noticed his appearance when in your presence, has not hesitated to pronounce him deeply enamored, nor have his attentions appeared to be at all disagreeable to you."

"I have, as you suggest, a reason for my opinion, which I wish might remain a secret to every person but ourselves, and which a single question will sufficiently explain. Should you be willing for me to accept the addresses of a person who is intemperate?"

"Is it possible that your question can have reference to a gentleman like Mr. Hastings?"

"It is. His brilliant and piquant remarks were only the sparkles quaffed from the intoxicating cup."

"You certainly must be mistaken, Mary. His manners are ever lively and animated, and his colloquial powers brilliant and of the highest order."

"No, mother, I am not mistaken. I wish I were. I have several times suspected him—this evening, I have had proof."

"What could our friend, George Endicott, mean then? No longer ago than yesterday, he told us that Mr. Hastings was an advocate for total abstinence."

"And he probably is. I have known many persons advocate principles and theories who have not the fortitude to practise them."

Mary parted with her mother for the night with feelings of far keener disappointment than she permitted herself to exhibit. When she first met with Hastings, she was taught by common report to believe his character unexceptionable. As he, on his part, had made no effort to disguise his admiration of her, she had not attempted to check those sentiments, which his many noble and superior qualities were of a nature to inspire. Amid all her feelings of regret and sorrow, however, she could not but rejoice, that she had found before it was too late, that he did not possess sufficient moral energy and firmness to abstain from a practice which he himself condemned.

The next morning, George Endicott again called on Hastings. He found him lan-

gaid and gloomy. He merely responded to his friend's "good morning," and made a signal for him to be seated. Five minutes of uncomfortable silence ensued. Hastings then rose and poured a glass of brandy from a decanter which sat upon the table.

"Endicott," said he, "I wish you to be a witness to what I now say. This, and one more glass, is the last drop of spirit that I intend shall ever pass my lips. I take it now that it may give me courage to speak on a subject from which I should otherwise shrink."

He then drank it, refilled the glass, and drained the last drop.

"Do you know," said he, after a short time, "that I have given up all thoughts of Mary Appleton?"

"You surprise me. What can be the reason?"

"A very good one—she will not accept me."

"I was led to adopt a different opinion from her appearance last evening. But have you really offered yourself, and has she rejected you?"

"No, we have not interchanged a word on the subject."

"What, then, has happened?"

"The breath of this furnace has passed over her," he replied, laying his hand upon his breast. "I marked its withering effects, and have nothing to hope."

"O yes, Hastings, you have every thing to hope, if you will abide by the resolution you have just taken. Miss Appleton's heart is yours, and if she finds that you have the courage to reform, you have nothing to fear."

"But where the burning thirst has been once created, temptation has in so many instances proved irresistible, she will have no faith in the genuineness of my reformation. Besides I have degraded myself in her opinion, and my pride revolts from the idea of her being able to look back on that one bitter moment of my humiliation, which came at the moment when I imagined success was certain."

"That is a consideration by which I think you should not suffer yourself to be influenced. But permit me to ask you one question."

"As many as you please."

"Was it a real love for stimulating liquors that induced you to resort to them, or the impression that their exhilarating qualities would brighten your intellect and enable you better to shine in conversation—a gift by which having made yourself distinguished, you naturally wished to improve?"

"I appreciate your motive, Endicott, in wishing to place my conduct in a light as little offensive as possible; but I must confess, that although, at first, I resorted to them merely as a stimulant to my mental energies, I soon contracted a love for them. Do you think Mary Appleton can ever respect a person who has been degraded so low as that?"

"I think that should she find you have moral energy enough to foil an enemy that has presented himself to you with a gift in either hand, that she will have greater reason to respect you for your final triumph than to despise you for your former defeat."

"But there must be time to show that I really can triumph, and in the meantime some other will bear off the prize."

"There is little danger of that. As I have already suggested, her heart is yours, and the heart of such a girl as Mary Appleton is a gift which she can neither readily resume nor transfer to another."

"I hope you are right, Endicott, and when the fumes of this last shameful draught have subsided, I will myself write a pledge to abstain from ardent spirits, which I wish to lodge in your hands. I will call on you this evening: where shall I find you?"

"At my office."

"This is a mere form," said Hastings, when according to appointment, he called on

Endicott, and placed the paper, composed in a style at once eloquent and solemn, in his hands, "but one which may not be without its effect in preventing my resolution from wavering. Perhaps you may think that it would be preferable for me to pledge myself more publicly, but, as I cannot like you, place on the list an unpolluted name merely for example's sake, I shrink from the idea of having it classed with those who have been confirmed inebriates. This is being foolishly sensitive, no doubt, but I cannot help feeling thus. If there should ever come a time when you see reason to return me the paper, in which you will see I have most solemnly pledged myself, you will know then that I am lost—irreclaimable."

As Endicott had predicted, Miss Appleton steadily refused to listen to the proposals of several young gentlemen, who hastened to urge their suit when they found Hastings had deserted the field, towards whom, although she did not deem them unworthy her acceptance, she entertained no warmer sentiment than esteem. Hastings continued to persevere in his well-formed resolution. At first, the struggle was severe. The craving for excitement which had been artificially created, and which—so greatly had he suffered himself to be deceived—he had persuaded himself was a demand of a naturally melancholy temperament, was almost irresistible, his sufferings, at some periods, amounting to agony. But the enemy, after having been repeatedly baffled, began to confront him less boldly. The seductive veil, like that which covered the features of Mokanna, the Prophet-Chief of Khorassan, was at times entirely thrown aside, revealing to him its features in all their unmitigated deformity.

A year passed away, during which his prayer had been "Lead me not into temptation," and it had been granted. His resolution to resist, seemed daily to be more deeply written upon his heart. The hour of a sharper trial was at hand, than any which had, as yet, assailed him. It so happened that two young men—one by the name of Gleason, the other of Wetmore—who had been his classmates at college, had occasion to spend a few days in the city where Hastings resided, and took lodgings at one of the principal hotels. One afternoon they were standing on the door-steps, at the moment he was passing. A mutual recognition took place, and in a few minutes they were seated in one of the parlors, deeply engaged in recounting the scenes of the past. An hour glided swiftly and pleasantly away, when Gleason rang the bell and ordered some brandy. It was soon upon the table. Gleason poured some into a tumbler, and as he passed the bottle towards Hastings that he might follow his example, he remarked, that he had ordered brandy, knowing it to be his favorite.

"I drink no ardent spirits now," said Hastings.

"Ah, you belong to one of the cold-water societies then, do you?"

"I belong to no society, but have found it advisable to practise total abstinence."

"Your confession implies a weakness of which I did not imagine you susceptible," said Gleason. "If I understand you rightly, you fear, that should you allow yourself to taste of spirit, your appetite will lead you to overstep the bounds of temperance. Really, Hastings, I thought you could place more confidence in yourself."

"So did I," said Wetmore. "I should scorn to be held in such trammels. For my own part, I am the master, not the slave, of my inclinations, and I can prescribe what bounds to them I please. If I choose to take a glass of wine, I do; or if I wish to drink a glass of brandy, I ask no man's leave. My appetite is perfectly under my control, and I never was guilty of indulging it to such a degree as to be unable to govern either my words or my actions."

"There is some whining, though I dare say, very pretty girl at the bottom of this," said Gleason, "I will be bound, who is probably inclined to measure your love by the quantity of cold water you drink."

"That is it," said Wetmore. "I can tell by his looks that you have hit the right

nail upon the head. But really, Hastings, to put yourself in leading strings before marriage is too bad. Who would have thought that when you were bearing away prizes at Harvard, you would ever come to this. What say you, Hastings, does not some pretty girl hold you in subjection?"

Hastings, like most proud people, was extremely sensitive, and they had contrived to present his own character to his imagination in a light verging on the ridiculous. He began to believe that there was a much greater degree of moral heroism in being able to indulge the inclinations to a certain limit, and there stop, than to at once crush them. To the last question of Wetmore he replied,

"No—I regulate my conduct by the whims of no pretty girl."

"And you belong to no 'Cold-water Society'?"

"No."

"Then you cannot possibly have any objection to taking a social glass with us. If you cannot taste, and stop when you have taken enough, you are not the man I always took you to be. You see our glasses, as yet, remain untouched. Permit me to fill yours, and we will drink each other's health before we part."

Wetmore filled the glass, passed it to Hastings, and he took it. At this crisis footsteps and voices were heard near the door, and then it was suddenly thrown open. Before either of them had time to inquire the meaning of so unceremonious an intrusion, they perceived that two of the persons were bearing the inanimate form of a female. They soon learned that she had been thrown from a carriage near the steps of the hotel. At the entrance of a physician, who had been immediately summoned, those who had gathered round the sofa on which she had been laid, fell back, and Hastings then, for the first time, perceived it was Mary Appleton. As he withdrew his eyes from her beautiful features, pale and still as if Death had already set his seal upon them, they encountered the brimming glass which he was in the act of raising to his lips at the moment the door was opened, and he felt that the silent admonition then conveyed to his heart might have been ineffectual had it been less dreadful. He again turned towards the insensible form of Mary Appleton. Her eyes were closed, and her dark hair lay in tangled masses over her neck and shoulders. The physician, in the meantime, had been examining the nature of the injury she had sustained, and pronounced the skull to be fractured. At his request, most of those who had crowded into the apartment had withdrawn, and one of the number had borne the tidings to Mrs. Appleton. She arrived just as the operation of trepanning had been decided upon.

"Is it a dangerous operation, doctor?" inquired the pale and nearly fainting mother.

"Somewhat dangerous, but the only thing that can save her. Had you not better withdraw till it is over?"

She shook her head. "If you please, I will remain," she replied.

Fortunately, the physician had a cool head and a steady hand, as well as confidence in his own skill. The operation was skilfully performed, the result being the patient's immediate return to consciousness.

From that hour, the sight of the sparkling glass brought with it to the mind of Hastings, associations too painful to leave him any desire to taste. He felt that his resolution was in danger of being no more shaken, and this confidence in himself was imparted to others.

A year had passed, and the long hair which had been shred from the head of Mary Appleton previous to the operation which was to result in her life or death, was replaced by soft, rich curls, that clustered round her brow serene and beautiful as formerly, and perhaps a shade more thoughtful. She and Hastings often met. It was one evening, after a long and confidential conversation between them, concerning his former habits and inclinations, and the entire change which had come over him like a dream, that he ventured to offer her his hand, which she without hesitancy, accepted.

A few months afterwards, a very lovely girl, one of Mary's most intimate friends, entered the parlor where she and her mother sat sewing.

"You are the very person I wish to see, Emily," said Mary. "I was just thinking of calling on you for the purpose of making a particular request."

"And it is to make a particular request that I have called on you," said Emily.

"I should not be surprised," said Mrs. Appleton, "if they should prove to be similar, for I understand that you are engaged to George Endicott. As you are here, I think you should have the privilege of making your request first."

"You suspect," said Emily, "that I came to ask Mary to be my bridesmaid."

"Which I will be with great pleasure," said Mary, "unless I should require your services first."

"Mary's wedding is to be a week from to-day," said Mrs. Appleton.

"Then I am too late," replied Emily, "for mine is to take place a week later."

TAKING THE VEIL.

THE author is known to be the wife of the Chevalier Calderon de la Barea, formerly Spanish Minister to this country, and subsequently Spanish Envoy to Mexico, after the recognition of the independence of that republic by the mother country. Madame Calderon's position secured to her opportunities of observation which would be denied to most persons. The ceremony of taking the veil has often been described, but never perhaps has the parting of friends, which the act involves, been depicted with more thrilling interest, than in the following passages from Madame Calderon's work. She received an invitation as follows:

"On Wednesday, the — of this month, at six o'clock in the evening, my daughter Dona Maria de la Concepcion, P—— —, will assume the habit of a Nun in the choir and the black veil in the Convent of Our Lady of the Incarnation. I have the honor to inform you of this, intreating you to co-operate with your presence in the solemnity of this act, a favor which will be highly esteemed by your affectionate servant, who kisses your hand.

MARIA JOSEFA DE —."

The girl being of distinguished family, the ceremony was expected to be peculiarly magnificent. Madame C. having called at the house in the morning, to make arrangements for attending the ceremony with the family, found about a hundred persons, relatives of the family, assembled at a sort of *fete*, given on the occasion. The young lady who was about to be entombed alive, was dressed in purple velvet, with diamonds and pearls, and a crown of flowers, the *corsage* of her gown being entirely covered with bows of ribband of different colors, which her friends had given her. She had short sleeves, and white satin shoes. She was handsome, and only eighteen years of age. Madame Calderon having arranged for her attendance upon the ceremony, took her departure from the house, to return again in the evening. She says:

"I arrived at the hour appointed, and being led up stairs by the Senator Don —, found the morning party, with many additions, lingering over the dessert. There was some gaiety, but evidently forced. It reminded me of a marriage feast, previous to the departure of the bride, who is about to be separated from her family for the first time. Yet how different in fact this banquet, where the mother and daughter met together for the last time on earth!

At stated periods, indeed, the mother may hear her daughter's voice, speaking to her as from the depths of the tomb; but she may never more fold her in her arms,

never more share in her joys or in her sorrows, or nurse her in sickness; and when her own last hour arrives, though but a few streets divide them, she may not give her dying blessing to the child who has been, for so many years, the pride of her eyes and heart.

I have seen no country, where families are so knit together as in Mexico, where the affections are so concentrated, or where such devoted respect and obedience are shown by the married sons and daughters to their parents. In that respect, they always remain as little children. I know many families, of which the married branches continue to live in their father's house, forming a sort of small colony, and living in the most perfect harmony. They cannot bear the idea of being separated, and nothing but dire necessity ever forces them to leave their *father-land*. To all the accounts, which travellers give them, of the pleasures to be met with in European capitals, they turn a deaf ear. Their families are in Mexico, their parents, and sisters, and relatives, and there is no happiness for them elsewhere. The greater, therefore, is the sacrifice which those parents make who, from religious motives, devote their daughters to a conventual life.

—, however, was furious at the whole affair, which, he said, was entirely against the mother's consent, though that of the father had been obtained, and pointed out to me the confessor, whose influence had brought it about. The girl herself was now very pale, but evidently resolved to conceal her agitation, and the mother seemed as if she could shed no more tears—quite exhausted with weeping. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the whole party became more grave and sad, all but the priests, who were smiling and talking together in groups. The girl was not still a moment. She kept walking hastily through the house, taking leave of the servants, and naming, probably, her last wishes about every thing. She was followed by her younger sisters, all in tears.

But it struck six, and the priests intimated that it was time to move. She and her mother went down stairs alone, and entered the carriage, which was to drive them through all the principal streets, to show the nun to the public, according to custom, and to let them take their last look, they of her, and she of them. As they got in, we all crowded to the balconies to see her take leave of her house, her aunts saying, 'Yes, child, *despidete de tu casa*, take leave of your house, for you will never see it again!' Then came sobs from the sisters, and many of the gentlemen, ashamed of their emotion, hastily quitted the room. I hope for the sake of humanity, I did not rightly interpret the look of constrained anguish, which the poor girl threw from the window of the carriage at the home of her childhood.

They drove off, and the relatives prepared to walk in procession to the church. I walked with the Count S—o; the others followed in pairs. The church was very brilliantly illuminated, and, as we entered, the band was playing one of *Strauss's* waltzes! The crowd was so tremendous, that we were nearly squeezed to a jelly in getting to our places. I was carried off my feet between two fat *Senoras* in mantillas and shaking diamond pendants, exactly as if I had been packed between two movable feather beds.

They gave me, however, an excellent place, quite close to the grating, beside the Countess de S—o, that is to say, a place to kneel on. A great bustle and much preparation seemed to be going on, within the convent, and veiled figures were flitting about, whispering, arranging, &c. Sometimes a skinny old dame would come close to the grating, and, lifting up her veil, bestow upon the pensive public a generous view of a very haughty and very wrinkled visage of some seventy years standing, and beckon into the church for the *majo-domo* of the convent, (an excellent and profitable situation by the way,) or for *Padre* this or that. Some of the holy ladies recognized and spoke to me, through the grating.

But at the discharge of fireworks outside the church, the curtain was dropped, for this was the signal that the nun and her mother had arrived. An opening was made in the crowd, as they passed into the church, and the girl, kneeling down, was questioned by the bishop, but I could not make out the dialogue, which was carried on in a low voice. She then passed into the convent by a side door, and her mother, quite exhausted, and nearly in hysterics, was supported through the crowd to a place beside us, in front of the grating. The music struck up; the curtain was again drawn aside. The scene was as striking here, as in the convent of Santa Teresa, but not so lugubrious. The nuns all ranged around and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, were dressed in mantles of bright blue, with a gold plate on the left shoulder. Their faces, however, were covered with deep black veils. The girl kneeling in front, and also bearing a heavy lighted taper, looked beautiful, with her dark hair and rich dress, and the long black lashes resting on her glowing face. The churchmen near the illuminated and magnificently-decked altar, formed, as usual, a brilliant back-ground to the picture. The ceremony was the same, as on the former occasion, but there was no sermon.

The most terrible thing to witness, was the last straining, anxious look which the mother gave her daughter through the grating. She had seen her child pressed to the arms of strangers, and welcomed to her new home. She was no longer hers. All the sweet ties of nature had been rudely severed, and she had been forced to consign her, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, at the very age in which she most required a mother's care, and when she had but just fulfilled the promise of her childhood to a living tomb. Still, as long as the curtain had not fallen, she could gaze upon her, as upon one on whom, though dead, the coffin-lid is not yet closed.

But while the new-made nun was in a blaze of light, and distinct on the fore-ground, so that we could mark each varying expression of her face, the crowd in the church, and the comparative faintness of the light, probably, made it difficult for her to distinguish her mother; for, knowing that the end was at hand, she looked anxiously and hurriedly into the church, without seeming able to fix her eyes on any particular object; while her mother seemed as if her eyes were glazed, so intently were they fixed upon her daughter.

Suddenly, and without preparation, down fell the black curtain, like a pall, and the sobs and tears of the family broke forth. One beautiful little child was carried out almost in fits. Water was brought to the poor mother; and, at last, making our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, we got into the sacristy. 'I declare,' said the Countess — to me, wiping her eyes, 'it is worse than a marriage!' I expressed my horror at the sacrifice of a girl so young, that she could not possibly have known her own mind. Almost all the ladies agreed with me, especially all who had daughters, but many of the old gentlemen were of a different opinion. The young men were decidedly of my way of thinking; but many young girls, who were conversing together, seemed rather to envy their friend, who had looked so pretty and graceful, and 'so happy,' and whose dress 'suited her so well;' and to have no objection to 'go and do likewise.'"

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

From the Poems of Ossian.

THE WAR OF CAROS.

BY J. MACPHERSON, ESQ.

[Caros is probably the noted usurper Carausius, by birth a Menapian, who assumed the purple in the year 284; and, seizing on Britain, defeated the Emperor Maximilian Hercules in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in this poem "the king of ships." He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a party under command of Oscar, the son of Ossian. This battle is the foundation of the present poem, which is addressed to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar.]

BRING, daughter of Toscar, bring the harp! the light of the song rises in Ossian's soul! It is like the field when darkness covers the hills around, and the shadow grows slowly on the plain of the sun. I behold my son, O Malvina! near the mossy rock of Crona. But it is the mist of the desert, tinged with the beam of the west! Lovely is the mist that assumes the form of Oscar! turn from it, ye winds, when ye roar on the side of Ardden!

Who comes towards my son with the murmur of a song? His staff is in his hand, his gray hair loose on the wind. Surly joy lightens his face. He often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno of songs, he that went to view the foe. "What does Caros, king of ships?" said the son of the now mounted Ossian: "spreads he the wings" of his pride, bard of the times of old?"—"He spreads them, Oscar," replied the bard, "but it is behind his gathered heap.† He looks over his stones with fear. He beholds thee terrible, as the ghost of night, that rolls the wave to his ships!"

"Go, thou first of my bards!" says Oscar, "take the spear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point. Shake it to the winds of heaven. Bid him, in songs, to advance, and leave the rolling of his wave. Tell to Caros that I long for battle; that my bow is weary of the chase of Cona. Tell him the mighty are not here; and that my arm is young."

He went with the murmur of songs. Oscar reared his voice on high. It reached his heroes on Ardden, like the noise of a cave; when the sea of Togorma rolls before it, and its trees meet the roaring winds. They gather round my son like the streams of the hill; when, after rain, they roll in the pride of their course. Ryno came to the mighty Caros. He struck his flaming spear. Come to the battle of Oscar, O thou that sittest on the rolling of waves! Fingal is distant far; he hears the songs of bards in Morven: the wind of his hall is in his hair. His terrible spear is at his side; his shield that is like the darkened moon! Come to the battle of Oscar; the hero is alone.

He came not over the streamy Carun. The bard returned with his song. Gray night grows dim on Crona. The feast of shells is spread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind; faint light gleams over the heath. The ghosts of Ardden pass through the beam, and show their dim and distant forms. Comala‡ is half unseen on her meteor; Hidallan is sullen and dim, like the darkened moon behind the mist of night.

"Why are thou sad?" said Ryno; for he alone beheld the chief. "Why art thou sad, Hidallan! hast thou not received thy fame? The songs of Ossian have been heard; thy ghost has brightened in wind, when thou didst bend from thy cloud, to hear the song of Morven's bard!"—"And do thine eyes," said Oscar, "behold the

* The Roman eagle.

† Agricola's wall, which Carausius repaired.

‡ This is the scene of Comala's death, which is the subject of the dramatic poem.

chief, like the dim meteor of night? Say, Ryno, say, how fell Hidallan, the renowned, in the days of my fathers! His name remains on the rocks of Cona. I have often seen the streams of his hills!"

Fingal, replied the bard, drove Hidallan from his wars. The king's soul was sad for Comala, and his eyes could not behold the chief. Lonely, sad, along the heath he slowly moved with silent steps. His arms hang disordered on his side. His hair flies loose from his brow. The tear is in his downcast eyes; a sigh half silent in his breast! Three days he strayed unseen, alone, before he came to Lamor's halls: the mossy halls of his fathers, at the stream of Balva. There Lamor sat alone beneath a tree; for he had sent his people with Hidallan to war. The stream ran at his feet, his gray head rested on his staff. Sightless are his aged eyes. He hums the song of other times. The noise of Hidallan's feet came to his ear; he knew the tread of his son.

"Is the son of Lamor returned; or is it the sound of his ghost? Hast thou fallen on the banks of Carun, son of the aged Lamor? Or, if I hear the sound of Hidallan's feet, where are the mighty in the war? where are my people, Hidallan! that were wont to return with their echoing shields? Have they fallen on the banks of Carun?"

"No," replied the sighing youth, "the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in war, my father! but Hidallan is renowned no more. I must sit alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of the battle grows."

"But thy fathers never sat alone," replied the rising pride of Lamor. "They never sat alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of battle rose. Dost thou not behold that tomb? My eyes discern it not; there rests the noble Garmállon, who never fled from war! Come, thou renowned in battle, he says, come to thy father's tomb. How am I renowned, Gamállo? my son has fled from war!"

"King of the streamy Balva!" said Hidallan with a sigh, "why dost thou torment my soul? Lamor, I never fled. Fingal was sad for Comala; he denied his wars to Hidallan. Go to the gray streams of thy land, he said; moulder like a leafless oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never more to grow!"

"And must I hear," Lamor replied, the lonely tread of Hidallan's feet? When thousands are renowned in battle, shall he bend over my gray streams? Spirit of the noble Garmállon! carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark, his soul is sad, his son has lost his fame!"

"Where," said the youth, "shall I search for fame, to gladden the soul of Lamor? From whence shall I return with renown, that the sound of my arms may be pleasant in his ear? If I go to the chase of hinds, my name will not be heard. Lamor will not feel my dogs with his hands, glad at my arrival from the hill. He will not inquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his deserts!"

"I must fall," said Lamor, "like a leafless oak: it grew on a rock! it was overthrown by the winds! My ghost will be seen on my hills, mournful for my young Hidallan. Will not ye, ye mists, as ye rise, hide him from my sight! My son, go to Lamor's hall: there the arms of our fathers hang. Bring the sword of Garmállon: he took it from a foe!"

He went and brought the sword with all its studded thongs. He gave it to his father. The gray-haired hero felt the point with his hand.

"My son, lead me to Garmállon's tomb: it rises beside that rustling tree. The long grass is withered; I hear the breezes whistling there. A little fountain murmurs near, and sends its waters to Balva. There let me rest; it is noon: the sun is on our fields!"

He led him to Garmállon's tomb. Lamor pierced the side of his son. They sleep together: their ancient halls moulder away. Ghosts are seen there at noon: the valley is silent, and the people shun the place of Lamor.

"Mournful is thy tale," said Oscar, "son of the times of old! My soul sighs for Hidallan; he fell in the days of his youth. He flies on the blast of the desert; his wandering is in a foreign land. Sons of the echoing Morven! draw near to the foes of Fingal. Send the night away in songs; watch the strength of Caros. Oscar goes to the people of other times; to the shades of silent Ardden, where his fathers sit dim in their clouds, and behold the future war. And art thou there, Hidallan, like a half-extinguished meteor? Come to my sight, in thy sorrow, chief of the winding Balva!"

The heroes move with their songs. Oscar slowly ascends the hill. The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oscar drew his sword!

"Come," said the hero, "O ye ghosts of my fathers! ye that fought against the kings of the world! Tell me the deeds of future times; and your converse in your caves, when you talk together, and behold your sons in the fields of the brave."

Trenmor came from his hill at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor half extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero: thrice the winds of night roared around! Many were his words to Oscar; but they only came by halves to our ears; they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the song arose. He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill. It was then, O daughter of Toscar! my son began first to be sad. He foresaw the fall of his race. At times he was thoughtful and dark, like the sun when he carries a cloud on his face, but again he looks forth from his darkness on the green hills of Cona.

Oscar passed the night among his fathers; gray morning met him on Carun's banks. A green vale surrounded a tomb which arose in the times of old. Little hills lift their heads at a distance, and stretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros sat there, for they had passed the stream by night. They appeared like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning. Oscar stood at the tomb, and raised thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills echoed around; the staring roes bounded away; and the trembling ghosts of the dead fled, shrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my son, when he called his friends!

A thousand spears arose around; the people of Caros rose. Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear? My son, though alone, is brave. Oscar is like a beam of the sky; he turns around, and the people fall. His hand is the arm of a ghost, when he stretches it from a cloud; the rest of his thin form is unseen; but the people die in the vale! My son beheld the approach of the foe; he stood in the silent darkness of his strength. "Am I alone," said Oscar, "in the midst of a thousand foes? Many a spear is there! many a darkly-rolling eye! Shall I fly to Ardden! But did my fathers ever fly? The mark of their arms is in a thousand battles. Oscar too shall be renowned! Come, ye dim ghosts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war! I may fall; but I will be renowned like the race of the echoing Morven." He stood, growing in his place, like a flood in a narrow vale! The battle came, but they fell: bloody was the sword of Oscar.

The noise reached his people at Crona; they came like a hundred streams. The warriors of Caros fled; Oscar remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea. Now dark and deep, with all his steeds, Caros rolled his might along: the little streams are lost in his course; the earth is rocking round. Battle spreads from wing to wing; ten thousand swords gleam at once in the sky. But why should Ossian sing of battles? For never more shall my steel shine in war. I remember the days of my youth with grief, when I feel the weakness of my arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth,

in the midst of their renown! They have not beheld the tombs of their friends, or failed to bend the bow of their strength. Happy art thou, O Oscar, in the midst of thy rushing blast. Thou often goest to the fields of thy fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted sword.

Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar! I behold not the form of my son at Carun, nor the figure of Oscar on Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away, and the heart of his father is sad. But lead me, O Malvina! to the sound of my woods, to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on Cona; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O maid! that I may touch it when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near to learn the song; future times shall hear of me! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice of Cona; and, looking up the rocks, say, "Here Ossian dwelt." They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more, while we ride on our clouds, Malvina! on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard at times in the desert; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock.

THE DEFORMED FOOT.

BY REV. D. WISE.

A FRIEND of mine has a little girl whose foot is so deformed as to make a painful surgical operation necessary to prevent her being lame for life. A short time since he said to her, "Emma, you must be taken to Boston, that the doctor may cure your foot. When will you go?"

"Not yet, pa," she replied, as, by her gesture, she seemed to anticipate the pain of the operation.

"Well, when would you like to go, my dear?"

Emma was silent a few moments, and then said, "When we go to see grandmother."

"And when shall that be?" said her father.

"O, in about a year," said she, playfully laughing at the thought of so long a respite.

The disposition manifested by this child, is common to all children, and is one of the worst elements of human character. It is always injurious, and sometimes fatal to the interests of the child, both in time and eternity; and it should be the settled purpose of every parent to conquer it at any cost of effort—at any sacrifice of feeling.

The disposition of which I complain is, that which defers *painful* duties or unpleasant tasks to a future period. This little girl was convinced of the necessity of the operation; but she knew it would be painful, and therefore wished to put it off as long as possible. Every other child would naturally do the same. Now, if this inclination was confined to such extraordinary cases as a surgical operation, it would be of little consequence. Instead of this, it shows itself whenever anything is required which is either painful or unpleasant. A difficult lesson, a domestic duty, the confession of a fault, and all kindred matters, will be procrastinated with equal facility. "Not now," will be the wayward reply to every demand made upon the inclinations and the will by the voice of duty.

Nor will this disposition be without its evil result on the spiritual destinies of the child. That it is obnoxious to the pride, the passions, the feelings of the human heart to submit to Jesus Christ, no Christian parent will deny. Let a child, then, be permitted *habitually* to defer painful and unpleasant duties, and what will be his answer when the Most High, convincing him of sin, says to him, "My son, give me thine

heart!" He will answer, with the trembling prince of Judea, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." The price of his soul may be the cost of this disposition!

It is, therefore, the duty of every parent, both fathers and mothers, steadily to labor for the conquest of this inclination. They should firmly insist upon the immediate performance of every unpleasant duty, until the habit is formed of overcoming difficulties and doing what occasions pain *at once*. How may they consistently hope that, in the hour of rational conviction, their little ones will answer the Lord by saying, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek." If not, they will be clear of responsibility for their procrastination.—*Mother's Assistant*.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

HONORED be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered way;
Roses of Paradise sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry,
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within,
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stuns with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile,
Whispering wooingly, come to my bower,
Go not in search of the phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless, if he bless or ravage,
Action, action—still his plan,
Now creating, now destroying;
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;
Ever seeking, ne'er enjoying;
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart;
Far richer than man, with his treasure of art;

And wiser by far in the circles confined,
Than he, with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentle arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on,
Till by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,

Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try:
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance
play, [May

Like sunshine and showers of a morning in

Through the range of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word,
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exults, and pity blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commanding with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul
And she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passion is hushed for awhile;
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillows of Peace.

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in our own language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Original.

THE CONTRAST; OR, THE BLUE MANTILLA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

(Concluded.)

MR. CRAYTON beheld with pain the situation of his family, but knew of no way to remedy it. He was struck with the order, neatness and regularity of Mr. Milnor's whenever he called, and thought the best way to commence a reformation in his own, was to take Mrs. Crayton there with the children. He was much attached to Emiele, saw how unlike she was to her cousins in her disposition, and knew she was not happy. He conversed with Mr. and Mrs. Milnor respecting her, and the latter proposed her staying with them, which event was brought about by the purchase of the mantilla. Emiele was left with a handsome estate, and only wanted proper instruction to be all he wished. She was the exact image of his sister, whom he idolized. Owing to Mrs. Crayton's extravagance, and utter neglect of all household duties, their expenses were enormous, and increased with every rising sun. On looking into his affairs, he was astonished at finding his expenditures much greater than he apprehended. The pressure of the times he felt bear hard upon him: one bank in which he had thirty thousand dollars, had failed; others were tottering, failures every day occurring, and he trembled for himself. It was in vain for him to convince his wife they were living too fast—that the times were oppressive; she only laughed at his folly—told him he was growing old—that avarice always increased with years. Fashion was her idol—the shrine upon which she sacrificed every better feeling of her soul. She gave large parties, attended every place of amusement, was excessively vain, fond of flattery, little suspecting those loudest in her praise when present, were the first, when absent, to laugh at her vanity and ignorance. Mr. Crayton hesitated for a long time respecting the mantilla—not on account of the price, but he saw no end to her requests—and felt it was time he took a decided stand, and be firm. She had many times, in a joke, called him “Rip Van Winkle;” and although he knew it was done in mere pleasantry, still he saw with his own eyes a resemblance which humbled him. Being anxious she should call on Mrs. Milnor, hoping the interview might have a salutary effect upon her, he knew of no way to induce her to comply with his wish but by gratifying her in the purchase of the blue mantilla, and it was to accomplish this object he gave her the money, not knowing what other articles she had in view. To the purchase of them he would have submitted, but her effrontery in purchasing the satin and taking the advantage of him in public, was a point beyond what he considered endurable; and in this last act, she snapped the cord which had hitherto bound them, and her beauty from that hour ceased to attract or influence him. His whole soul was in requisition for his children—he saw the precipice on which they stood, felt his own health giving way by the nervous tremor which worriment of mind produced on his trembling frame, and an occasional cough he could not control.

When they returned from Mr. Milnor's, the bundle was opened, the mantilla unfolded and thrown around her, when she discovered a large spot on the corner. It was soon ascertained to be a stain from a bunch of raspberries accidentally dropped into the bundle by the children; the lace was torn in two places, and much injured. After scolding George, and fretting at the servants for not leaving it at home, she tried in vain to restore the color—it was useless, and she pronounced it spoiled.

“Are you not ashamed, George? You must be punished—indeed you must.”

"Why did you not buy me a whip? I should not have touched it, if you had. I only wanted a little whip to drive the horses, mama."

"Go away; you are a troublesome boy. How the satin is mussed, dear me! I wish I had never seen the Milnors, or heard of them."

"O mama, I do not," said the girls; "I loved to be there. What a beautiful yard, and what a beautiful woman, and how pleasant she spoke to her children."

"And how beautiful her children behaved," said Mr. Crayton; "I hope my own little boy and girls will delight to pattern after them. I was grieved you behaved so unhandsomely and overturned the pots of flowers; you must not do so again."

"I never upset them," said George.

"Yes, you did," said Agnes; "and where is the orange you picked off the tree?"

"You need not deny it, for I saw you," said Isabella.

Poor little George, already irritated by his mother, sensible he had done wrong, his bosom swelling with feelings he could not control, replied, "I did not, and take that," giving his sister a blow.

"Stop, stop," said their father; "come here, and I will tell you what I wish you to do in future."

"Mercy, Mr. Crayton, do let the children be," exclaimed his wife; "you are always raising a breeze in some way or other. If it had not been for the Milnors, all would have been well, and my mantilla would not have been spoiled. Do, pray, let the children alone, they have done no material injury to anything."

"Done no injury? Mrs. Crayton, have you not just scolded George for injuring your shawl, and said he ought to be corrected? His behavior at Mr. Milnor's, in my opinion, requires far more censure. I do hope we have all seen that in our friends we shall delight to imitate."

"Imitate! Do you think I am going to keep school, and confine myself to the drudgery of housekeeping? But I am both tired and hungry."

"And vexed," said Mr. Crayton, "about the mantilla."

A servant entering, announced dinner was waiting, when the children scampered after him followed by their parents.

The next day, Mr. Crayton received a note from Mr. Milnor, stating Emiele would like to remain with them, if her aunt was willing. Mrs. Crayton, anxious to be released from her niece, who, young as she was, became often a silent but powerful reprover of her actions, consented. George had his hobby-horse and whip, the girls their boxes, and all went on as usual.

"We will, if you please, ride in town this afternoon, and take the children to the water-works," said Mr. Milnor to his wife.

"I will mention it to them," she replied, "and we will go."

"Shall we return Mrs. Crayton's call?" he enquired.

"I think we will: I should like to see how she appears at home. Emiele is a very interesting child; she certainly has the most discrimination I ever saw one possess at her age. She has excited my curiosity very much. I am afraid her cousins are suffering in consequence of improper example from a source where they ought to receive the most benefit—a mother's influence."

"I fear the same," replied Mr. Milnor; "I tremble for my friend; he has, it is true, many imperfections, but some excellent traits. He is the dupe of his wife, an artful, designing, ungrateful woman. He married her without a penny—married her for her beauty. He loves his children, and of late has mentioned his anxiety respecting them."

"Why does he suffer her to exert such influence over him? why not at once put a stop to her extravagance, and deny her positively?"

"Because she has so much tact to manage him. He hates confusion, and had rather suffer, and have peace. He was quite unwell when he called last; he still has a cough, and looks care-worn. I am fearful, should these times continue, he may be a still greater loser. He has endorsed notes for a large amount for two of our great business men, who to-day, I hear, are closing their accounts."

"We will call there; in the meantime, I will attend to the children's recitations; we shall be ready at four."

As Mrs. Milnor entered the study, she found the children busily engaged studying the globes, and pointing out particular places to Emiele, showing her the meridians, the equator, latitude and longitude, of which she understood but little. These little necessary items had been overlooked, and she was anxious to learn every particular. Their lesson was a description of Palestine. With delight did Emiele listen to Mrs. Milnor, as she mingled the history of the Jews in their lesson, commencing with their earliest history. Emiele, to whom the theme was new, listened with intensesness to the story of Abraham and his descendants, as her kind instructress led her through their wanderings, their entrance into the promised land, their history, their types and shadows, their sacrifices, their captivity, etc., to the birth of the promised Messiah. Mrs. Milnor, pleased and gratified with the deep interest she took in the story, drew her affectionately to her bosom, and pictured the character of the Savior in such glowing terms her young heart became entranced. "This is the Savior who died for us—this the God we worship. And will you love Him too? You have no parents, my dear Emiele, but God will be your father if you put your trust and confidence in Him." Thus did this excellent woman lead the little orphan to Him in whom she afterwards found comfort. "Your father intends taking you all in town this afternoon, and I will now release you; you must be ready precisely at four."

At the hour appointed, the coach was at the door, and each of the happy family were seated. Mr. and Mrs. Milnor with the truest pleasure pointed out the surrounding scenery to their delighted children.

"See what a beautiful world God has made, my dears," said their father: "how he clothes the fields with grass and flowers—how the harvest bends with its rich stores, and like the waves of ocean rises and falls beneath the gentle breeze, forming the most perfect shades. Behold the clouds—how beautifully they blend their rich colors and sail away in the distance, like islands of the blest. We shall have a brilliant sunset when we return."

"Dear father," exclaimed the children, their happy souls glowing with the enthusiasm of the moment, "do have the curtains up, that we may see the sun's rays upon the mountains, and watch his retiring beams, as we ride upon the beautiful banks of the Delaware."

"I had much rather look at the fields, and remain in the coach with you, than go to my aunt's or ride around the town," said Emiele.

"Why, my dear, do you not wish to see your uncle, aunt and cousins? and shop with us? are there no little things you wish to purchase?"

"O, yes, I love my uncle dearly; I do want to see him"—and she brushed away a tear—"and my aunt and cousins, but I do not want to stay with them."

"You shall return with us, my child."

"May I?—that is all I desire; and I would like to buy some oranges for the poor sick woman we visited last evening."

"You shall, my love, and carry them to her when you return."

"I love to go with you to poor Mrs. Hurlburt's, and hear her talk about dying; she said we should all meet in heaven by and by, and be happy."

Snap went the coachman's whip, as they turned the street by Girard college.

"Drive slowly," said Mr. Milnor, "while we view this noble edifice."

"Mr. Girard was a good man, papa, to do so much for the poor, was he not?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was he very rich, father?" enquired the girls.

"He was, and endowed this college; by which act of unparalleled benevolence he has immortalized his name; through all coming time it will be handed down to posterity, with many other great and good men. Drive to the water-works," said Mr. Milnor. Here the children were delighted as their parents explained in what manner the water was carried in its devious course through the city.

"What a delightful prospect," said Mrs. Milnor; "what a beautiful city. I was thinking, while viewing it, of the day when Rochambeau, Washington and Lafayette passed through with their troops before the surrendering of Cornwallis. What a brilliant throng, and what patriotic hearts then panted, bled and died for the blessings we so richly enjoy."

"Mother, when we return, will you tell us how the victory was obtained?"

"Yes, my children; but we must make our purchases and our calls, for it is nearly time to return."

Mr. and Mrs. Milnor with their lovely family were welcome customers to the many stores they entered. Calling for nothing but such articles as they wished, their selections were soon made. They then called at Mr. Crayton's. Mrs. Crayton was out, the children had gone for a walk, and Mr. Crayton was confined to his room by his cough.

"I am very glad to see you—pray be seated—I regret Mrs. Crayton is out, and the children, and yet I am not sorry on my own account. I wish much to see you. Come here, Emiele," taking her on his knee; "how do you like your new home?"

"O, my dear uncle, I am very happy there. I like it much more—"

"Than here, my child—do not be afraid—I know you do."

"Yes, my dear uncle," said Emiele, clasping her arms around his neck and kissing him, "but I do love you."

"Is your cough better," enquired Mrs. Milnor.

"No, my dear madam; I have tried various remedies, but without effect—they avail nothing." Mr. and Mrs. Milnor were shocked at his altered appearance. "I have wished to see you for this sometime very much, friend Milnor; I see by the papers the banks are giving way, and the Cliffords have closed their business; they have ten thousand dollars of mine which I fear I shall lose. It is in vain for me to convince my wife of our situation—she either does not wish to know, or will not believe me when I converse with her upon the subject of retrenchment. Should my health entirely fail me," and he wept, "I do not know what will become of my family."

The children at that moment entered—George first, with his hands full of toys; the girls with their trinkets just purchased.

"Look, father, see what I have bought."

"But my son, do you not see Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, their children and your cousin?"

Emiele flew to him and kissed him and her cousins, who seemed delighted to see her.

"Now you will stay with us, will you not?" said they.

"Do you wish me to?" she enquired.

"Yes, indeed we do."

"Well, I will one of these days."

"O, do stay now," they cried.

"My dears," said Mrs. Milnor, seeing Emiele's distress, "your cousin is now engaged in her studies; we shall have a vacation soon, and she shall come and see you." Then calling the children and brushing back their rich flowing hair, she kissed them;

and as she drew them to her bosom a tear of commiseration stole down her cheek at the idea of their situation, for she feared they would soon be more than orphans.

Mr. Crayton had a severe fit of coughing, which ruptured a slight blood-vessel. They were very much alarmed, but it soon subsided and he was better. Mrs. Milnor stood over him, with her bonnet partly off, when his wife entered. Had she been dressed for the opera, she would not have made a greater display. She had on the elegant satin before mentioned, a rose-colored hat, an elegant blond veil thrown over her shoulders which reached the floor, flowers of the most delicate texture shaded her face, while pearls and ornaments glittered on her arms and hands. She entered the room with her usual grace, enquiring what was the cause of so much deep interest as was manifested; said Mr. Crayton's cough was much better, and she presumed he would soon recover. "Do you not feel better?" she enquired, approaching him.

"I do," he replied.

"How long have you been here?" addressing Mrs. Milnor.

"Perhaps an hour."

"Dear me, I did not think I had been gone so long; but time flies so quick in good company, and I have been so delighted since I have been gone, that—"

"You forgot your husband," said Mr. Milnor.

Had a viper stung her, she would not have started quicker. Conscience-stricken and surprised that any one would dare reprove her, she reddened and remained silent.

"We must leave, my dear sir," said Mrs. Milnor, taking Mr. Crayton's hand. "I hope you will soon be better."

The children kissed each other. Seeing their father ill, and witnessing the attention of their friends, they were struck with surprise. "Do come again," said they, as they followed them to the door, "and remember your promise, Emiele."

Mr. Crayton took Mr. Milnor's hand. "Come to-morrow."

"I will, if nothing prevents. Good afternoon."

Mrs. Crayton remained in her elegant chair into which she had thrown herself, her bonnet in one hand, her cap untied, her face flushed, while in her other hand, white as snow, she held a bouquet of beautiful flowers, partly shading the brilliants which sparkled upon her fingers.

After Mr. Milnor's family were seated in the coach, every one for a few moments was silent.

"Poor friend Crayton," exclaimed Mr. Milnor, "yours is a hard case," and his eye filled with tears as he looked at his amiable and beloved wife. "You see, my children, in Mrs. Crayton the effect of vanity and folly. We will all allow she is handsome, very beautiful, but heartless and cold. So strong is her ruling passion, she can leave her husband for display, for dress—leave him when he requires her care, to gratify her vanity. She is truly to be pitied."

"Had mother found you so ill, how alarmed she would have been," said Alice; "but Mrs. Crayton was not."

"It is not fashionable, my dear, to weep, and make a fuss, as it is called, when our friends are sick and die; we must be philosophers. We cannot alter anything, and it is not polite to mourn."

"Who says so, my dear mother?"

"The fashionable and the gay, my daughter."

"Not you, my mother."

"No, my children," replied their father, "not your mother, she is quite the reverse, and I wish you all to be like her."

"I hope I shall be," said Emiele, "just like her."

"I hope you will," said Charles, "and then I shall love you still better." He spoke

inadvertently. Emiele, young as she was, blushed, and Charles understood the language of crimson hue which dyed her cheeks.

"Then you had rather have your mother appear in her plain dress, and manage in her own way, than be like Mrs. Crayton."

"I do not like her at all," replied Charles; "she does not suit my taste."

"But you will allow she is handsome?"

"I do not see beauty, nor could not were she possessed of the charms of Juno, and decked with Pallas's many-colored veil: it is shrouded, dimmed by unkindness and ingratitude. Had we found her administering to the wants of her husband, and cheering his solitude, clad in the plainest garb even in a cottage, to me she would have appeared far more attracting."

"Well, my children, I hope we shall all profit by this day's scene."

"See the sun, dear father. It is not so brilliant as you anticipated."

"It is true," he replied; "human life is drawn in bright colors upon the heavens. The sky was bright when we left—bright and beautiful, and indicated a rich, a glowing, an Italian sunset. But see, it is obscured—a dark cloud awaits the sun's disc, the mountains are dark; can you not draw a moral from it?"

The children looked at their mother, who absorbed in thought had scarcely spoken since she entered the coach. The scene had oppressed her—her heart was touched. She pitied the heartless beauty she had seen, and still more her dying friend, for as such she looked upon Mr. Crayton. The children had touched her soul, and awakened all her sympathies. She saw and felt what they needed, to render them respected and useful in the world; and imagined what their circumstances might be should their father die.

"Come, mother, the moral?"

"Have you not seen," she replied, "those whose prospects were bright as the blue heavens when we left our home—no cloud dimmed their horizon—all was serene and lovely, and indicative of future happiness. Have you not seen the scene changed by sickness, neglect and folly? Have you not witnessed the gathering clouds settling around the strong and the healthy, as they sank away beneath the chill blight of adversity, while their nearest and best beloved ones deserted them? Have you not seen blasted hopes, trials, disappointments and gloom settle upon each treasured object, until the horizon, but yesterday so brilliant, became overclouded, and the soul sinking like the sun in darkness?"

Mr. Milnor looked upon his children—his heart was full as he gazed upon the being dearest to his soul, as he saw her countenance light up with the pure principles of her mind, as invariable as true. "Do you understand, my children?" They looked upon each other, and remained silent. "Speak," said Mr. Milnor.

"O yes, papa, we all do—it is Mr. Crayton's family. Do you think he will die, my dear mother?"

"I fear he will. Let us all remember him in our prayers, and his children, and his deluded wife."

Emiele laid her head on Mrs. Milnor's hand as she spoke, and kissed it in the fullness of her soul. All were silent until they reached home.

Early the next morning, Mr. Milnor received a note requesting his immediate attendance at Mr. Crayton's. He found him very ill—he had another attack of hemorrhage, and was considered dying. His wife, conscience-stricken by Mr. Milnor's remark, for the first time in her life condemned herself. She looked at the happy family of Mr. Milnor as they left; she looked at her own blooming children, so entirely neglected in mind and manners; she looked upon the changed countenance of her husband, his sunken eye, his pallid face, his trembling colorless lips; she recol-

lected his conversation with her respecting his property. All rushed upon her, and she remained stationary for sometime. Her will was subdued—she repented of her unkindness to her husband—the children entered the room crying that Emiele had gone. Mr. Crayton called them to him, and embraced them; tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and his bosom heaved with convulsive sorrow.

Mrs. Crayton's heart was touched—she threw down her bonnet, and approached her husband, saying, "I did not know you were so unwell—I am sorry I left you;" and sank upon the sofa beside him. Her sympathy was indeed welcome to both father and children; and they spent a more pleasant evening than they had for a long time.

Mr. Crayton slept well the first part of the night; towards morning he was restless; about sunrise had a hard coughing-spell, which again produced a hemorrhage. A physician was called; Mrs. Crayton went into strong hysterics, the children cried, and Mr. Crayton expressed a wish Mr. Milnor might be sent for. When he arrived, Mr. Crayton had revived. "I wanted to see you, my friend," said he; "I feel I am going. It is my wish you would see to my affairs, and be a guardian to my children when I am gone."

Mr. Milnor begged him to be composed—hoped he would yet recover, although he perceived the signet of death was fast fixing its seal upon his icy features. Mr. Milnor pointed his views to another state, and found his friend had reflected deeply upon a former conversation upon the same subject.

"I wish my children to be religiously educated: will you promise me you will take the charge of their education, and be their friend?"

"I will," replied Mr. Milnor. He then administered some medicine, and he lay for a short time composed. On opening his eyes he asked for his wife and children. They came. Horror-stricken, Mrs. Crayton fainted. The children, seeing their mother fall, and beholding their father's altered looks, cried aloud. Mr. Crayton extended his hand—they clung to it—he was deeply affected.

"O, my father, my dear, dear father, do not die, do not leave us," they sobbed aloud.

"Love God," said their dying father; and casting a look of thrilling interest upon them, he expired.

All was confusion. Mr. Milnor succeeded in quieting the children, and despatched a messenger for his wife. In a short time she was there. Mr. Milnor met her at the door, and led her to Mrs. Crayton's room. She lay in violent spasms, not noticing even her children, although their fears lest she also would die, made them almost frantic. Mrs. Milnor led them gently from the room, and seated herself by the unhappy woman. She removed her cap, and bathed her forehead and temples; parted the long dark hair which hung in rich profusion over her face—hair which she had dressed and adorned to please her vanity, and influence her husband to submit to her request by her unrivalled beauty. Mrs. Milnor bathed her clenched hands sparkling with diamonds, and removed them one by one as they relaxed. By judicious management she revived, and fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Milnor, a sense of her situation rushed upon her mind, and she enquired for her husband. Knowing by Mrs. Milnor's looks he was dead, again she would have fainted, but Mrs. Milnor with true greatness urged her to be calm—told her she could alter nothing—it was too late; and begged her to look to One who alone was able to save. She sat by her until she fell into a gentle slumber; and leaving her with a domestic, she sought her children. They flew to her as she opened the door of their apartment. Taking them in her arms she wept over them tears of pity and love. They were like frightened lambs—their eyes were red with weeping, and their little hands burning as with a fever. Overcome by her feelings, she drew them closely in her embrace, and falling upon her knees, she raised the voice of prayer and supplication for them. So sweetly did she plead, so

fervently did she pray, that God would be their Father—so unreservedly did she commit them to the care of the gentle Shepherd—so touching was her language—so new, so novel was the scene, that they felt they had a Father somewhere, although they saw Him not, that would take care of them, and they were comforted. Emile and the children were admitted where the remains of her uncle lay. She was much affected. Mrs. Milnor sweetly soothed her, and Charles taking her hand wiped her tears away. The little Craytons ran to meet their cousin, and all wept together.

Mrs. Crayton continued in her excited state until a fever fixed upon her nervous system, and she was ill indeed. Mr. Milnor attended to the funeral obsequies of his friend, and left his remains to mingle with their kindred dust. All was silence where mirth and hilarity had so long held their sway—where discontent and vanity had been a worm which gnawed at the root of every enjoyment, and nipped every flower in the bud—the breath of passion and folly blighted every unfolding petal, and its perfume died away ere it was inhaled. All was still—the parlor closed—the piano hushed—the servants stepped as if on air, and the hall echoed at the slightest tread, as awe-struck they wandered through the deserted rooms, once the constant resort of the gay and the fashionable—where wine and music flowed, and where many a sharp contest was held. Mrs. Milnor watched over the restless form of Mrs. Crayton, who awoke to consciousness only to sink into deeper despair. She talked of her husband, of the Milnors, of the mantilla—said she had never worn it, that it was spoiled, and she would never see it again. Her physician was of Mrs. Milnor's opinion she would not recover. A continued round of excitement, close rooms, late hours, excesses, had injured her, and brought on a nervous attack, which they feared would prove fatal. At one time she would order the carriage, call for her husband and children, and always for the mantilla, then declare with a hysterical laugh she would not wear it. The third week and she became more rational. Mrs. Milnor remained with her, and kept her composed by her presence and judicious management. Gazing upon her one day as she awoke suddenly, she exclaimed, "Where are my children—I know all—O tell me where they are?"

"At my house," replied Mrs. Milnor in a gentle tone of voice.

"How kind you are," she replied, and a tear trickled down her pale face.

Mrs. Milnor bent over her and kissed it away, and quieted her by saying they were well. She expressed her thanks for her attention, and through the night conversed considerably—acknowledged her faults, and lamented over them. Mrs. Milnor by degrees led her mind to the subject of religion and read the scriptures to her. They were indeed a sealed book, and their truths fell like idle tales upon her ear. But she would not resist the melting sweetness of Mrs. Milnor's importunities for her salvation, and wept under their soul-subduing influence. She mourned over her ingratitude to her husband—said she had never enjoyed herself since she had purchased the mantilla—that Mr. Crayton's conduct was ever marked and cold after that. She saw her error, but would not remedy it. The more distant he became, the more she dashed, the more she went, and was more and more determined to have her own way. When she saw how systematically every thing was arranged at Mr. Milnor's, she was filled with envy. The more Mr. Crayton praised, the more she condemned them, until even her own children were opposed to her; and now she saw her folly when too late to atone for it. Her children were permitted to see her occasionally; she besought them to listen to Mr. and Mrs. Milnor; and calling Agnes, her eldest daughter, told her to keep the mantilla she bought, and never part with it; and when in after life she was disposed to go contrary to the wishes of a superior, to look at that and think of her wretched mother.

A rapid decline soon laid the unfortunate woman by the side of her husband, the

victim of folly and extravagance. Charles and George entered the university of New York; their vacations were bright oasis in this fallen world—bright spots redeemed from the blighting mildew of discontent. The girls were placed under the care and instruction of Mrs. Milnor, who devoted herself to them, having no disposition to resign them or her own to another. Under her fostering care they grew in every virtue, and loved her as an own mother. Charles and George graduated with the honors of the university, and afterwards visited the Old World, and spent three years in Paris. They were firm friends, and arose alike to eminence and respectability. George occupies the house that was his father's, where Augusta Milnor presides as a guiding star. Directly opposite are Charles and Emile in the possession of all that renders life desirable. Mr. and Mrs. Milnor, happy in themselves, happy in their children, pass the evening of their day in calm tranquillity, anticipating the hour when they shall meet, an unbroken band, in a happier and a holier world, where sin and folly with their consequent evils never have admission. Alice in single blessedness gilds every place with her smiles as she bows from one shrine of domestic bliss to another, worshipping the young buds of beauty as they burst upon her view—a carrier-dove from house to house, bearing the olive branch of peace and intelligence, the light of her father's dwelling and the joy of every heart. The exceeding beauty of Agnes and Isabella soon prepared the way to the hymeneal altar; the vows they there breathed were pure and lasting; they were happy in the objects of their choice, never forgetting their parents, and ever bearing in mind the blue mantilla.

Sag Harbor, L. I., 1849.

ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'd,
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one hisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
—Near and more near th' intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks in to her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry bosom stains.—
—"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!

Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return !
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far !
 The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war !—
 Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !—
 On me, on me," she cried, " exhaust your rage !"
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
 And sighing hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes ;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 Eliza echoes through the canvass walls ;
 Quick through the murm'ring gloom his footsteps tread
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo ! dead Eliza welt'ring in her blood !—
 —Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds :—
 " Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
 " Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;
 Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast !
 Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake."
 —" She'll wake no more !" the hopeless mourner cried,
 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd ;
 Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart :
 " O, Heav'ns !" he cried, " my first rash vow forgive !
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !"
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

Darwin.

INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.

WHAT makes those men who associate habitually with women superior to others ? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and is at ease in the company with men, superior to her sex in general ? Why are the women of France universally admired for their colloquial powers ? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity ; their faculties awaken ; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and heart is interchanged continually. Their rust is rubbed off, their better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, in studs and knots of precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

John Neal.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

APRIL, 1843.

Original.

THE JEWESS.

BY REV. D. WISE.

IN the Jews quarter in the city of Jerusalem—that ancient and holy city—there dwelt a young lady, the daughter of an English Jew named Immanuel, who, with his family, had emigrated from Great Britain, in the hope that the day of his nation's restoration was at hand. The fatigue of this pilgrimage proved too severe for the wife of his bosom, and her bones had been left to bleach on the deserts of Syria; but his daughter survived, and was, now, the only remaining human influence that tuned his heart to feeling and to love. She was twenty summers old, tall, beautiful, accomplished; the old man loved her to idolatry. In the deep recesses of his house, whose squalid exterior gave little promise of the luxury and splendor of the interior, seated on a divan of silken cushions, he delighted to trace the image of her mother in those brilliant black orbs that rolled like suns, beneath the majestic brow that rose with a dignity suited to a royal diadem, and shaded by her glossy black hair that seemed like wreaths of silk from some fairy loom. Here, for hours, every day, would the old man sit and drink in delight from the guilty stream of parental idolatry, the fount of his domestic Baal, his household Rimmon. He had two master passions—covetousness and idolatrous regard for his lovely child.

Alas, old man! storms are gathering, unperceived, about thee. Bitter dregs are mingling for thy cup, by the hands of destiny. Bolts of destruction are heating for thy destruction in the fires of fates. Clouds hover round thy sun. Night, long, dark, stormy night, is hastening to throw its black pall over the brightness of thy day. Poor old man! from my heart, I pity thee.

Rebecca, for that was her name, was devoted to the religion of her nation. Like all the members of her peculiar race, she lived on the hope of yet seeing her nation in possession of the domains and cities of David and Solomon. A Pharisee, of the stricter sect, she punctiliously regarded the peculiar forms of her sect, and of all the Jews dwelling in Jerusalem there was not one who would not have been suspected of defection before Rebecca or her father.

The feast of the Passover was at hand. The Jews were busily preparing for the sacred rites of the occasion. Rebecca's father was a rabbi of the third order, and it fell to his share to superintend various matters pertaining to the celebration of its rites.

Among other things slain for the days of unleavened bread, were some birds. These being killed and subjected to the usual washings to extract the blood, were just being pronounced fit for use, when to the horror of all, a single grain of wheat was found in the crop of one of them. The bird having been subjected to so many washings, the wheat showed signs of fermentation, and it became immediately a matter of doubt whether the bird could be lawfully used: the wheat was leavened or fermented, and thus, it was supposed, made it necessary to throw the bird away.

Rabbi Immanuel, not feeling able to decide this great question, hastened to the house of the chief rabbi for advice. That reverend man pronounced that the bird was not fit to be used, and Immanuel returned. But on his way back, something irresistibly impelled him towards the bazaar. Though out of his way, he obeyed the impulse, and after slowly walking through the crowded street, he turned towards home wondering what had constrained him thither at all. But while passing the lower part of the bazaar, his attention was arrested by a splendidly bound copy of the Old Testament. "A suitable present for my child," whispered he to himself; and cautiously stepping up to the salesman, he purchased the book and hurried home.

Unperceived, by even his practised eye, there was in that book what he would not have given to his child for all the wealth in Jerusalem, had he known it: this was a collection of passages from the several prophets, concerning the Messiah and the fate of the Jewish nation, arranged so as to read more like a history than a prophecy of the Jews and their crucified King.

The daughter took the book with many thanks to her father, it was conveyed to her boudoir, henceforth to be the companion of her hours of devotion. Little thought she, however, of the great change that book was destined to work in her condition.

During the Passover week, while Jerusalem was thronged with Jews and Christians, it happened that a strange and uncontrollable curiosity led the beautiful Rebecca to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to witness the worship of the Christians, and to hear them, as she supposed they would pronounce all manner of curses on her people. Disguising herself as much as possible, she glided rapidly through the bazaar or market-place, and hurriedly entered the church so much esteemed by Christians of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches.

Just as she arrived, the officiating priest was commenting on a passage of the Old Testament. "This is strange," thought Rebecca, "that these Christians should use our bible. That holy passage does not belong to them; it is to me only of all this assembly it applies. Let me reverently listen then, and hear what the Holy One says." Just then the priest repeated the passage: it was that beautiful appeal to the unfaithful church, contained in Micah vi. 2, 3: "Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me."

These words made a deep impression on the mind of the Jewish maiden. It was as if there was something lacking in herself; she knew not what it was; but a sense of deficiency and guilt stole over her spirit, and she panted for deliverance from her troubled state.

Just at this crisis her eye lighted upon the collection of passages, already mentioned, contained in the beautiful book given her by her father sometime before. She read them with increasing wonder. They pointed her to the sinfulness of the human heart—to Jesus, the hope and Savior of men—in a word, they convinced her that Messiah had come, and that he was the promised King of Israel, the Star of Jacob, the hope of the world. She believed, and was happy.

To be concluded.

Original.

"I WOULD DIE YOUNG," AND YET I WOULD NOT.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

"Happy are they who die in youth when their renown is around them."—*Ossian*.

"I WOULD die young," while soft hands press
My yet unfurrowed brow,
Or ere on manhood's lip has cooled
For me love's burning vow.
"I would die young"—ascend to God,
In freshness of my youth;
Nor with the mockeries of the world
Bedim the spirit's truth.

Die, while the friends I love are near
To bathe the anguished head,
And when life's agony is o'er
The heavy pall to spread.
Nor stand like some old forest tree
The woodman's whim has spared,
Alone to meet the blast and storm
It else had nobly dared.

"The sere and yellow leaf" I dread,
The bitter dregs of life;
Its hackneyed hopes, polluting joys,
Mixed with its fevered strife.
Its far-receding loves and vows,
Its worn-out friendships all,
"Inglorious ease," no promise cheers
More than my midday fall.

"This world corrupts the noblest soul"—
I'd wrap me in the clay
Ere I had proved this to be true
By a long weary stay.
I'd lift my spirit wings on high,
Unsoiled with dust of earth,
And haste amid these ceaseless throes
To give the soul its birth.

There is a beauty on the lip,
And on the deep closed eye,
Of those who die in youth, and sleep
In early purity.
Fear has not left its shadow there,
Reluctance writhed the brow,
Or sorrow for neglected prayer,
Or the oft-broken vow.
Lowell, Feb. 1843.

And yet I would not reach the grave
Till I had garnered in
All wisdom and all knowledge here
That human power might win.
All learning new, all ancient lore,
All that can purify,
Expand the mind, enlarge the soul,
Be mine ere I would die.

Whate'er I might from travel gain,
In foreign lands acquire—
In Egypt or in Palestine,
To lift the soul still higher,
I would hoard up; on Thebes, on Rome
I would extend my gaze,
And feast my heart 'neath ivied walls,
Where Grecian turrets blaze.

And where, in nature or in art,
The beautiful is found,
Sacred by time, or fair in youth,
To me 't is hallowed ground.
There would I stand with unshod feet
And fill the enraptured soul,
Perfect the mind with knowledge here
Before I reach the goal.

The measure of my life should be
Not as the day appears;
The dial plate, the gnomon's shade
Should number not my years.
The sunken eye, the sallow cheek,
The locks of silver gray,
Or youth's gay freedom of the heart,
Mark out my earthly way.

Wisdom and virtue, these should tell
When I had reached my prime,
And worth acquired should reckon out
The fulness of my time.
Then would I spread my pinions wide,
And feel my spirit free—
From earth's dull bondage break away,
And breathe eternity.

Bodies are cleansed by water; the mind is purified by truth.

GRAVE OF MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

In a recent visit to Saratoga Springs, we found time to look round upon several things, natural and artificial, which were worthy of notice, to some of which we may hereafter refer, as time and opportunity present. In the mean time, we now notice the result of a short walk one pleasant morning, believing there are some who will find a sympathy in the *object* of our excursion, though the narrative should fail of interest.

Leaving the magnificent grounds of the United States Hotel, we wandered along the railroad track a short distance, and then turning to the right, we mounted a "stile," which aided an entrance to the cemetery of the place. It was a neatly disposed burying ground, with many evidences of correct taste in the living, and of their means of expressing regard for the dead. Little wooden enclosures marked the limits of family resting places; and the white marble told the age and relationship of those who had been laid below. In one place the elevated tomb marked the spot where reposed the ashes of one whose wealth could not redeem him from death. In another, a neat headstone contained the record of the affectionate regard and gratitude of a mistress for her faithful slave. Farther on was an invocation, that one, who, in good old age had sunk from life, should rest in peace. Between two simple slabs, were the remains of the youth and beauty of one brought to the place to regain health and vigor.

"She bowed to taste the wave and died."

Gorgeous monuments denoted that great possessions could not bribe the tyrant to relinquish a single claim. Among the lofty records, were scattered here and there little memorials of the birth and death of some who had come into life, twined about hearts which have been torn by early separation, tokens, these, of the interest of parents in the *beings* of another life.

After moving thoughtfully among these mementoes, and indulging the reflections which they naturally suggest, we turned inquiring looks for the burying ground of a family, whose name is now connected with the literature, and, what is more, with the piety of the country. Redolent of sweets is the name of Davidson. In the western extremity of the lot, and opposite the side of entrance, is a little enclosure, into which opens a small gate, which we passed. In the centre of this is a grave, and at its southern side is a tall, handsome monument. Its inscription will tell the story of its erection:

✱
THE BROTHERS

OF

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON

Have erected this structure as a testimony of their affection.

She was the daughter of Dr. Oliver and Mrs. Margaret Davidson.

She has sculptured for herself a more lasting monument;

and when this shall have crumbled into dust,

her name shall continue to be "the
good man's glowing theme."

On another side of the pediment, was sculptured the representation of a broken harp, with some appropriate lines.

Leaning against the corner of the column, we gave a few moments to those reflections which the scene suggested. Looking upward—for when we think of such a one as Margaret Davidson, we look not down, we send not our thoughts into the dark cavern below; beautiful and heaven-like as was the form which earth received, it was

but the tenement; and he who looks into the grave for what was admirable in such a one, must *feel* the rebuke, "why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The voice of a companion in the visitation aroused us from our reverie.

"It is a beautiful monument," said he, "and how appropriate the form."

We looked upward—it was a "broken shaft."

"How appropriate the form," said he; "the column, polished and lettered, denotes the beauty of Margaret's life, and broken as it appears, it is emblematical of her untimely end."

To us, there seemed nothing appropriate. The cold marble scarcely represented the warmth of Margaret's heart. Its bright polish poorly compensated for the lovely transparency of her character. And the shaft, broken to denote incompleteness, what had that to do with the life of her who had outlived Methuselah, in her fifteen years? *Her* column was not broken—all with her was complete. No broken shaft, no obtunded pyramid, could represent her character or years, in which all are perfect. The artist who would prepare for Margaret Davidson an appropriate monument, should represent a finished cone, perfect in all its parts.

The water pillar would be a better emblem, the base resting upon the ocean, while a cloud, bending downward to its apex, draws thence the streams of fluid which are to descend in genial dews to make green and beautiful the earth.

We cut a few leaves from a decaying rose-bush at the base of the column—not for ourself, but for one whose soul seems connected in bridal affiance with hers, in whose name that column stands—and folding them into our pocket book, we turned away from a place consecrated to the remembrance of virtues which ripened early for the skies, feeling how unpliant to good is one of a half a century, while youth moulds itself to piety and grace, and is called away, leaving nothing fitly to represent its loveliness—few, very few, to comprehend its excellence.—*U. S. Gazette.*

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

EARTHLY state never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden—that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers—soldiers skilled in chivalry and conquests, and there received the homage of subject kings.

NAPOLEON'S WAY OF MAKING AN ALPINE ROAD. Four of the strongest oxen of the country, led by the best guides, trod down the snow, in which they sank, and almost disappeared; they were followed by forty peasants, who cleared and formed the path. A company of sappers assisted them, and perfected the trench; two companies of infantry, marching in very close files, completed the operation of smoothing and consolidating the snow. The van guard was followed at some distance by a company of dragoons of the 10th regiment, then came a detachment of artillery, and a hundred beasts of burden, and the escorts closed the march.—*Memoirs of Dumus.*

THE KING OF CONVERSATION. Napoleon and Talleyrand wrote to one another in the beginning of this century very affectionate and confidential notes, wherein they chatted together very familiarly. One day Napoleon said to Talleyrand, "You are the king of conversation. What is your secret?" "Sir," replied Talleyrand, "I'll speak frankly, and shall derive my answer from a comparison taken in your profes-

sion. When you are making war, you would willingly select your fields of battle." "Certainly," replied Napoleon, "it would be convenient and useful to say to the enemy's general, 'Just go a little farther into that mountain pass, or spread over that plain.' But the enemy cannot be ordered about in that manner. What are you driving at?" "Well, sir," resumed Talleyrand, "I choose my own ground of conversation. I engage in it but when I have something to say; I make no reply to the rest. In general I do not suffer myself to be questioned, except by you, or if asked any thing, the questions have been suggested by myself. Formerly, when I went out shooting, I always fired at six paces; I killed little game; the others fired at random, I when I could not miss. In conversation I let a thousand distant things pass to which I could make ordinary replies; but what rises between my legs I never miss."

NAPOLÉON'S POWERS. This organization, these immense preparations (for the Russian war), were terminated about the month of February, 1812. I had several times written from the dictation of the emperor; and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps, in order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment, according to their wants. One day, having laid before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, he dictated a distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement of the effective force of all the corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity, that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate by abbreviations the notes which he added. For full half an hour, I had not been able to take my eyes from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him; and when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. "You thought," said he, "that I was reading your table. I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on."—*Memoirs of Dumas.*

Original.

WHAT IS MIGHTIEST?

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MISS L. S. HALL.

"Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife."

I HAD a dream. I am no dreamer—no relater or expounder of dreams; nevertheless, I had a dream, which, related, will be its own interpretation. Perhaps it is childish—call it so if you will—but there is many a dreamer in life, and many a life that is naught but dreams.

Nature had spread her nocturnal wing, a kindly shelter, over her wide-spread chamber. Richly embroidered drapery hung in luxuriant folds around the hemispherical couch. Deep sleep had fallen upon man—it was fitting I should dream. Nay, but I

slept not. I felt how delicious it was to be alone—rather, I was not, I could not be alone. Visitants thronged thick and fast about my pillow; ethereal spirits methinks they were—purer society than the beings of earth, doing their errands of love to wakeful immortality. I love the stillness of the midnight hour, so calm, so tranquil, so sacred. Was it not meant as well a closet for the reflecting mind, and a hush for the turmoil of passion, as a rest for languishing nature, and a protection for the weak and shelterless? It has often been the noon of thought; and sometimes it invites to a disturbed communing with "truth that seems." Such was that hour to me. My being seemed elated with excess of life. I tossed from side to side, like a child too happy to be quiet, in the very unrest of pleasure itself. The moments were too precious to be given to Morpheus. With eyes fixed on "acreal nothing," mind was busy reconnoitering the furniture and adjusting the wardrobe of its own inner chamber. Memory and Fancy did the rest, and invited the senses, so many guests, to hold conference with the inhabitants of their miniature world—for they had not omitted the colorings of life, or the attributes of humanity.

Now I saw in my dream, as it were, an antiquated castle, with its fortresses and towers, its balustrades and bars, and its many fingers pointing heavenward. It was not easy of access, standing as it did upon a lofty eminence, a thing apart. It occupied an extensive territory, by undisputed right. Its workmanship was exquisite, its material enduring. But of these I may not talk. When I looked for its pinnacle, it was lost among the clouds. The spectacle was grand and imposing beyond description. It was an enchanting, not a forbidding awe that fell upon me, and I wished never to quit a scene so thrillingly beautiful.

Broken crags and shaggy cliffs formed a threatening precipice on the one hand, and the huge billows "that cannot rest" tumbled and foamed and raged, then died away to tumble and foam and rage again, on the other. A dense forest, like a mighty phalanx, in the background, echoed forever to the music of the wind god, shaking anon, their strong arms defying the potent tempest. The armaments of the spacious grounds in front were in perfect consonance with the august tower and the appurtenances thereof. They were fantastically sweet, strangely beautiful, wildly simple. Here and there a lone oak reared its crowned head—the king of the forest was but a prince here—and the green ivy, in queen-like affection embraced her lord. The tall pine waved its dark green tassels, and the changeless evergreen looked silently on. The straying wild-rose in the wildest corner of nature's wildness, bloomed never so wildly, so fragrantly, so perfectly, as here. The snow-colored lily shared and enhanced the picturesque charms, and the meek-eyed violet and sweet-scented clover were as much at home among these great ones of the earth, as were their modest sisters on the plains beyond, or in the valley beneath. There was wildness in that grandeur, serenity in that sublimity more attractive than beauty that wins by its sweetness alone. Not a frowning feature in that dark gray rock, or moss-covered wall, but had its ample counterpart in the dreamy quiet, the spirit-like hush of that goodly land. I looked on with a reverence, akin to devotion, for the temple before me bore the impress of ages, though it bore no token of decay. I could not but regard it as the shrine of the world's best treasure, and longed for once to set my foot within its hallowed precincts. Might I hope it? or was the thought presumption? I resolved to venture the experiment, and ask admittance there. Being at a loss how to introduce myself, I was musing on the project when the sound of voices fell upon my ear. I looked toward the speakers: they were a motley group, intently fixed on some object of pursuit, and I watched their movements. I heard but indistinctly, yet soon found they were striving for the mastery, and each a competitor for the prize. My own scheme being yet unformed, I drew near, hoping to learn something by observing these strangers.

"Agreed," said a loud voice among them; "whoso shall enter yonder gate 'by hook or by crook,' shall be acknowledged victors. I am first to try." So saying he gathered himself up in magnificent haughtiness, cast a lordly glance around, and bade the world look on and admire. "Presume not to ire with me, my inferiors. I go to my home in the cloud-capped castle; nor will I return till I have set my foot upon its topmost stone." And with rapid strides he took up his march. But when he would put his wondrous self within the gate, behold no servant bade him enter. The bolts were too strong, the bars too secure for his nerveless arm; and hurling a glance of scorn and contempt at the porter, he made his headlong way toward the towering cliffs, the outer battlements of the castle. He dared the steep and slippery points, exulting in the rashness that should purchase him victory.

"Who's there?" was heard from within.

"One who will scale these walls, and build his nest among the clouds," said Pride. "The eagle has stooped earthward too long. To-morrow the din of applause shall deafen you." And he curled his lip disdainfully, and tossed back his head with an effort at dignity that brought him to the bottom of the precipice. He was seen no more; but from those fearful depths came up with dread emphasis the sound, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" and crag answered to crag in awful reverberation.

"I will avenge the death of my brother, and storm the old castle," said a shrill tone in the company. "You shall proclaim me victor, though revenge and not victory is the boon I seek." He made haste, and in a few minutes was at the gate. "Let me in! let me in!" demanded he, in a tone of authority.

"What want you here?" was the response. "We are not your kindred, and your fierce little eye looks no claim on us."

"Claim! you have killed my brother, and I'll be revenged. So let me in—refuse me if you dare!"

"Killed your brother? The guilt of murder rests not on the head of any inmate of this temple; and we dare preserve its sanctity inviolate. You are but illy fitted to enjoy the peace that pervades our home."

"I seek not enjoyment. Let me in, or I'll surprise you by a doom you little think of."

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city," was the calm reply. "You can enter as a lover of Peace, as a pupil of Wisdom, but never on the authority of a madman."

"I'll burn your dwelling," retorted the foe in a paroxysm of rage.

"Nay, verily; it cannot be kindled by the flame of Passion. It is proof against the torch you hold. Even your burning breath sings not a hair of my head; the fire-flash of your eye is not a lightning that can scorch us."

"Insulting!—abusive!—monstrous! Shall I endure this? No; I'll demolish the castle, and shine in the light of its conflagration."

"He is on fire! Shower him! shower him!" shouted several voices at once; and just as he was blustering and storming and spending the fury of his rage upon the strong arms of the castle's defence, I beheld, and lo, a flood of pure cold water descended upon his heated brain, a well-timed warning from the gates of Wisdom. He beat a hasty retreat, and sought to hide his disgrace in some dark recess of the forest.

"What policy!" said one among the lookers-on. "I can enter that abode, and the queen herself shall not suspect me of mischief. As a friend I'll take possession, and you all shall share largely in the spoils of victory. If I return unhonored, call me no sycophant." So he buttered his mouth, and having conjured up a score of soft words, put on one of his most enchanting smiles, and walked leisurely along in the

footsteps of his predecessors. With an obsequious bow, and a countenance good natured overmuch, he paid his devoirs to the keeper of the gate. "Please your honor, sir, can a friend set his foot on those splendid grounds, and pay his humble duties to the queen?"

"Your name and passport, sir traveller? We never receive those whose object in coming is no higher than the gratification of a mere selfish curiosity."

"As I remarked to your lordship, I wish to pay my honors to your far-famed queen."

"Our queen, pardon me, is not honored by visitants, who can show no substantial reason for calling on her. Her time is devoted to the benefit of her pupils."

"Then will your worship give me permission to view the wonders I have come so far to behold in company with some servant of her majesty?"

"Her servants are devoted to the great work for which the edifice was erected. They are replenishing the storehouse, and preserving order throughout her vast dominions."

"Let me become a servant then. Really I will do any thing that may confer on me the honor of having been within this hallowed enclosure."

"Undoubtedly, and so would any one. But those who come here for the *honor* of having been here, are the very ones who could gain no honor were they admitted. Her servants are selected from the members of her household, and not from those who seek their own pleasure under pretence of doing her bidding."

"And must I go hence without being able to fulfil the long-desired object of my mission? and may I never hope to gain admittance to society I should prize above all other?"

"Go home and unmask yourself; take a lesson or two in the cot of Humility at the foot of this hill; obtain a passport from Honesty instead of stealing her cloak—then come, if you will, and knock at the gate of Wisdom." He took leave with much affectation, and hastening to conceal his chagrin, made a misstep that laid him flat in the ditch.

To be concluded.

ENGLISH NURSERIES.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

ONE of the most agreeable things which attract the attention of a stranger in the pleasant homes of England, is the docility of the children. Every one knows how much the comfort of a house depends upon these little creatures. When they command, instead of their parents, they are so many abbots of misrule, subverting all law, and carrying their disorganizing measures, in spite of all opposition. In those English nurseries which I have visited, I have never seen an instance of this. There, the strictest discipline is enforced; the parents are acknowledged as holding authority over the children, and no question is made of their obedience. The father and mother, with their grandparents, guardians, and elder relatives, are the "powers that be" to them, and are treated with a respect and deference charming to behold. As this respectful behavior and obedience to elders is habitual, and not only "company behavior," the visitors of the house are treated in the same deferential manner. I observed this in many mansions, and will give one instance of the manners of the children at a house where we had been invited to dine

The guests had nearly all arrived, and were assembled in the drawing-room, when some of the elder children were brought in to be introduced to the strangers. I expected the exhibition, which I had too often beheld, of reluctant children dragged up to the visitor, urged on with the frequent admonition, "Speak to the lady, child!—go up to her—kiss her—that's a dear—fie, I'm ashamed of you!" The child is then forced to me and I forced to kiss it, when it is dismissed with a reproof which brings a "brawling torrent" from her eyes, while the mother, as she shuts the door, observes, "T is always thus. When you wish children to behave the best, they are sure to act the worst!"

With pleased surprise I beheld these children coming smilingly towards us, and after putting out their tiny hands to be shaken, or lips to be kissed by us, they performed the like to the remainder of the guests, and then took their seats in their corners and nooks, where they remained quietly gazing at or listening to the company. Their manners were easy, but not bold; there was no reluctance, but a gentle timidity, which heightened their bloom, and cast their pretty eyes upon the ground. We descended to the dining-room, leaving the children alone. When the dinner was over, the cloth removed, and the dessert of fruits and wine set upon the board, they were once more brought in to us. Places were eagerly made for them among us, and there they stood quietly answering our questions, looking upon the good things before them, but not presuming to ask for or to touch any. The mother, after waiting awhile, said to the eldest, "Will you take a piece of this pine, Maria?" "Yes, mama, if you please," she answered sweetly. The father then, addressing his boy near him, asked him what he should like. "An apricot, please, papa." After each had received a share of the fruit, and each had drank the company's health in a glass of wine, they were all dismissed to their nurseries, except the eldest, who returned with us to the drawing-room, where she entertained us with some airs upon the piano, which she did without manifesting any reluctance, when she also retired.

I must digress a little here to speak of this custom of giving children wine to drink. Setting the temperance question aside, it is a habit to be much deprecated. Wine, if used at all, should be reserved as a cordial for the sick or the old; but to allow children the habitual use of the wine-cup, is, to say the least of it, injurious to them. Its nature is exciting and invigorating, and the rapid pulse of a child needs no stimulating, its young freshness needs no renewing draught. The English people generally make the etiquette of the table such a point in their *menage*, that not to drink wine at dinner, or not to take certain wines with certain courses, is as heathenish and ungenteel as if one ate fish after meat, or used steel forks instead of silver. Hence the slow progress of the temperance cause among them.

One instance of great forbearance and discipline in another family, and I will give place to more agreeable contributors.

We were staying with a friend on a farm in a remote part of the country, where primitive customs still remain—among others, that of dining at an earlier hour than is customary in cities. Consequently tea was a matter of more importance, and for the first time since we had left America, we saw a table spread with cakes and sweets, as with us. As we were not to be "made strangers of," the children were allowed to take their seats around the board as usual. How often upon such occasions I have seen the children stuffed with these dainties, which after hours of headache they had been obliged the next day to eject from their little overloaded stomachs. Here, there was nothing of this. A pitcher of rich fresh milk, and a plate of brown bread stood before them, from which they made their suppers; while their stout, healthy forms, and the smiles of good humor which lighted up their rosy cheeks, told of the success of the system upon which they had been reared. They had been taught that the

sweets around them were injurious to them, and that they were only placed there for their elders. Their mother, they knew, would give them a share if she thought proper, and they quietly awaited her pleasure. They were not however to be entirely deprived of the good things before them. After Louisa had been asked if she would like a piece of cake, and had answered, "Yes, please, mama," and the others had said, "Thank you, mama," they each received a small portion of sweets, and retired joyous and contented with their share.

After my return I related this to an American mother, who was indignant that children should be treated so harshly. "For her part," she said, "she should never wish to withhold anything from her children which she had on the table." What! are children with their delicate organization to be fed with the same concentrated and varied food of their elders? Must they be brought up to believe every whim should be gratified? What harm is it if a child is called upon to exercise self-denial, to "bear the yoke in his youth"—is it not better thus, when enjoined by affection, and rewarded by the approval of those they love, than to have these lessons forced upon them by the cold world's teaching? Alas! how much of the sorrow and trials of life are caused by the fondness of an injudicious mother!

The great deference to superiors exhibited by the children of England, is to be attributed in some measure to the government of the country. Society is arranged in classes, and each one sees another above him which he cannot enter, and which he does not strive to enter. The people are educated to believe all are not equal, and each class is taught deference to the class above—and the highest looks to one still superior to him in the sovereign, who is above all. A habit of reverence for those in authority is thus acquired, and is no doubt carried in their institutions to excess. We, on the contrary, err upon the opposite side. Liberty, equality, independence, are delightful things, and in fact are essential to our happiness. Still, when independence degenerates to rudeness, and the "sturdy little republican" is applauded for insolence to superiors; and when respectful attention is refused lest it be an acknowledgment of inferiority, the principles of our institutions are mistaken, and we are doing ourselves an injury in the eyes of our neighbors. Let us then teach our little republicans that civility is not servility, and that respectful behavior is not incompatible with freedom.—*Mother's Journal.*

THE LADY ARABELLA.

"THY grandmother," said my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Arabella, just from London, who was playing the *Battle of Marengo* on the piano—"Thy grandmother, child," said he, "used to play on a much better instrument than thine."

"Indeed," said Arabella, "how could it have been better? You know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by every body that is any thing."

"Your grandmother was something, yet she never saw a piano-forte."

"But what was the name of the instrument? Had it strings, or was it played by keys?"

"You must give me time to recollect the name. It was indeed a stringed instrument, but was played by the hand."

"By the hand alone? How vulgar! But I protest I should like to see one; and papa shall buy me one when I return to London. Do you think we can obtain one?"

"No—you will not probably find one in London; but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns."

"How many strings had it? Must one play with both hands? And could one play the double bass?"

"I know not whether it would play double bass, as you call it; it was played by both hands, and had two strings."

"Two strings only! Surely you are jesting. How could good music be produced by such an instrument when the piano has two or three hundred?"

"O the strings were very long, one about fourteen feet, and the other might be lengthened at pleasure, even to fifty, or more."

"What a prodigious deal of room it must take up; but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall, and papa may have an addition built to it; for he says I shall never want for any thing, and so does mamma. Were the strings struck with little mallets, like the piano? or were they snapped, like a harpsichord?"

"Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect; but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer."

"O as to pleasing one's husband or relations, that is all Dicky in the Haut-ton, you know; but I am determined to have one at any rate. Was it easily learned? And is it taught by French or Italian masters?"

"It was easily learned; but Frenchmen and Italians scarcely dared to show their heads in our country in those times."

"Can you not possibly recollect the name? How shall we know what to inquire for?"

"Yes, I do now remember the name, and we must inquire for a SPINNING WHEEL."

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was sickness in the dwelling of the emigrant. Stretched upon his humble bed, he depended on that nursing care which a wife, scarcely less enfeebled than himself, was able to bestow. A child, in its third summer, had been recently laid to its last rest, beneath a turf mound under their window. Its image was in the heart of its mother, as she tenderly ministered to her husband.

"Wife, I am afraid I think too much about poor little Thomas. He was so well and rosy, when we left our old home, scarcely a year since. Sometimes I feel, if we had but continued there, our darling would not have died."

The tear which had long trembled, and been repressed by the varieties of conjugal solicitude, burst forth at these words. It freely overflowed the brimming eyes, and relieved the suffocating emotions which had striven for the mastery.

"Do not reproach yourself, dear husband. His time had come. He is happier there than here. Let us be thankful for those that are spared."

"It seems to me that the little girls are growing pale. I am afraid you confine them too closely to this narrow house, and to the sight of sickness. The weather is growing settled. You had better send them out to change the air, and run about at their will. Mary, lay the baby on the bed by me, and ask mother to let little sister and you go out for a ramble."

The mother assented, and the children, who were four and six years old, departed full of delight. A clearing had been made in front of their habitation, and by ascending a knoll in its vicinity, another dwelling might be seen, environed with the dark

spruce and hemlock. In the rear of these houses was a wide expanse of ground, interspersed with thickets, rocky acclivities, and patches of forest trees, while far away, one or two lakelets peered up, with their blue eyes deeply fringed. The spirits of the children, as they entered this unenclosed region, were like those of the birds that surrounded them. They playfully pursued each other with merry laughter, and such a joyous sense of liberty as makes the blood course lightsomely through the veins.

"Little Jane, let us go further than ever we have before. We will see what lies beyond those high hills, for it is but just past noon, and we can get back long before supper time."

"Oh yes, let us follow that bright, blue bird, and see what he is flying after. But don't go in among those briars that tear the clothes so, for mother has no time to mend them."

"Sister, sweet sister, here are some snowdrops in this green hollow, exactly like those in my old, dear garden, so far away. How pure they are, and cool, just like the baby's face when the wind blows on it. Father and mother will like us to bring them some."

Filling their little aprons with the spoil, and still searching for something new, or beautiful, they prolonged their ramble, unconscious of the flight of time, or the extent of space they were traversing. At length, admonished by the chillness which often marks the declining hours of the early days of Spring, they turned their course homeward. But the returning clue was lost, and they walked rapidly, only to plunge more inextricably into the mazes of the wilderness.

"Sister Mary, are these pretty snowdrops good to eat? I am so hungry, and my feet ache, and will not go."

"Let me lift you over this brook, little Jane, and hold tighter by my hand, and walk as brave as you can, that we may get home, and help mother set the table."

"We won't go so far the next time, will we? What is the reason that I cannot see any better?"

"Is not that the roof of our house, dear Jane, the thin smoke curling up among the trees? Many times before have I thought so and found it only a rock, or a mist."

As evening drew its veil, the hapless wanderers, bewildered, hurried to and fro calling for their parents, or shouting for help, until their strength was exhausted. Torn by brambles and their poor feet bleeding from the rocks which strewn their path, they sank down, moaning bitterly. The tears that overpowered the heart of a timid child who for the first time finds night approaching, without shelter or protection, wrought on the youngest to insupportable anguish. The elder, filled with the sacred warmth of sisterly affection, after the first paroxysms of grief, seemed to forget herself, and sitting upon the damp ground, and folding the little one in her arms, rocked her with a gentle movement, soothing and hushing her like a nursing.

"Do not cry—O do not cry so, dearest: say your prayers, and fear will fly away."

"How can I kneel down here in the dark woods, or say my prayers, when mother is not by to hear me? I think I see a large wolf, with sharp ears, and a mouth wide open, and hear noises as of many fierce lions growling."

"Dear little Jane, do say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' Be a good girl, and when we have rested here awhile, perhaps he may be pleased to send some one to find us, and to fetch us home."

Harrowing was the anxiety in the lowly hut of the emigrant, when day drew towards its close and the children came not. A boy, their sole assistant in the toils of agriculture, at his return from labor, was sent in search of them, but in vain. As evening drew on, the inmates of the neighboring house, and those of a small hamlet, at a considerable distance, were alarmed, and associated in the pursuit. The

agony of the invalid parents, through that night, was uncontrollable; starting at every footstep, shaping out of every breeze the accents of the lost ones returning, or their cries of misery. While the morning was yet gray, the father, no longer to be restrained, and armed with supernatural strength, went forth, amid the ravings of his fever, to take part in the pursuit. With fiery cheeks, his throbbing head bound with a handkerchief, he was seen in the most dangerous and inaccessible spots—caverns, ravines, beetling cliffs—leading the way to every point of peril, in the frenzy of grief and disease.

The second night drew on, with one of those sudden sleet and snow storms which sometimes chill the hopes of the young Spring. Then was seen a sad sight—a woman with attenuated form, flying she knew not whither, and continually exclaiming, "My children! my children!" It was fearful to see a creature so deadly pale, with the darkness of midnight about her. She heeded no advice to take care of herself, no persuasion to return to her home.

"They call me! Let me go! I will lay them in their bed myself. How cold their feet are! What! is Jane singing her nightly hymn without me? No, no! she cries. Some evil serpent has stung her!" and shrieking wildly, the poor mother disappeared, like a hunted deer, in the depths of the forest.

O! might she but have wrapped them in her arms, as they shivered in their dismal recess, under the roots of a tree, upturned by some wintry tempest! Yet how could she imagine the spot where they lay, or believe that those little wearied limbs had borne them, through bog and bramble, more than six miles from the parental door? In the niche which we have mentioned, a faint, moaning sound might still be heard.

"Sister, do not tell me that we shall never see the baby any more. I see it now, and Thomas, too, dear Thomas! Why do they say he died, and was buried? He is close by me—just above my head. There are many more babies with him—a host. They glide by me, as if they had wings. They look warm and happy. I should be glad to be with them, and join their beautiful plays. But O, how cold I am! Cover me closer, Mary. Take my head into your bosom."

"Pray do not go to sleep quite yet, dear little Jane. I want to hear your voice, and to talk with you. It is so very sad to be waking here all alone. If I could but see your face when you are asleep, it would be a comfort. But it is so dark, so dark!"

Rousing herself with difficulty, she unties her apron, and spreads it over the head of the child, to protect it from the driving snow; she pillows the cold cheek on her breast, and grasps more firmly the benumbed hand, by which she had so faithfully led her through all their terrible pilgrimage. There they are! One moves not. The other keeps vigil, feebly giving utterance, at intervals, to a low, suffocating spasm, from a throat dried with hunger. Once more she leans upon her elbow to look on the face of the little one, for whom as a mother she has cared. With love strong as death she comforts herself that her sister slumbers calmly, because the stroke of the destroyer has silenced her sobbings.

Ah! why came ye not hither, torches that gleam through the wilderness, and men who shout to each other? why came ye not this way? See! how they plunge into morasses; they cut their path through tangled thickets, they ford waters, they ascend mountains, they explore forests—but the lost are not found.

The third and fourth nights come, and depart. Still the woods are filled with eager searchers. Sympathy has gathered them from remote settlements. Every log cabin sends forth what it can spare for this work of pity and of sorrow. They cross each other's track. Incessantly they interrogate and reply. But in vain. The lost are not found.

In her mournful dwelling, the mother sat motionless. Her infant was upon her

lap. The strong duty to succor its helplessness grappled with the might of grief, and prevailed. Her eyes were rivetted upon its brow. No sound passed her white lips. Pitying women, from distant habitations, gathered around and wept for her. They even essayed some words of consolation. But she answered nothing. She looked not toward them. She had no ear for human voices. In her soul was the perpetual cry of the lost. Nothing overpowered it but the wail of her living babe. She ministered to its necessities, and that heaven-inspired impulse saved her. She had no longer any hope for those who had wandered away. Horrid images were in her fancy—the ravening beast, black pits of stagnant water, birds of fierce beak, venomous, coiling snakes. She bowed herself down to them, and travailed as in the birth hour, fearfully and in silence. But the helpless babe on her bosom touched an electric cord, and saved her from despair. Maternal love, with its pillar of cloud and of flame, guided her through the desert that she perished not.

Sunday came, and the search was unabated. It seemed only marked by a deeper tinge of melancholy. The most serious felt it fitting to go forth at that sacred season to seek the lost, though not like their Master girded with the power to save. Parents remembered that it might have been their own little ones, who had thus strayed from the fold, and, with their gratitude, took something of the mourner's spirit into their hearts. Even the sad hope of gathering the dead for the sepulchre, the sole hope that now sustained their toil, began to fade into doubt. As they climbed over huge trees, which the winds of Winter had prostrated, or forced their way among rending brambles, sharp rocks, and close-woven branches, they marvelled how such fragile forms could have endured hardships by which the vigor of manhood was impeded and perplexed.

The echo of a gun rang suddenly through the forest. It was repeated. Hill to hill bore the thrilling message. It was the concerted signal that their anxieties were ended. The hurrying seekers followed its sound. From a commanding cliff, a white flag was seen to float. It was a herald that the lost were found.

There they were, near the base of a wooded hillock, half cradled among the roots of an upturn chestnut. There they lay, cheek to cheek, hand clasped in hand. The blasts had mingled in one mesh their dishevelled locks, for they had left home with their poor heads uncovered. The youngest had passed away in sleep. There was no contortion on her brow, though her features were sunk and sharpened by famine.

The elder had borne a deeper and longer anguish. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till death came—watched over that little one; through those days and nights of terror, she had cared and sorrowed like a mother. Strong and rugged men shed tears, when they saw she had wrapped her in her own scanty apron, and striven with her embracing arms to preserve the warmth of vitality, even after the cherished spirit had fled away. The glazed eyeballs were strained, as if to the last they had been gazing for her father's roof, or the wreath of smoke that should guide her there.

Sweet sisterly love! so patient in all adversity, so faithful unto the end, found it not a Father's house, where it might enter with the little one, and be sundered no more? Found it not a fold, whence no lamb can wander and be lost? a mansion where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying? Forgot it not our sufferings for joy, at that dear Redeemer's welcome, which in its cradle it had been taught to lip—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for I am the kingdom of heaven?"—*Christian Souvenir for 1843.*

To some warm heart the poorest dust is dear;
From some kind eye the meanest claim a tear.

Original.

REFLECTIONS

ON VISITING THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

FATHER, mother, sister, brother,
 Tell me, where are ye ?
 I gaze around where once you stood,
 In age, in youth, in womanhood—
 I look, but cannot see
 Those forms which once assembled here,
 The lov'd, the beautiful, the dear,
 Who worshipped round one shrine;
 Bow'd round one altar, whose pure light
 Rose morn and eve, divinely bright,
 A well-remember'd lovely sight,
 Seal'd on this heart of mine.

Where are those forms so heavenly fair ?
 Where are those brows furrow'd with care ?
 Gone, fled, dispersed, like empty air,
 Passed like a dream away.

I look around, but cannot see
 Aught of that happy family,
 Save one lone sister near;
 My heart is sad, my eye is dim—
 The bible, prayer, the cradle hymn,
 Like bubbles on the sea they swim,
 Visions forever dear !
 Amid their varied colors bright
 I saw them vanish from my sight—
Sag Harbor, L. I., Dec. 1842.

They fled, and wrapped this world in night,
 And veiled this misty sphere ;
 And now amid the present scene,
 The past is though it ne'er had been.

Again, I see assembled here,
 The loved, the beautiful, the dear,
 A strange mysterious race ;
 Around the board they gather now,
 With sunny smiles on each fair brow,
 While a young cherub face
 Lights up the scene, with eyes of blue,
 A gem as bright as morning dew,
 Just lit upon the earth ;
 Who in their turn shall quickly glide,
 Adown Time's ever-hurrying tide ;
 And e'en their memories, like a dream,
 Shall o'er the future faintly gleam,
 Like tales of joy and mirth.

Thus, as the wave with ceaseless force,
 Bears on another in its course,
 And dashes on the strand,
 We too shall float unconscious on,
 And those we leave will say, *They're gone—*
 Gone to the "Spirit Land."

SWEETNESS OF NATURE. Surely there is nothing in the world short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, which has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of Nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of a wild stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then we behold the Parent of the universe in his works;—we see his grandeur in earth, sea, and sky;—we feel his affection in the emotions which they raise, and half mortal, half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what the world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely a shadow.—*Miss Porter.*

FRIENDSHIP. The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Original.

SARAH FOREST; OR, THE GUARDIAN.

BY C. W. ATWELL.

"Good morning, good morning, Jim; how are you to-day?"

"Quite comfortable, thank you—how is it with you, Tom, after your last night's entertainment?"

"O, nicely, nicely, we had a fine time on't, didn't we?"

"Yes, and I thought you were almost in paradise;—with your Sarah by your side, you looked happy as need be! but really, Tom, I fear you are too joyous in anticipation of your good fortune. I fear something will happen to mar your prospects."

"O, 'pose it! I'm not afraid of that, I assure you. I know Sarah loves me, and will marry me in spite of that rich old uncle, her niggardly guardian."

"But, Tom, something unpleasant may happen, if she is not persuaded actually to abandon you. She is yet young and under the guardian care of a man who will do any thing to gratify his own selfish ambition, and who is desirous of forming a connection with the family of the city mayor. Sarah is yet young, and, if like most of her sex, may by dint of flattery and force be made to yield to almost any thing."

"You are not sure of that; you are not so well acquainted with her as I am—I am not in the least afraid of her being persuaded away. Sarah is young, to be sure, but she possesses fully the firmness and decision of character of riper years, and far too much good sense to become the wife of a man old enough to be her father."

"Yes, I know Sarah is a noble girl, but still if you knew what I know, I think you also would not be without your fears."

"Well, what do you know?"

"I was down to her uncle's the other day, and he was telling me of his intentions respecting his niece. He said he did not know as she would be willing to marry the colonel, but he guessed she could be made to consent. He said as he had no heir he should put five thousand dollars with the property her father left her, and then if that would not do, he had it in his power to compel her to accede to his wishes by withholding from her, her own property."

"An infamous old scoundrel, what does he mean?"

"Why he means to oblige her to marry the person of *his* choice, not *hers*."

While the friends were thus conversing together, a scene of quite a different nature was transacted in another part of the city. A young girl of seventeen was seated by the parlor fire of one of the most splendidly furnished apartments of the city. Her brow wore an expression of gloom and distractedness that told of some mighty absorbing subject that engrossed all her thoughts and filled her whole mind. An elderly man entered the apartment and regarding her with an eye of suspicion for a moment, thus addressed her:

"I think you were a little too familiar for a person of your birth and standing, with Mr. Holmes, last evening."

The lady looked up with something of surprise in her countenance, and replied: "Too familiar with him! I hope you do not think it a disgrace to any lady to be familiar with such a man as Thomas Holmes?"

"Why, yes, surely I do. For a lady of your rank and distinction, to be seen conversing or associating more than the rules of etiquette render it indispensable, with a merchant's son, and that too, with one who every day stands behind his father's

counter, turning over cloths, or telling sixpences and shillings, is certainly a disgrace : and such a one, as, if often repeated, she cannot easily outgrow. I felt very sorry to see it last night, and especially as Esquire Rowland was present to be a witness."

For a moment her countenance glowed with indignation, and she replied, "If it be dishonorable to follow some useful calling that can render one serviceable to the world, then I suppose that to say one is an honorable man, is to say that he is too profligate and too proud to work, that he lives in idleness, is a tax upon his friends, and an incumbrance upon society. If those are your views, then, in your estimation, is Colonel Rowland an honorable man, and Mr. Holmes a man with whom to associate must bring an irretrievable tarnish of reputation."

Esquire Forest with difficulty suppressed the rising of anger that swelled his bosom, while he replied, "I hope you do not mean to speak contemptuously of Colonel Rowland."

"I mean," replied his niece, "that Col. Rowland is precisely of that class of young men, far too numerous in community, who consider any other employment than promenading the streets, visiting bar-rooms, or attending clubs and parties, puffing cigars and the news of the day, as beneath their dignity : and who, should fortune at some future day prove less propitious, can scarcely fail of becoming a tax and a burden upon community, and a curse to themselves."

Esquire Forest, vexed and chopfallen, suddenly left the room.

Miss Forest (who was a brother's child,) rose and walked the floor with perturbed step. "Uncle," said she to herself, "wants me to marry Col. Rowland, but I'd sooner marry the son of the poorest mechanic in the city. Col. R. is now rich, but he has formed the worst of habits ;—and ten to one if he does not yet become poor ; and besides, he is one of the most puffing, foppish, disgusting young men I ever met with. The old man may set his heart at rest as soon as he pleases, for he will never persuade me to marry such a man as Col. Rowland, I can tell him."

The next evening, unknown to her guardian, she had an interview with her lover. She related to him the conversation that had passed between herself and uncle, expressing in strong and unqualified terms her deep contempt for his heartless ambition, and again (as many times before) they exchanged vows of undying constancy and love.

A few evenings subsequent Esquire Forest entered the parlor in which was seated his niece, and drawing a chair close by her side, with an air of unusual consequence, thus addressed her :—"Come, Sarah, lay aside your sewing and listen to me ; for I have something to communicate." The young lady did as desired without offering any reply. "I have long felt desirous, said the old man, to see you settled in life, and in the possession and enjoyment of the estate left you by your worthy father ; and I think that now an opportunity presents itself. Col. Rowland—the finest man in the city, as well as the wealthiest, wishes to make you his wife. He is a little older than yourself, but, then, he is rich, and I have no doubt but he will be——"

He was proceeding, but the young lady interrupted him by exclaiming with a good deal of earnestness,—“Oh! uncle! I wish that you would never mention that matter again. I am sure that I never can think of marrying that man! Why he is twenty years older than I am!”

“O well,” replied the esquire, with an assumed look and tone of complacency, “no matter for that, he has so much money, and owns such a splendid house, and rides in such an elegant carriage, and has every thing so nice,—there is not another such a chance in the city.”

“No! (responded the lady) there is not another such a chance for a life of wretchedness and misery.”

"Wretchedness and misery!" exclaimed the esquire in anger; "Sarah, what do you mean?"

"I mean," she replied, "that Col. Rowland is a profligate, worthless fellow. He has money to recommend him, and that is all!"

"Well, then, you will not marry him will you?" warmly responded the old man.

"No!" was the prompt reply.

Rising up hastily to leave the room, he replied, "Then I will see how long your pride and haughtiness will hold out."

As he passed out, the harsh grating of the lock as he bolted the door, leaving her access only to one small room, a sleeping apartment, told her plainly she was a prisoner.

For some time she sat still in her chair, revolving in her mind the difficulties of her situation, and planning means of escape from the despotic power of her tyrannical guardian. It was late when she retired, and then it was not to rest, and be refreshed by sleep. Long did she tumble and toss on her bed, and many were the tears with which she that night bedewed her pillow, and many and strong in faith were the prayers she poured out before that throne

"Where the humblest thought and simplest word,
If spoken aright can plead unheard."

Hour after hour passed away, and still sleep came not. At last she slept a troubled, dreamy sleep; and in the visions that passed before her mind's eye, she was with her beloved Thomas.

Beneath the umbrageous foliage of some fruit trees, in a retired corner of the garden, they held sweet converse. It was a spot endeared to them by many a pleasing reminiscence, for here in life's earlier day, had they passed many a joyous hour.

Seated on a grass-grown plat, formed more by nature than by art, they conversed of the scenes of by-gone days, when in youthful mirthfulness and glee, they sportively chased the gaudy butterfly from flower to flower, or plucked the wild rose that grew in a beautiful arbor that in childhood's hours they had oft frequented. And when the tone of thought took another theme, and they spoke of their increasing attachment from earliest years, and love's honeyed accents, in sweetness trembled from each lip, and the hand returned the fond pressure it received, then it was that each vibratory cord of life gave a thrill of joy, and

"Hope's bland wreath the shuddering victim crown'd."

But, ah! how strange the flights of the imagination, when not under the restraining influence of the judgment.

Suddenly the scene was changed; she was fervidly pacing the narrow limits of her prison apartment. From the grated window that overlooked a spacious back yard, where she had often met her Thomas, she saw a well-known form approaching; and as she saw him linger beneath the wide-spreading branches of a mighty elm, where but the evening previous she had vowed to meet him at that hour—she turned involuntarily to the door, and when a consciousness of her situation rushed upon her mind, rousing all its frenzied energies, she laid hold of the door with almost superhuman strength and sought to wrench it from its fastenings. Unsuccessful here, she flew to the window, but with the effort she awoke. She was in a profuse perspiration, her pillow wet with tears, and her strength in a state of little less than utter prostration. Her eyes red and swollen with weeping, seemed as bloodless orbs of light, dimly seen through the red halo that encircled them. The sun was high in the heavens when she awoke, and hastily attiring herself, she stood by her window languidly gazing out upon the broad bosom of the rippling waters, when a noise at the

door attracted her attention, and the next moment her uncle stood before her. Eyeing the young maiden for a moment with a scrutinizing glance, he announced that breakfast was nearly ready, and then suddenly withdrew.

When the tinkling of the bell summoned the family around the breakfast table, Sarah appeared with the rest, but the sweet smile that usually played upon her brow and dimpled her lip, imparting to her countenance such bewitching tenderness, was gone.

The domestics and family looked at her with surprise, anxiously enquiring if her health was good, &c. &c. She ate but little, and soon left the room. She had been but a short time alone, when her uncle again came in and seated himself on the sofa, seemed disposed to enter into conversation. After some little time he managed to turn the conversation upon the theme of the last evening. With all the sageness of the philosopher he reasoned of the advantages resulting from a union with Colonel Rowland, and argued the necessity of a compliance with his wishes; but he reasoned in vain. Refusing all reconciliation she positively declared that she never would listen to any such overtures—that she should prefer a life of poverty and servitude with a man she could love, to one of ease and luxury with a person she detested and abhorred. It was but illly that Esquire Forest attempted to conceal his vexation at this, while for a time longer he sought to reason the case, and convince her of her foolish obstinacy, as he termed it.

Finding her determined, the unrelenting uncle again left her, saying as he did so, you will have time to repent of your imprudent conduct at leisure, for you will not again leave this room, until you are glad to comply with my requisitions.

Again she was confined to the narrow limits of a small parlor and a sleeping apartment adjoining.

Without attempting to portray the anguish of her feelings, suffice it to say, that for several days, her door was opened only by her uncle and aunt to bring her food, while from her countenance it was evident that a most fearful change was being wrought upon her physical as well as her mental constitution. Sleepless nights were increased, and added unto sorrowing restless days. A burning fervid glow was upon her brow and cheek, or anon displaced by a sallow death-like paleness. Towards morning of the seventh day of her confinement, the inmates of the mansion were suddenly awakened in alarm by a doleful outcry in one of the back apartments, from nobody knew who, or what. I said nobody knew, but I mistook; there was one who seemed readily to divine the cause. Esquire Forest hastened to the apartments which we have already described as the prison of the unfortunate Sarah. Opening the door a heart-rending spectacle presented itself to his view. The unfortunate young lady, raving in delirium, at sight of him, fled, as if alarmed at his presence, to the most distant corner of the room, and here crouching with hands and arms uplifted in affright, uttered cries of terror that were enough to send a thrill of horror and dismay to any heart, much less to one crimsoned with guilt and shame. By this time the domestics and other members of the family were crowding into the room, in mute astonishment wondering at the scene before them. By order of the esquire, they took her from her retreat, and placed her on the bed, while one went in haste to procure a physician.

In a few moments Doct. Spael arrived, who quickly pronounced the patient in a high fever, the effect of over-much excitement and fatigue of mind and body. He succeeded after the lapse of some little time, in restoring her partially to her right mind, but even this partial sanity was of short duration, for in a few hours she again became delirious; but now while she was perfectly unconscious of her true condition, she seemed perfectly to comprehend the cause of her misfortunes, and bitterly accused

her uncle and aunt, or any others who might stand near, of their unfeeling treatment and cruelties practiced towards her. Thus things went on for some days, when the physician pronounced her case hopeless.

During the whole of her illness, Esquire Forest manifested a great anxiety for the result, but it was now that the lashings of conscience seemed to goad him almost to madness. He sent for Mr. Holmes, and on his arrival, with tears, and an earnestness of manner, far more affecting than tears, besought his forgiveness, confessing himself the cause of their calamity, and assuring him that if his niece should be spared, he would no longer oppose their marriage, but would do all in his power towards the consummation of their union and happiness. The most skilful aid was obtained, but to no good effect. She continued to decline, until from hour to hour, she was expected to expire. This was towards evening of the fourteenth day of her illness. For hours she raved in delirium, sometimes thinking they were trying to kill her, and at other times, imagining herself immured in a dungeon, or begging them with imploring looks and agonizing gestures not to prolong her tortures, but to release her from her torments by putting an end at once to her existence. At this time the distress endured by the esquire was more than pen or tongue can describe. He walked the floor almost in paroxysms of agony, bitterly accusing himself as the author of their misfortunes—and as she gradually sank away, he seemed to lose all self-control, crying aloud, and calling upon her to return, or abjuring the physician to save her.

Contrary to the expectations of all, at last she began to recover, and in a short time fell into a refreshing slumber, the first she had enjoyed for more than three days. She awoke much refreshed, and it was evident that her disorder had taken a favorable turn.

The progress of recovery was slow, and at times doubtful. It was not until the expiration of several weeks, that she had so far recovered, as to be able to sit up and converse. Esquire Forest remained true to his promise. He no longer opposed the visits of young Holmes, but favored his suit. He said he had learned too truly to need a second lesson, that it was dangerous to sport with the affections, or to sacrifice hearts to ambition.

The day at length arrived that was to witness the union of Thomas Holmes and Sarah Forest. A large and joyous assembly were present to witness the ceremony, and when at last the venerable man of God arose to perform the solemn rite that made the twain one flesh, a sensation of delight thrilled the audience; an approval of the union of hands whose hearts had long been united.

SYMPATHY. He is more likely to be kind to a stranger, who knows the heart of a stranger. Who ever thinks of repairing to the gay and dissipated in the hour of trouble? What interest will he feel in my grief, who never wept himself? The tenderest and most active sympathy flows from experience. What does a king know of the miseries of his subjects? He never looked into their hovel; never tasted their bitter bread. They whose condition or office exempts them from the common vexations and distresses of life, are always the most insensible to the duties and calls of compassion.—*Rev. William Jay.*

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

INEZ DE CASTRO.

BY LORD WM. LENNOX.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine!

Byron.

THE royal monastery of Alcobaca is situated in a pretty village of the same name, about fifteen leagues north of Lisbon; it is well sheltered, particularly toward the west, by rising grounds, which gradually ascend to an immense elevation. It was founded in the year 1170, by Alphonso, the first king of Portugal, in consequence of taking the fortress of Santarem from the Moors, the capture of which he previously avowed to commemorate by a monastery. A Portuguese writer, in speaking of this magnificent structure, says its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and the church a basilisk. Contiguous to the transept of the church belonging to this convent, there is a Gothic mausoleum of hewn stone, in the middle of which are two magnificent sepulchres of white marble, containing the remains of Don Pedro the first, king of Portugal, and of Donna Inez de Castro his consort. A recumbent effigy of each is placed on their respective tombs, by which the former is represented by a long beard, a severe countenance, and in the act of drawing his sword. The latter is represented with a beautiful innocent countenance, dressed in royal robes, and adorned with a diadem. There are but few personages recorded in history who have been oftener celebrated by dramatic writers than this unfortunate princess. There have been no less than five tragedies formed from her pitiful narrative, the simple facts of which, without having occasion to resort to fiction, are sufficient to fill up all the scenes of pity and terror, and to show to what length love and revenge are capable of transporting the human mind.

Don Pedro, son of Alonzo the Fourth, king of Portugal, and heir-apparent to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Inez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She united to all the charms of beauty the most amiable and accomplished manners. The prince, waiving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the bishop of Guarda. Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secrecy imaginable, yet they reached the king's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro in the King of Castile's daughter. He questioned him as to the truth of the report; but knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, he thought it prudent then to conceal the fact. The nobility, also, had intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Inez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance; they also condemned the prince as a rash and disobedient son. The king, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree that he resolved to murder the unfortunate princess. Accordingly, he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men. Donna Inez at this time resided in Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educating her children, and attending to the duties of her domestic affairs. The prince unfortunately was abroad on a hunting party when the king arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him, with her two infant children, who clung about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrated herself at his feet, bathed them with tears, and supplicated pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some

remote desert, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes. The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger in her breast. But his counsellors, urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her; at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of beauty and innocence, and instantly struck off her head. Soon after the above transaction the prince arrived, but, alas! he found those eyes that were used to watch his return with impatience closed in death! The sight of his beloved Inez weltering in gore filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge within his soul. In all the agony of rage he called aloud on the avenging hand of Heaven to punish those monsters who had deprived him of all he held dear upon earth. As soon as her honored remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army who sympathized with his distress; they carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of Innocence. But the king, wretched man! could not fly from himself; the cries of his grandchildren still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate mother was still before his eyes. Death, at length, commiserated his situation, and he expired full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural and cruel father. The prince now ascended the throne in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Inez. The three murderers, namely, Pedro Coello, Diego Lopez Pacheco, and Alvaro Gonsalvez, had fled into Castile, previous to the death of the late king. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason; and being found guilty, their effects were confiscated. Next he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the King of Castile that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalvez and Coello were accordingly arrested, and sent in chains to Portugal; Pacheco escaped into France. The king was at Santarem when the delinquents were brought to him, and instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which he had a banquet prepared.

We drop a veil over their lingering tortures before the torch was kindled. They equalled those of the Inquisition in its darkest day—

“The Inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith’s red ‘auto’ fed with human fuel.”

Finally, the pyre was set in a blaze, in presence of which the king dined. Having thus far appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Inez to be published throughout the kingdom; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnificent throne, around which his ministers assembled, and did homage to their lawful queen. After this ceremony her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alcobaca with a pomp hitherto unknown; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides, all the way, with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the nobles in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks; their ladies also attending in white mourning veils. The cloud which the above disaster cast over the mind of Don Pedro was never totally dispersed; and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, agreeably to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved wife. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterized, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in the acts of his administration, which, from their severity, induced his countrymen to give him the appellation of Pedro the Cruel.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

A most moving incident, illustrative of the extraordinary strength, as well as attachment of the Arab horses is given by Lamartine, in his beautiful travels in the East :

"An Arab chief with his tribe, had attacked in the night a caravan of Damascus, and plundered it : when loaded with their spoil, however, the robbers were overtaken in their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage, they brought one of the prisoners, named Abou el Marck, to Acre, laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance of their tent, as they slept during the night. Kept awake by the pain of his wounds, the Arab heard his horse's neigh at a little distance, and being desirous to stroke, for the last time, the companion of his life, he dragged himself up, bound as he was, to his horse, which was picketed at a short distance. "Poor friend," said he, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up under the roof of a khan, with the horses of a pacha or an aga ; no longer will the women and children of the tent bring you barley, camel's milk, or dourra, in the hollow of their hand ; no longer will you gallop free as the wind of Egypt in the desert ; no longer will you cleave with your bosom the waters of the Jordan, which cool your sides, as pure as the foam of your lips. If I am to be a slave, at least may you go free. Go ; return to the tent, which you know so well ; tell my wife that Abou el Marck will return no more ; but put your head still in the folds of the tent, and lick the hand of my children."

With these words, as his hands were tied, he undid with his teeth the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty ; but the noble animal, on receiving its freedom, instead of bounding away to the desert, bent its head over its master, and seeing him in fetters and on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up, and set off at full speed towards home. Without ever resting, he made straight for the distant, but well-known tent, in the mountains of Arabia.

He arrived there in safety, and laid his master safe down at the feet of his wife and children, and immediately dropped down dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him ; the poets celebrated his fidelity ; and his name is still constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho."

This beautiful anecdote paints the manners and the horses of Arabia, better than a thousand volumes. It is unnecessary to say, after it, the Arabs are, and ever will be, the first horsemen, and have the finest race of horses, in the world.

THAT politeness which we put on, in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens, that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves. To a bystander few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclairsissements which this mistake invariably occasions.

THE LADY'S PEARL.

M A Y, 1843.

Original.

M A Y.

BY HENRY B. TAPPAN.

I.

I LOVE the gentle voice of Spring,
In the merry month of May;
And the joyous song of birds, that sing
Blithely, the livelong day.
When fields a new-born glory wear,
And shed sweet fragrance on the air.

II.

I love its tone; most strangely sweet;
I love no other, so;
And kindly, doth it ever greet
My ear, where'er I go.
A song of glorious liberty,
To that wild and untaught melody!

III.

I love its birds upon the wing
Each sunny Summer's day;
I love their music, when they sing
To chase dall thought away.
Grateful, they render in their lays
Sweet tribute, to their God, of praise.

IV.

I love its flowers, because they bring
A pleasant thought to me,
Of Him, who on each lowly thing,
Looketh so tenderly.
And colors glowing rich and rare,
His skilful hand hath pencilled there.

V.

I love its woods, away to roam,
With the deer, as fleet and free;
To tread the paths of my forest home,
In boyhood's liberty!
To seek for birds in spreading trees,
And follow the chase of singing bees.
Boston, 1843.

VI.

I love them well; for there I've strayed
To the spot I loved the best,
When green leaves gave a pleasant shade,
And birds sang me to rest.
I have no thought of sadness, when
I sit me down and feel as *then*.

VII.

I love its streams; they seem to tell
A joyous tale to me,
How they broke away from their icy cell
In their longing to be free.
I smile as they press so gaily along,
With a thrill, and a leap, and ripple and song!

VIII.

I love its skies; ('t is not the hue
Of the Autumn time, I love,)
Methinks an emblem is its blue,
Of purity above.
And upward, I am wont to look,
When I would read my Maker's book.

IX.

I love its showers; a pleasant thing,
Is the cool and gentle rain,
When it cometh from the sky, to bring
Life to the flowers again.
And welcome, to the thirsty breast
Of earth, when it lieth there to rest.

X.

So do I love the voice of Spring
In the merry month of May;
And thus it is, that I would sing
To thee,—my youthful lay.
Go forth! live with these *living* things abroad,
And you will thus, have better thoughts of God.

Original.

JULIEN ST. EVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

JULIEN ST. EVA had just finished his medical studies. Fortune smiled upon him, and his heart was buoyant with youth and hope. The companions of his studies were mostly young men of dissolute morals, who openly avowed their disbelief in religion. St. Eva became imbued with their opinions, and soon plunged deeper than any of them into the dark abyss of skepticism. He flattered himself that he had acquired a wonderful control over his own passions, and an immense superiority over the rest of mankind.

Every thing relating to ordinary life was uninteresting to St. Eva. He did not wish to resemble any person, and boasted of his indifference to every thing which engages the attention of others. He delighted in those scenes which excite, amaze and terrify, for he wished to accustom his mind to great emotions.

St. Eva became the most absurd of his absurd brotherhood—their chief. The ornaments of his chamber showed the progress he had made in their gloomy principles. Among the bones, odd limbs, Death's heads and trophies from various dead bodies with which his walls were adorned, was the skull of his dearest friend(?) whom he had lately killed in a duel, at the termination of a masked ball, where they had quarrelled. Near this was one of a young girl, whom he had loved. No: St. Eva was incapable of loving; perhaps he imagined himself in love with her, before he became so much elevated above the sentiments common to humanity.

She was a young, beautiful and virtuous orphan. She had been piously educated, but no deep sentiments of religion had penetrated her heart. St. Eva was too wily to avow his dark infidelity to her pure ears. He whispered his sophisms mingled with declarations of his affection, and when conscious that she loved him with woman's first fond love, he more openly, but still with exceeding caution, endeavored to guide her in the sunless track which he was pursuing. She loved him with the blind confidence of a fresh and innocent heart. How could her loving eyes detect his faults though they were as "huge as high Olympus"? "He loves me," she reasoned—"he has sworn it—he will render me happy. I love him—oh! how fervently! Why should I refuse to sweeten his existence? Why not share his joys and sorrows with him?—divided one will be more sweet, the other less bitter." The time was accordingly fixed for their marriage.

One evening, as she sat with her hand clasped in his, listening to

"Those honeyed words
Which women love to hear,"

she suddenly and earnestly said to him, "Will you *always* love me, St. Eva?" His kisses and his fervent words seemed to satisfy her, but she continued, "Oh, if you should cease to love me, how frightful would life become to me! I shudder at the dark thoughts, which rise in my heart at the possibility—I seem to see death for myself, and no nurse for you. But oh! *mon ami*, you will *always* love me—you have sworn it." She looked earnestly in his eyes, as if to read her destiny in them, and added, "God forgive me, if I deceive myself."

She did deceive herself. Time rolled on, and St. Eva found various pretexts for

postponing their union. He loved her no longer. How can an atheist love? Doubting every thing, believing nothing, not even the love of woman, his whole faith is summed up in the single word *self-love*. St. Eva forgot his promises and his oaths. He became cold to the caresses of her whom he had deceived—indifferent to her tenderness. He deserted the beautiful and confiding Sophie—he forgot her, in the revelry and dissipation which now filled up his hours. He forgot her earnest words when she told him, if he ever ceased to love her, her heart whispered dark thoughts of death to herself and remorse for him. He forgot every thing but himself.

What became of the broken-hearted orphan? Deserted by him who had pledged his heart to her with the most solemn oaths—friendless in the world—destitute of any hope in God, and ignorant of the consolations of religion—is it a wonder that she became sick of the life he had rendered so wretched?

She went out one evening, after having written a touching letter, to the unfaithful being, who had trampled on her young affections, to accomplish the fate, which her heart had whispered should be hers, on the happy evening to which we have referred. She called suicide to her aid, but it came not. As she leaned over the parapet in utter despair, obedient to the destiny in which St. Eva had taught her to believe, the thought of that God from whom she had so long wandered, came back to her heart. Beneath the waters which flowed before her, she seemed to see an abyss—and to her ear the waves murmured *Eternity*. She raised her eyes in thankfulness to God who had preserved her from self-destruction, and prayed that she might devote the brief remnant of life which remained to her, to repentance and to a preparation to meet death, whenever it should come to end her earthly miseries.

The grim messenger soon came, but he found a welcome on her pale lips. Though her wasted form reposed on the low bed of poverty, the consolations of religion were around her.

In the hour of her last agony, a man entered her humble apartment; a faint color flushed her pale face, and she closed her eyes, as if to shut out all remembrance from her heart. It was the hard-hearted St. Eva. He witnessed the last breathings of expiring nature, and closed her dying eyes, which even in their glaring agonies seemed to reproach him with his faithlessness. When he saw her dead form before him, some remembrance of the past came back to him. He recalled her devoted affection—her confidingness—her helpless orphan state. An infernal inspiration seemed to come over him, and he resolved to show a respect to her memory becoming his atheistical principles; he determined, that the dead body before him should occupy the place to which it had been destined when beautiful with life. "Thou shalt still be mine, Sophie," said he. A few hours after its interment, he carried away the dead body, and dissected it.

One night, wearied with his revellings, he threw himself on the floor of his chamber and was soon asleep. A strange noise awoke him, and the blood in his veins seemed congealed with terror at the sight which met his gaze. A human skull—the skull of Sophie passed and repassed before him—sometimes stopping—apparently revolving as it moved, and suddenly with a leap placing itself before him. It was not a dream—there was the rolling skull dragging behind it the long blonde hair which St. Eva had fastened upon it so carefully. It is true St. Eva did not believe in the existence of spirits, and regarded fear as a ridiculous superstition; but, pale and trembling, he followed this strange apparition with his eyes, unable to speak or move. Desperation, at last, lent him energy, and summoning all his boasted philosophy, he seized the hair which waved in the dust, exclaiming in imploring accents, "Forgive me, Sophie, forgive me!" The hair had no longer the soft flexibility which used to delight him, when Sophie would playfully wave it before her face, to avoid the kisses he lavished

upon her. It was cold and wiry, and a bound from the skull dragged it from his fingers. "There is something supernatural about it," said St. Eva, out of his senses with fright, and he rushed down the staircase, repeating, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!"

His fellow-lodgers were awakened by his frightened cries. They ran to him, but too terrified to explain, he continued to scream, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!" They opened his chamber—the skull was still rolling. An enormous rat had crawled into it.

Original.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

WEEP not for me, at evening's hour,
When gather'd 'round th' autumnal fire;
When in the dew-bespangled bower,
Is heard no more the wild bird's lyre.

When on the light breeze murmuring 'round,
There comes in accents sad and drear;
Expiring Summer's mellowed tone,
Shed not for me one bitter tear.

Weep not for me, when flowers have fled,
And beauteous shrubs have leafless grown,
When from the altar of the dead,
Is heard the heart's mysterious moan.

When o'er the harp, Love's fingers sweep,
And strains as sweet as angels breathe
Sag Harbor, L. I.

Steal o'er the soul—then do not weep,
Nor let the eypress leaf enwreath

Thy pallid brow; but bind the flower
I lov'd so well; there let it bloom
In sweetness, through each coming hour,
And waft its perfume o'er my tomb,

That from above, as low I bend
To catch the incense rising high;
Springing, where fondest memories blend,
And floating up the ethereal sky—

My ransom'd soul, more fully blest,
With holier, happier thoughts of thee,
Shall enter its eternal rest,
And joyful sing, Weep not for me.

MADAME DE STAEL.

AFTER the restoration, Madame de Stael returned to Paris, but soon again chose the repose of Coppet. She came once more to inhabit that dwelling which time had rendered pleasant, and with which were associated the image and the remembrance of her father. Crowds of foreigners thronged her house; they came to enjoy happiness under her hospitable roof. I, too, have often resided under it, and the time I spent there was the happiest in my life. It was not merely that one found in it more knowledge and wit than might be met with elsewhere, but I was happy because that knowledge and that wit were never employed to diminish the pleasure of existence. Kind, good-natured gaiety were alike welcome there. The imagination was always occupied, and the soul experienced that happy feeling which inspires contempt for every thing base, and love for all that is noble.

Lord Byron was one day announced. It was natural that the most distinguished

female of our age should desire to know the celebrated poet. Madame de Stael was well acquainted with English, and could appreciate Lord Byron in his own tongue. He occupied a country house opposite to Coppet, on the other side of the Lake of Geneva. To come thither he crossed that lake, whose aspect inspired his muse with the Prisoner of Chillon.

Madame de Stael, now in a very ailing state, returned to Paris in the month of September, 1816. It was there that this brilliant meteor ceased to shed her life-giving rays on every society. As her soul surpassed her physical strength, she enjoyed till her last moment, that world she loved so well, and which will so long regret her.

I had quitted her in the Spring to go into Italy, having no idea that we should lose her so soon. There was in her so much of the spirit of life, that half a century seemed insufficient to consume it. To the last, her house was the centre of union for every thing distinguished in Paris. She knew how to draw out the wit of every one, and those who had little might offer that little without fear, as she never despised it, provided it was natural. Her soul gave and received all impressions. In the midst of two hundred persons she was in communication with all, and would successively animate twenty different groups. The ascendancy of her presence put folly to silence. The wicked and the foolish alike concealed themselves before her.

I returned from Italy somewhat uneasy at the news we had there received of Madame de Stael, but without being much alarmed. I approached Coppet in sadness, for I knew she no longer dwelt in it. Arriving on the 28th of July, I stopped before entering the village in order to look for a moment into that park where I had so often roamed. I approached those courts which I believed to be deserted, but found them on the contrary, crowded with people. They were come, they said, to assist at the obsequies of Madame de Stael.

I entered by the door of the vestibule, which was open. I passed in front of that theatre in which I had been ten years before. The curtain was down, but that day of emotion, of success and of life, rushed involuntarily upon my recollection.

I saw the coffin descend, borne by the principal inhabitants of the village; for these old men would not yield up the privilege of carrying her mortal remains to that tomb where her father's reposed. There was no desire to pay homage to her renown, (for of what importance was that to them?) but to her, who had ever been forward to do them kind offices, and who was an object of their love on account of her worth.

Her children, her relations, her friends, followed the procession. Her coffin was placed at the foot of that where her father lies, in a monument which he had erected, that he might be united in the same tomb with her he had so loved. This narrow dwelling contains the mortal remains of those friends whom so strong an affection and so sacred a tie had linked together. They have again met in heaven, but nothing can replace them on earth.—*Sargent's Magazine*.

READING ALOUD.—One of the accomplishments which we wish to see cultivated among females, and which is greatly neglected or wholly overlooked, is the art of reading aloud. It is a most healthy exercise when used discreetly, since exercise is as advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read aloud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths; it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.—*Journal of Education*.

Original.

THE JEWESS.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Concluded from page 73.

SEVERAL weeks had passed away, and no material change had taken place in the family of the Rabbi. Rebecca was the same beautiful, affectionate daughter as before, save that occasionally a fitful cloud passed over her expressive face, as she meditated on the effect which the announcement of her new profession would have on the trembling frame of that venerable, doating old man, her father. Yet she felt it to be her duty to inform him that she loved the Nazarene.

The day was sultry, and Rebecca and her father sought the cooler atmosphere of the verandah which surrounded the court of their princely dwelling. Heaps of cushions formed their seats. The old man appeared more than ever affectionate, and the daughter never looked so lovely, as her eyes flashed the calm, holy intrepidity of her soul within, moved by holy purposes of devotion to her Savior and God. Still she felt somewhat embarrassed and fluttered as she approached the subject, fraught, as she knew, with great consequences both to herself and father. How great those consequences were, she knew not: but her mind was nerved for any sacrifice.

"Father," said she, at length, after several topics of conversation had been exhausted, "when do our people expect the long-promised Messiah?"

"Very soon, my child, the King of Zion, the Son of David will set up his throne on the hills of Judea, and Israel will dwell in the pleasant land again," replied the Jew, his countenance lighting up as he spoke with the animation of enkindling hope.

"But, father, have not our people been expecting this great event for more than eighteen hundred years? Was it not universally believed that the time of the Messiah was at the end of the seventy weeks spoken of in the prophet Daniel?"

"Ah, my child, it were better for thee not to meddle with the mysteries of prophecy. True, the hope of Israel has been long deferred, but He will soon appear, and Zion shall rejoice."

"But what, dear father," and the fair Jewess trembled as she spoke, "if our people were guilty of rejecting their Messiah when they crucified the Lord Jesus Christ?—What if they deceived themselves, and it should at last turn out that the Nazarene so long despised and insulted by our race, was no other than the Star of Jacob, the son?"—

She would have proceeded, but the passionate father, whose zeal for Judaism was stronger, if possible, than his affection for his child, broke out into a whirlwind of wrath. He stormed, raved and even cursed the frightened girl, and after exhausting himself, ordered her from his presence.

Aware that expostulation would be in vain, she retired to her apartment, and there on her knees before Jehovah sought divine aid to prepare her for the sore trials, she saw gathering over her devoted head. Sweet were the consolations of that hour of prayer. They fell upon her ruffled spirit like the bright sunlight upon the ocean after its hour of storm hath passed. Rising from her knees she felt prepared for whatever exigencies might arise.

The next day she sought another interview with her angered father. The old man was calm but stern. He received her approaches as he had never done before; the Jew had conquered the FATHER at the bare suspicion of defection in his child. Alas, fair Jewess, what wilt thou do when he spurns thee from his breast forever!

With one of those bewitching smiles which had always had the power to charm her father into admiration, the beautiful maid approached, and seating herself at his feet said, "Surely my father is not angry with his child, for asking a question which narrowly concerns the salvation of herself and people? Speak, dear father, and let the light of thy eyes gladden my heart again."

"If my daughter hath no faith in the Nazarene, she is welcome to her father's love," replied the old man sullenly.

"Would you, dear father, have your child do violence to the convictions of her higher reasons, which tells her that in rejecting the Nazarene, she rejects the true Messiah, and subjects herself to the wrath of the Highest? Stop, dearest father, and search the prophets, for they prove beyond all doubt that Jesus of Nazareth was the son of God and the Savior of men."

With the utmost effort at self-restraint, the incensed father had listened to these remarks, but now he started to his feet, and repelling her advances, fiercely cursed her, and ordered her to renounce the Nazarene, or leave his roof for ever! With this hard-hearted injunction he rushed from her presence with the air of a man who had just signed his own death warrant.

To Rebecca this was a hard mandate. Young, unacquainted, far from her native English home, among strangers and enemies, it was hard to be driven from the only protector she had on earth to buffet with unknown trials, perchance to meet with insults and wrongs, the very thought of which made her pure nature shrink with inward horror. By renouncing her newly adopted religion she might retain wealth, comfort, protection, and a father's love; by adhering to it, she had small prospect of aught but evil and perchance ruin. Alas, how many would have chosen the former; but she felt, and felt truly too, that it would be paying too dear a price for temporal felicities, to purchase them at the cost of eternal death. "Better," said she, as she rose from her knees, "to perish here than to perish eternally."

Gathering up her jewels the fair wanderer, alone and unattended, left her father's dwelling, and sought the residence of a friend; reaching the house she craved admission; but the story of her apostacy from the Jewish faith had already filled the ears of her friend, and converted her into an enemy. She was repulsed with scoffs and insults from the gateway.

With a heavy heart she sought the Joppa gate, resolved to leave the city, and if possible, reach Joppa, designing to return to her native home, where she knew the Christian public would receive her with open arms; but the road was lonely; the Arab robber invested the pathway, and how could a frail, helpless girl reach the port?

Fortunately, however, a small band of Pilgrims who had traversed the Mediterranean sea, and overcome all the dangers of a tedious pilgrimage from Europe, were leaving the city on their homeward way. The trembling girl made known her circumstances in a few words, and offering a portion of her jewelry if they would conduct her to Italy, she was received into the party.

The pilgrims intended to reach Ramla that night, for they were all well mounted on camels, and as the distance was not more than six hours ride from Jerusalem. Unfortunately an accident detained them for some time at the entrance of the passes that lead to the valley of Elah. Here, while the Jewish maiden gazed on the darkening hills where once stood the armies of Saul and the Philistines, and where the stripling shepherd slew the stalwart Goliath, she put up an earnest prayer that David's God would be her defence and shield.

The sun had set before the pilgrims moved forward again, and when they began to emerge from the valley, it was dark and cold. The wind with many a mournful sigh came rushing along the vale: the clouds were floating in black masses above the over-

hanging mountains, and the whole scene was invested with indescribable awe. Suddenly a flash illuminated the valley, a report which reverberated among the rocks like thunder, followed; then flash succeeded flash, and report followed report: loud shrieks mingled with the roar of fire arms, and told that death was busy in the vale. The caravan was being attacked by a fierce band of Arab freebooters. So sudden had the ambuscade fallen upon them, that no time was given for resistance; a few fled towards Jerusalem, but full half a score lay dead upon the soil—among them was Rebecca, the outcast daughter of the Jew. Where was her father in that fatal hour?

After his daughter, in obedience to his harsh command, had left his roof, all the father kindled anew in his heart; he thought of his daughter's untiring affection, her beauty, and his own desolation, until he cursed his folly in hastily driving her from his house; then in a wild phrensy of passion, he rent his garments, tore his hair, and filled the air with his cries. Presently he grew more cool, and went forth in quest of his child. What were his feelings when he learned she had left the city?

With the morning's dawn he followed on in the trail of the pilgrims to Jaffa. Alone and unprotected, regardless of danger, the old man rode madly over the uneven road. A few hours brought him to the scene of the last night's slaughter. He paused. His eye wandered over the victims and alighted on the fair form of his child half stripped, smeared with her own blood, and cold as the rocks above her. Pale as marble, the old man hurried to the spot; seating himself, he placed the inanimate head upon his knees, and impressed a thousand kisses on its marble cheeks. Then placing one hand upon his aching brow, his thin white locks waving in the wind, he sat motionless as a statue.

A passing traveller a few hours afterwards placed his hand upon the old man's shoulder, but still he moved not, for he was dead!

Thus did a wild unholy bigotry destroy the venerable root and the cherished blossom: it first converted the father into a fiend, and then left him as a man to bear the woes brought on himself in his frantic mood; and his nature sunk underneath the load. The child was more noble than the parent, and the Christianity that placed her where she suffered, supported her in her extremity. Reader, how beautiful is Christianity—how hateful is bigotry!

LAST ILLNESS OF MRS. HEMANS.

*"For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
And kindling at the source of life adore."*

Few writers of the age, it is obvious, have imparted so much pleasure to persons of cultivated minds, poetic taste and sensibility, in every district of the land, as the late Mrs. Hemans; and in the productions of few female authors do we find more beautiful specimens of polished language, vigorous imagination, graceful, tender, and glowing thought. The versification of her poems, the imagery employed, the range of subject, and the vivid and impressive manner in which her principal compositions are penned, combine to render her one of the most captivating and influential writers of the British empire. How delightful, then, is it for the Christian to be able to cherish the hope that, during her last illness, she was brought effectually to the Savior; and that when she expired, she died calmly and happily in the Lord.

"—Scaring to the world of light, and fadeless joys above."

A few concise notes to exemplify the correctness of these observations, may prove interesting and beneficial to every enlightened believer in Jesus who peruses these pages, and may augment the gratification of those who often read her exquisite poems, "A Domestic Scene;" "The Graves of a Household;" "The Better Land;" "The Silent Multitude."

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow, during a storm she was struck by one beautiful effect on the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its colored glory. "I could not help thinking," she remarked, "that it was like our religion, piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb." All the rest of the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in darkness.

During her last illness, Mrs. Hemans delighted in the study of sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old and choice divines. This became her predominant taste, and it is mentioned respecting her, that the diligent and earnest perusal of the Holy Scriptures was a well-spring of daily and increasing comfort. She now contemplated her afflictions in the right manner, and through the only true and reconciling medium, "and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what alone can be called 'the things that are.'"

When the cholera was raging in Dublin, she wrote to a dear relative, "To me there is something extremely solemn, something which at once awes and calms the spirit, instead of agitating it, in the presence of this viewless danger, between which and ourselves we cannot but feel that the only barrier is the mercy of God. I never felt so penetrated by the sense of entire dependence upon Him, and though I adopt some necessary precautions on account of Charles, (her son,) my mind is in a state of entire serenity."

While the work of decay was going on surely and progressively, with regard to the earthly tabernacle, the bright flame within continued to burn with a steady and holy light, and at times even to flash forth with more than wonted brightness. On one occasion she finely expressed, when there was a favorable change in her condition, "Better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me, with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God."

This gifted lady wrote, with peculiar beauty, on another occasion, "I wish I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay, on Friday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset-sky of the richest suffusions, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt his holy beauty sinking through my inmost being with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

Her confidential attendant, a most interesting young female, devotedly attached to her mistress, expressed herself respecting her in the following delightful and impressive manner: "It may well be said this was not her rest. She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here. She often said to me, 'I feel like a tired child, wearied and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.' At other times she would say, 'I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly;' and then she would say, 'O, Anna, do you not love your kind Savior? The plan of redemption was, indeed, a glorious one; humility was, indeed, the crowning work. I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength. When any body speaks of his love to

me, I feel as if they were too slow ; my spirit can mount alone with Him into those blissful realms with far more rapidity."

The sufferings of Mrs. Hemans, prior to death, were most severe and agonizing ; but all were borne in the most uncomplaining manner. Never was her mind overshadowed by gloom ; never would she allow those around her to speak of her condition as one deserving of commiseration.

Her sister finally remarks, "The dark and silent chamber seemed illumined by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels, and she would say, that, in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that fitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

At times her spirit would appear to be already half-etherealized. Her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, to commune with her own heart, and reflect on the mercies of her Savior. She continually spoke of the unutterable comfort which she derived from dwelling on the contemplation of the atonement, and stated that this alone was her rod and staff when all earthly supports were failing.

In the heaviest affliction, she desired the assurance to be given to one of her friends, that the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had contemplated together, was a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her :

"The sweetness of her couch."

"I feel," she would say, "as if hovering between heaven and earth;" and she seemed so raised towards the sky, that all worldly things were obscured and diminished to her view, while the ineffable glories of eternity dawned upon it more and more brightly.

When her spirit was nearly gone, she said to her darling Charles, and her faithful sister Anna, that she felt at peace within her bosom. Her calmness continued unbroken, till, at 9 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 16, 1835, her spirit passed away, without pain or the endurance of a struggle. The remains of this gifted lady were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, in Dublin. A small tablet was placed above the spot where she lies, inscribed as follows :

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now ;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust, to its narrow house beneath :
Soul, to its place on high :
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

London Evangelical Magazine.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.—Let not your children be the subjects of evil communications. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." This is the testimony of God. If your domestics, your hands, your neighbor's children, or any other persons are suffered to communicate to them things which they ought not to know, they will be irrecoverably injured, and perhaps forever ruined.—*Rev. C. G. Finney.*

MARTHA'S MISTAKES.

THERE are two sorts of carefulness. One is sinful, and is reproved by Jesus and the apostles—the other is not only innocent, but praiseworthy, and is recommended to our imitation. As to sinful carefulness, we have an example of it in Martha, the sister of Mary. By close attention, we shall be able to perceive why her devotion to domestic care was condemned.

1. She became unduly anxious. "Martha, thou art careful and *troubled*." She was perplexed about her arrangements for supper. Things did not go to her mind. Probably the meats did not cook well, or the sauces were unsavory, or the labors of housewifery became oppressive, or the supper was not ready in good time. One thing is certain—she was troubled. Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled." On another occasion he questions his disciples, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Our duties should always be performed with calm and cheerful patience; and whenever our cares bring trouble, they are the occasion of sin. Nothing ought to trouble us but sin, nor indeed sin, for we ought not to commit it.

2. Anxiety provokes ill temper. It did in Martha. She was not, at the moment, in an amiable mood. Vexation at a few kitchen errors and misfortunes, made her a little vicious towards all around her. She loved her sister—at another time she would have gazed upon her with unmingled admiration, and would have addressed her in tones of soft and soothing love; but now, wrought upon by the fretting casualties of the occasion, she cannot even speak to her. She makes known her ill will by addressing a third person: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Irreverent woman! Her words were most bitter—her murmuring was at the Author of all her blessings—she reproved God.

3. Anxiety implies unbelief, the greatest of all sins. Mark this phrase—"Lord, dost thou not care?" How apt this language! When we use undue *care*, it argues our doubt of God's care. If we were satisfied that God cared for us, how could we be unduly anxious for ourselves? Every troubled heart cries, "Lord, dost thou not care?"—that is, thou dost not care. Such anxious frames leave God out of the question. He is, to be sure, or may be, a God, and such, probably, in words, we acknowledge him; but so far as our comforts are concerned, he is of no account. We feel much as the prophet suggested when he taunted the worshippers of Baal. Surely he is a God, but "he is gone a journey, or perchance he sleepeth." Thus Martha deemed herself forgotten, and sought to arouse Jesus by saying, "*Dost thou not care?*"

4. Anxiety causes us to murmur at God. She would not speak to Mary, but she must let out her spleen; and with the very worst grace directs it towards her Lord. That Jesus whom she adored was now, under the veil of her dark humor, uncomely and not revered. What a speech was hers to be addressed to the Savior of mankind!

5. Martha's carefulness was worldly. It was bestowed upon the body. It diverted her attention from the soul. Jesus was principally concerned for the latter. He was more anxious to impart to Martha the living bread, than he was to receive from her the bread which perisheth. She prevented him. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She reversed this order. She wished to be the minister, and was provoked that Mary did not join her in the ceremony.

Not to extend this train of thought, how many Marthas there are in the world! She was, as the world says, a good woman. Doubtless she loved home, and kept her house cleanly and in order. All her frugal neighbors admired her, and every good housewife emulated her virtues. And truly there was cause. It is no small praise

for any woman to be a keeper at home, a regulator of the family, a preserver, if not a provider of things that comfort these frail bodies, and make husbands cheerful, and their children happy. With all Martha's errors, she shall be preferred to the slattern who lolls till high noon among greasy pots and kettles, lullabies a babe as filthy as her dishcloths, and mistakes this moping indolence for the meekness of religion. Whatever is said of Martha, compared with such a woman she is an angel.

It is likely that Mary avoided both extremes. She was careful without anxiety, and diligent without worldliness. She did not neglect the Savior; yet she chose to sit at his feet and listen to his instructions, until weary with conversation, his silence should admonish her to go and prepare refreshments for his exhausted frame.

Let the reader be warned by Martha's errors. Learn especially that certain times and places bring temptation. The kitchen and its cares exert their influence. If you have help to dress the food and spread the table for your family, there will still be many calls for patience and forbearance. If your own hands perform these duties, be diligent but devotional. Let no cares trouble you—let no provocation irritate you—let no murmurs escape your lips; but with the meekness of religion stand in your humble lot. She who, like Mary, loves to sit at the feet of Jesus, has chosen that good part which can never be taken away from her.—*Ladies Repository*.

Original.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

BY REV. LUTHER LEE.

FAIR reader, are you disposed to pass by this article without giving it an examination, while you look for one of a more novel and promising title? Let me invite your attention for a moment, while I say that as common as is my theme, it does not, like the love tale of fictitious beings that have no existence only in the dreams of fancy, lose its power to stir the heart and charm the spirit as it becomes familiar, but increases in interest as it becomes common. However highly wrought the tale of fiction may be—however rich the drapery hung around it—however glowing the colors from the pencil applied by the hand of fancy, an unchangeable law of the human soul declares that they must fade when brought frequently in contact with our mental vision, until the entire power to charm is lost, leaving the mind to wander in search of other fields of fancied delight. But with religion it is not so—the nearer and longer we contemplate the subject, the more do we see in it to admire; the more frequently we feel its soul-stirring power; the more readily are we roused and influenced by it. If this be true, you have only to lend your attention to the subject to have an interest created in the mind, if you feel none now; and you have only to continue that attention to become more and still more interested, until the objects and pleasures of the world shall lose the charm that fictitious life has thrown around them, and the sun-bright hills around which fancy now delights to career, shall be overlooked as the still brighter and ever-abiding objects of the spirit world are brought to view by religion, as faith apprehends its high and holy promises, and hope transcends the limits of this sterile world, and careers amid the high and beautiful plains of heaven, and the gushing fountains of the throne of God, in anticipation of the soul's arrival.

True religion, unaffected piety, is the brightest ornament of the female character. When I say religion, in this article, I mean the religion of Jesus Christ, involving the

pure sentiments and the faithful discharge of duty which he inculcated. To sustain my position, it is necessary to consider the adaptation of religion to the different circumstances and responsibilities incident to the earthly allotment of the better portion of human nature. We will then commence with the opening of life's ever-changing drama, and take a view of the young lady as she is gradually released from the restraints of maternal control, and more and more frequently passing beyond the reach of her watchful eye, who, of all others, feels the deepest interest in her welfare, winding her way into society, and forming her first attachments and associations in the world.

To know the value of religion under these circumstances, it is necessary to consider what peculiar wants distinguish them. There are at this period of life, two grand objects to be secured.

The first is, to be sufficiently guarded against the evils that threaten on every hand, so as not to be taken in the snares that are spread for the unwary, or polluted by the unhallowed influences which too frequently lurk amid the deceitful smiles and alluring fashions of the gay circle. And what will so effectually secure you against these evils as the pure and holy sentiments of the Gospel engraven upon the heart, and breathed out in the aspirations of ardent piety? Such a heart bids defiance to the assaults of corruption, inasmuch that the most successful and daring destroyer would not even think of success until he should succeed in cutting away the bars of sound principles that guard the moral purity of the soul, and in dampening the ardor of piety in the heart, which, while it burns within, repels every touch and every attempted ingress of moral pollution. Where the pure principles and morality of the Gospel are really engraven upon the heart, and are made its ruling power, the destroyer darts the fires of his lustful eye in vain; they meet with no reciprocal glance; they kindle not in the bosom of his intended victim.

A second important object a young lady has to secure, in forming her first associations and attachments, as she enters upon the personal responsibilities of life, is, to make a favorable impression on the minds of the circle in which she is called to move. A misstep, an unfavorable impression once made, may not be easily removed—it may *never* be, but may wither and blight and ruin. This I say not of actual crime, but of mere suspicion of what has no foundation in fact. And what can better secure the young and innocent, though inexperienced and unwary, than true piety? If it be obvious that a young lady be really pious, it settles all other questions in relation to that essential genuine female character, which, when lost, leaves nothing to be admired. It is true the profession of piety does not always exempt from suspicion, but the reason is not that true piety is not always an undisputed proof of a pure soul, but because it has been found that the external signs of piety are too frequently hung out, when a look behind the curtain shows that the substance is not there. Where a doubt exists, the question is not, is piety a proof of purity? but, does true piety exist in the case?

I am aware that libertines pretend to despise female piety, and affect to despise those who pretend to be governed by the principles of religion; but they only outwardly condemn what they inwardly respect and reprove. There are two reasons why the dissolute pretend to despise religion: first, it is a perpetual reproof to their unholy lives; and, secondly, it interposes its restraints and influences in the way of their base gratifications. Until, by pretending to despise piety, they can succeed in making the intended victim of their brutal passions ashamed to plead its principles, she is beyond the reach of their foul designs. But while they pretend to despise religion, were they honestly to tell where the highest moral purity is to be found, and where the richest cluster of virtues bestud the human soul, they would point you to the female who reads, and loves to read the Scriptures, and pays her devotions at the holy altars of Christianity.

To be concluded.

From the (London) Keepsake.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. MITCHELL, ESQ.

Among the most interesting struggles for national freedom that modern history records, may be named the revolt in the Low Countries against the tyrant and bigot, Philip II. of Spain; and which, after the formation of the memorable league of Utrecht, ended in the recognized independence of the United Provinces. The persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands had commenced, and the atrocities committed by the bloody-minded Alva, Philip's favorite general, had already driven many towns to open rebellion: some of these defied the utmost exertions of the Spanish arms; but others were sacked, and every cruelty that religious fanaticism, as well as secular vengeance, could devise, was committed upon the inhabitants.

Harlem had been invested for nearly a year, and the patriotism of the stout burghers was only equalled by the sufferings they endured, arising from famine and disease. Within this city lived a painter, whose fate, with that of his devoted daughter, forms the subject of this sketch. Holbeck for some years had been unable to prosecute his art, for close attention had induced a complaint of the eye, and at last he was stricken with blindness. The protracted siege was drawing to a close, for the town was unable to hold out longer, when Holbeck, feeble and in sickness, lay stretched upon his pallet. He was in extreme poverty; and in a state of things when the gold of the wealthy failed to procure the necessaries of life, it may be presumed that it fared but ill with the needy. In truth, the painter was starving; every thing that could be made available to satisfy the cravings of nature had been devoured, and now he had only to curse the enemies of his country, and die.

By his bed-side, watching his worn and withered features, a young girl was seated; her age might have been sixteen. She was one of those beauties whose characteristics are gentleness and delicacy; her locks, glossy and golden, streamed over her shoulders like a waterfall seen in the sunset; and her eyes had that peculiarly soft and melting light which bespeaks a heart all love and tenderness.

The exquisite beauty of that girl seemed but ill suited to the squalor, and the air of wretchedness which pervaded the place; yet there she watched the debilitated and stricken old man—for the blind painter of Harlem was her father.

Ah! how Holbeck doted on the only being who had not deserted him in the dim and desolate winter of his years! The enthusiasm, and the love which once burned in his heart for the creations of his fancy, were not transferred to that child. She was more worshipped than saint or Virgin—the bright bow spanning the cloud of his despair. He could not behold her loveliness now developing itself in womanhood, but he could hear her voice; and that voice murmured to him sweet as if it came from Paradise, summoning up thoughts of all pure, bright, and beautiful things."

"Paulina," said the painter faintly, "is it indeed true that the governor has capitulated—that the enemy has entered the city?"

"Yes, father; can you not hear their shouts?"

The sick man raised his head in the attitude of listening; his sightless orbs were directed to the spot where he knew his daughter was seated; the muscles of his face were convulsed, and the dew of terror stood upon his forehead.

"They come!" he cried; "I can hear flying steps, the shouts of savage soldiery, and the shrieks of women!"

"Father, do not fear; our habitation has too mean an appearance to tempt the cupidity of soldiers."

"I know not that; there are other treasures here more valuable—at least to me—than silver or gold. Haste thee, Paulina, and secure the door!"

The girl obeyed her parent's command, and passed a bar of iron across the low oaken door; yet this very precaution, and the appearance of strength which the dingy house exhibited, proved its worst safeguard, and was the means of bringing ruin upon its occupants.

"Thank thee, Paulina! and now I will pray to God for thy safety. It matters little what happens unto me; the sands of my life are nearly run, and if they kill me, I shall but go to my long home a little earlier than age and disease might have carried me;" and the old man clasped his hands, and seemed in fervent prayer.

The shouts of the Spanish soldiers sounded more near. Exasperated by the long defence which the city had made, they were determined on taking signal vengeance on the inhabitants. Men and women were now rushing up the obscure street in which Holbeck resided, with an intention, apparently, of sheltering themselves in their houses. Even alarm was visible now on the countenance of the fair girl, and she drew mechanically more closely to the bed of her sick parent.

"God protect thee, Paulina, but the Spaniards are in our street!" The words had scarcely dropped from the painter's lips, when a heavy blow, as from a hammer, or bludgeon, fell upon the door, and hoarse voices called for admittance. Holbeck started up in his bed, and the girl, with a shudder, turned her eyes to the entrance, at the same time cowering, as if by instinct, toward her blind and feeble protector.

"On, comrades, to the next house! Lopez and myself claim this. Aha! there is something good here, or we should not have all these bolts and bars—a miser, I warrant, with his money-bags. Mynheer! mynheer! open your smoky hatch, or we shall knock in your barricado!"

The blows were repeated, but the trembling inmates returned no answer. They trusted that the iron-bound door would resist the efforts of the assailants; yet the strength of the defence served only to excite the ardor and curiosity of the soldiers: in fact, they imagined that no one but a wealthy person would take such pains to fortify his private dwelling; consequently they hoped, despite external appearances, to find within a hoard of gold.

"Thou sneaking mole! thou crafty old fox! may St. Peter lock us for ever in purgatory, if we do not unearth thee!" A crash followed; the lower panels of the door were burst through, and the soldiers, with iron pikes in their hands, sprang into the house.

The Spaniards were ferocious-looking fellows, with inflamed eyes, and huge mustachios. They gazed for a minute steadfastly on the shrinking girl, and then at the emaciated invalid.

"Lopez!" exclaimed the elder of the troopers, "it is as I suspected. I thought he must be a rich old grub who would earth himself up in such a strong den: if we don't find a right round sum of gold florins here, I'm no soldier of good king Philip's."

"I opine the like, friend: miser is written in every line of that brown parchment face. Now then, mynheer! few words and speedy business. Inform us without delay where you keep your money-bags—d'ye hear?"

"Men!" exclaimed the venerable painter, "you mistake my circumstances. I am in great poverty."

"No doubt of it; but do not hope to deceive us: misers, like thee, for ever bewail their lack of this world's goods. Come, thou hadst best deliver up the florins, or the lawyers to-morrow will be accommodated with thy skin to engross deeds upon."

"No trifling, old man! thy money!" roared the elder trooper.

Paulina, on bended knees, and with lifted hands, beseeched the soldiers to believe the assertion of her destitute and blind father. "Pity him!" she cried; "he is ill, and by this cruel treatment ye will hasten his end. Have ye fathers living? or are ye yourselves fathers; then compassionate, have mercy upon mine!"

"Talk away, my pretty wench, for thou dost look charming in that posture. By the Virgin! Juan, I don't know but I will resign the florins to thee, and take for my share of the booty this plump and luscious little dame—ha! ha!"

"Do, my friend, and allow me to pocket the money. Now, mynheer, no more sulkiness, but discover thy hoard. Thou won't? then I perceive I must teach thee thy duty. How dost thou like that?"

The sick man groaned with pain, for the trooper had thrust his sharp pike into his arm. Oh! the anguish of the daughter, as she saw the blood gush from the wound! he whom it had been her care to screen from the very breath of heaven; whom she had tended and nursed so long and anxiously—to behold him thus wantonly put to torture—it awoke all the agony which her nature was capable of enduring. She sprang to his side; she hung with a bursting heart over the bleeding limb; yet, ever and anon, would she glance up at the savage soldiers with the flashing eyes of the tigress deprived of her young.

"Paulina!" whispered the old man, "regard not the wound; stay thou by me, child; for I consider my life as nothing compared with injury, with pollution to thee;" and he thrust his hand beneath his pillow, as if to clutch at something there.

"Well, comrade, I shall carry off my prize, and thou mayst remain here as long as thou dost choose, worming from the old heretic the secret of his money. Hark'ee, sweetheart, come with me! By the mass! but thou art the prettiest maid in all the Provinces."

The trooper advanced to seize Paulina, and by the shrinking movement of his child, the painter became aware of his purpose. Holbeck held her in his bleeding arms with the tenacity of love and despair, crying in piercing accents, "Take her not away from me! take her not from me! she is my all—my more than life; kill me, but spare my innocent child!"

The soldier roughly drew her along, but the father would not loose his hold. The blind man sought for his dagger, but could not find it, for it had dropped on the floor; at length, fainting through exertion and loss of blood, he sank down in a state of insensibility. The shrieks of the girl availed her nothing in a district which was given over to pillage and rapine. But Paulina suddenly grew calm; some stern resolve had taken possession of her breast, or she had indeed resigned herself to her fate.

"Soldier!" she exclaimed, "permit me to say one parting word to my father; let me bind up his wound, and I will accompany thee in peace."

The man, who did not relish a continuance of her cries and wild struggles, was induced to comply with her request.

"Then speak to the obstinate old rebel, an' thou wilt, but let thy conference be brief."

Paulina knelt by her father; but the aged man, already broken down by sickness and famine, was evidently dying.

"Paulina! my child, where art thou?" he faintly cried.

"Father, I am with you still!"

"Thank heaven! my beloved one: let me pass my hand over thy face; thou art not weeping, Paulina; then our merciless foes have left us. God preserve thee, and bless thee! My heart seems to freeze; one kiss. Farewell!"

The blind painter of Harlem ceased to breathe.

No tears, indeed, gushed from the maiden's eyes, for the fire in her brain had dried

up the source whence flow those milder tokens of sorrow. The agony in that gentle bosom had reached the point where reason ceases her wonted influence, and frenzy begins. She threw back the masses of golden hair from her forehead; she crept along the floor, and secured the dagger.

The soldiers surveyed her in silent curiosity, and they smiled on each other, imagining that she designed to defend herself.

"The saints protect us! my sweet Amazon; and thou dost mean to do battle against two soldiers of his majesty's guard? ha! ha! but enough!" and the blacker villain of the two drew nearer to her.

"Wretched man!" cried Paulina, with a burst of indignation, her eyes flashing, and the purple veins swelling on her beautiful forehead, "approach me not! ye leave this house to the sorrows of a child over her dead father, or ye bear me away a corpse."

"Then dead or alive, thou shalt be mine!" exclaimed the soldier, springing toward the girl. He paused for one instant ere he grasped her: she looked up into his face with the stern resolve of heroic virtue; even the villain, beneath the flashing of that bright and majestic eye, seemed for a moment to quail. He advanced—he hesitated; again he stretched forward his arms; no, he did not seize her, for ere his defiling touch was on her, she had sheathed the dagger in her own heart!

The young girl's bright blood, welling from a bosom where filial affection and virtue had triumphed over the fear of death, bubbled forth upon the body of her lifeless father; and there, resting on his breast, she lay, beyond the power of the human fiends who scowled near her, her white lids veiling her dimming eyes, her rich cheek gradually turning to alabaster, and her last sigh of purity breathing from lips that soon would be still for ever.

The Spaniards gazed for a few moments on the wreck they had made, and then, with a low laugh, turned away in search of new victims.

Original.

WHAT IS MIGHTIEST?

AN ALLEGORY.

- "AND so, the selfish beings think they have a legal right to all that magnificent abode!" said the next in turn. "'Tis ridiculous—'tis past endurance!—as though they were above us in the scale of being. I will possess myself of their wealth or their character. Nay, I will despoil them for the mere pleasure of seeing the world on a level, if I raise not myself an iota. Nobody shall look *down* on me, while I have a tongue in my head, and the world has ears to lend. So come along; the castle is ours, or the breath of Envy shall for ever mar the peace of its inmates."

She wound her serpentine way along, and presented her phiz of malignant melancholy before the porter. He turned away with a look of marked disgust. But she was not to be slighted. That little monster of iniquities which "no man can tame," was her weapon, and most unmercifully did she wield it. I heard not, for I would not to hear, the bitter words she hurled at those she would conquer. But methought I almost saw them, like poisoned arrows, darting back with unerring aim to her own heart. Long and loud was the noise of battle, but she fought it alone. At length, wearied with her own petulance, and vexed that nobody cared for her execrations, she seemed to have discovered that the world could do without her. For a moment she fixed her emerald eye, half malice and half despair, upon the tower that nodded

not as she gazed—then rushing madly to the Ocean, threw herself unceremoniously upon his mercy. He shrank aghast like one fearful of contamination, made one desperate effort to eject his unwelcome trust, but failing in the attempt, consigned her to his lowest depths, and curbed his snowy lip in very disdain.

"O, I'll charm them to their duty," said a bright-eyed one in the hostile ranks I've won many a strong mind from its purpose, and I'll win yet many more. The lords of creation worship at my altar, and kings and princes pour out their libations at my feet." So she gathered up the mantle that hung carelessly over her shoulders and girded herself for the conflict—a conflict, not of swords and spears, not of angry words and deep-laid plots, but a conflict of *fairer* means.

Now, I saw in my dream that she stood before a burnished mirror; and as she beheld the reflection of her own matchless symmetry, a look of triumph beamed from her soft dark eye, and she anticipated the glory of her conquest. As she glided along through the vale, and ascended the steep hill-side, all eyes were immovably fixed upon her. She had the sympathies of the multitude, for Envy's ghost had not arisen from its watery grave. All was breathless expectation. Can the porter resist the eloquence of her charms? Her soul looks through her countenance, and her mute pleadings are mightier far than words. As she stands in his presence an angel of light were scarcely more attractive. That ruby lip seems made only to smile, that spirit-kindled eye only to conquer. The dancing dimple, and ever-varying blush are rivals upon her fair cheek; the long dark tresses that fall upon her snowy neck give character to her else too delicate person. She must enter. He who can refuse such a plea must be heartless—a *thing*, not a *man*. So the world judges. Let us see what *he* will do.

But it is high time this porter should have a name, so we will call him Circumspection. No unworthy being ever entered the gate he keeps. Wealth never bribed him, Beauty never unmanned him, Pleasure never bought his heart away. Strength never conquered him, and Artifice herself never eluded his keen-sighted vigilance. And how think you will he treat the fairy form that sues for entrance now? He looks calmly at that face on which few have looked unmoved. She dreamed not of this, and is illy prepared for such an emergency. She trusted that none could withstand the poetry of her countenance—that to look on her was to feel its captivating power, to yield the citadel of the heart. So she had dreamed; but so did not he. With all the self-possession of a philosopher, he scanned our beauty o'er, nor softened one feature of his face, nor relaxed one nerve of his frame, nor quivered one pulse-beat at his heart.

"And what wants this pretty maiden here?" said he coolly.

"A word with your queen, sir," was the laconic reply; and the sweet smile that accompanied it, betrayed a set of ivory that vied with the snow-flake in its peerless whiteness.

"What credentials can you present, lady?"

"Credentials? I am my own representative. In the lineaments of my countenance you may trace the characters that gives me a highway to the heart. I am surprised that your discrimination, sir, has not discovered the foundation of my claims to notice. I was made to shine in the world; and what a crowd of admirers I will draw around that lofty fane when I shall be its mistress."

"Had you not better wait, till you have established your claim to a seat beside her majesty, before you antedate the splendors of your reign. External show can never substitute for worth of character, madam. I hope you are possessed of both, but the latter and not the former must purchase room for you."

"Farewell, sir. This is my first and last visit to the castle of Wisdom. Never

were my pretensions to royalty so misconstrued before. Never before did I suppose that the grandeur of the cloud-capped Castle existed only in name. Well, I have been deceived; but this is the lot of mortals. The world is waiting for me. The temple of Vanity beckons my approach. There my merits will be appreciated, my superiority acknowledged." She uttered these words with a mock cheerfulness, though disappointment stung her very soul. Her countenance fell—a cloud passed over her that ill befitted such a brow. Beauty cannot brook indifference. My heart sickened as she turned away; she was sadly changed. Sweetness had given place to vexation, and the smile of pleasure to the tear of hope "gone out." But she tripped lightly, as she might, knowing well how to put on her fascinations soon as she should hear the music of her own praise.

"Go, my sister," said she, taking the hand of the first who welcomed her back—"go, try your fortune, if you will; but defeat to you and me is but momentary. There are thousands of victories for us. Our laurels are ever bright, ever new."

Whether this being was indeed less bewitching than her vanquished sister, or whether my spirits partook of the disappointment I had witnessed, she looked far less lovely, though she was a champion in her sphere.

"I will seek a place yonder, not that I am ambitious of such treasures as Wisdom boasts, but that victory here were an unheard-of thing; and that tower subservient to my purpose, would make a fine figure in the world." Standing erect before the gateway, she continued, "I am a general favorite where I am known, and have come to propose myself as a candidate for your patronage. My costume, as you perceive, is elegant"—I could but shake my head, and stare wildly at this assertion; however, I listened—"combining elegance and splendor"—again I shook my head, yet I listened still—"and I doff my plume to every passer-by." This I had no disposition to question. "I am amazingly accommodating; the multitude love me, and well they may, for I prize myself according to the value they set on me, and do always their bidding. I am flattered and caressed by the aristocracy, and venerated by the populace. Some even do me religious homage, and the smoke of innocence ascends in spiral columns above my head, morning, noon and night."

I looked on in utter astonishment; I saw nothing save a distorted figure arrayed in a strangely adjusted garb, that ever and anon changed its form and hue, till one could well nigh apply to her the character painted by the poet:

"To nothing fixed but love of change."

A motley group of ornaments clustered here and there, and a stray feather floated out upon the breeze. A huge piece of gold hung in either ear, and a priceless emerald sparkled upon her finger, another precious stone gleamed upon her head, and yet another jewel hung from her neck. Tassels of silk, and garlands of artificial flowers added to the novelty of her appearance. While I looked she threw on a cloak she had outgrown in the days of her girlhood, and drew her head into her grandmother's hood, to which a long pair of wings had been attached for the occasion. Whether this extra appendage was originally designed with the intent of laying siege to the summit of the castle, or as an "exquisite touch" to the grotesque personage, was a query not to be answered, not to be proposed even. Now in my unimpassioned moments, however, I think they must have been ornaments, for they drooped like the peacock's spirits when he thinks of his deformity, and surely they added greatly to the effect.

I hardly knew whether to laugh or to weep at the compound of incongruities I beheld. There seemed more than the *name* of philosophy in the remark of him who said to his brother philosopher, "The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it; it is de-

plorable, and thou lamentest over it." The being before me excited mirth, pity, and in some of her wildest freaks, she called forth utter contempt. Circumspection himself could scarcely keep his countenance during her harangue; and as he bade her seek her fortune among congenial elements, he paid the tribute of a smile, a frown, and a tear.

A brilliant figure now advanced—brilliant, not with gold and gems, but with brighter things, that flash upon the vision with dazzling ray, and then leave you to wonder what and whence they are, and whither they have gone.

"May I come and hang my meteor on yonder cloud? I will scatter my jewels up and down the tower till it shall become a light-house for the world."

"The sun shines here," said Frank; "fitful gleams lure but to disappoint. He needs no aid, and your lights are but shadows in his presence."

"The Genius of Wit thrown into the shade! Never, never, till yonder night-lamp shall eclipse the king of day;" and he vanished out of sight.

Next came an old man and his son. They are seldom separated, for the life of each depends on the presence of the other; and never did harder affection exist between parent and child. The elder leaned on the arm of his son for support, carrying at the same time a heavy burden in the other hand. He tottered feebly along. His load was evidently oppressive; still he clung to it with a tenacity that bespoke it his all, insomuch that I was impatient to be introduced to the contents of the spacious bag. Having been taught to respect the aged, I was prepared to look on with almost profound veneration. Being interested in his welfare. I hoped to learn something of his history. There were deep furrows in his cheek, and an expression of sadness on his care-worn brow. His garments were princely coverings once, but they were threadbare now. Methought there were in his sunken eye lingerings of a fire that had shone brightly in days gone by.

The younger was a long, meagre-looking fellow, not many years the junior of his father; and were it not that his genealogy could be traced nowhere else, he might have been thought a twin brother of Wealth. He seemed the very picture of starvation—half-clad in the cheapest material his country afforded. A strange unearthly expression lay hid in his dark, *dark* eye, that startled while it penetrated. "By fits 't was sad, by starts was wild." His being was a mysticism—the foundation of his character, selfishness. His talon-like fingers asked to grasp the universe. The language of his demeanor was, "Beware, or I'll catch you." The old man spoke first.

"I wish to buy myself a portion here, and make an investment that shall promote my interest, while it enriches you. See, here is a bag of gold, the earnings of my life-time; and this my son has labored in my estate with all the ardor of filial affection, till he has become, as it were, a part of my very existence. I am an old man, and would fain die rich in wisdom as well as rich in gold."

"Wisdom bestows her wealth 'without money and without price,' and 'whosoever will' may be a sharer of her bounty; but he must be content to use the good things of this world as not abusing them. That son of yours is a foe to the race we love, and would coin the life-blood of humanity into dollars and cents for his poor old father to tug with him to his grave."

Now I observed that Avarice was about to speak, but such personalities somewhat disconcerted him. His fierce dark eye grew fiercer and darker, glared wildly and flashed fearfully. Extending his fleshless arms to their utmost stretch, he clenched his bony fingers around the castle bars, essaying to bear them off as booty. But their fastenings were made by one stronger than he; and one look from the porter told him he had better let them be. He turned on his heel; but it was a grudging adieu he bade to the regions of plenty. With a sorry submission his father followed; and in a

few moments they were seen stripping the garments from a poor orphan they chanced to meet, and selling her reputation to add to that abundance which dragged them already to the earth.

Sick at heart, I was about to turn from the vision, when a smiling creature approached.

"My home has been in yonder garden of fruits and flowers," said she, by way of introduction; "I have roamed over hill-top and valley, and tasted all the sweets that mortals love, and am come at length to spend a few days at the cloud-capped Castle. I am gay as the morning, and you shall all be happy while I remain with you. Your queen shall renew her youth, and I will sport in thoughtless discontent among her votaries. I am sought by the multitude, and idolized by those who overtake me; for you must know I am fleet of foot, and light of heart. How I will dance on the pinnacle of the temple, and bathe my ethereal form in the balmy clouds, its everlasting crown. Yea; I will shower down delights from my aerial home; they shall fall like refreshing dew-drops upon the leaves of the forest flower."

"And when we would enjoy them, they will flee like those very dew-drops before the sun," said her auditor. "We need no such joys, Dame Pleasure, and our atmosphere would poison a fairy like yourself. Our queen's message to you is, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'"

I looked again, and a taller form, and of graver aspect, came to present his claim. On his left arm leaned his beautiful bride, and his right hand wielded a shining weapon. He wore a crown of bright, green laurel, interwoven with flowers, the workmanship of the delicate fingers that hung upon his arm. They were high-born souls and happily united. She smiled proudly, and he made a dignified bow, thus accosting Circumspection:

"We have come to take up a permanent residence here, and write our name in imperishable letters on the summit of your abode. My sword is my wealth, my bride is my glory. Valor and Fame may claim the right of kindred to this people."

"Come ye to do battle among your kinsmen? Peace is our shield—kindness our weapon. As for those that smite with the sword, they shall perish with the sword."

"Hold! dare you insinuate aught against me? I will cause you to repent your rashness. This sword is accustomed to deeds of noble daring. In the name of honor I demand satisfaction for that speech. You shall pay dearly for your impudence;" and he grasped the jewelled hilt, and brandished the glittering implement of death high in the air.

"I court not your favor, I dread not your frown, I fear not your sword. My conscience is my armor, and Wisdom is the defence of all her children."

"Cling to her then, vile slave!" interrupted he, angrily. "We will go to our own home to sit on 'no precarious throne.'"

Next came one with the majestic bearing of those "born to rule." He spoke not as he drew near, but his manner betrayed designs of hostility. One would think him constantly revolving that maxim of his own, "Might makes right," so independently did he carry himself. His step was not light and quick, but superlatively firm and steady. He was tall and well set—the very picture of health and content. His broad, high features seemed indexes to a volume of great doings. Sometimes his manly brow almost frowned—then he essayed to smile; but those well-braced nerves could only half do so slight an office—it appeared a smile of conscious superiority. He shook his heavy locks, and all except Wisdom's family were terrified. I thought of him of old who bore off the gates of a city upon his shoulders, and dreamed that a second Sampson had arisen to storm the castle and lift single-handed and alone pillars that had stood the test of ages. But he too had his Delilah; for when he thought

himself unbolting the gate, his hand slipped off, and the violence of his own movements sent him—I know not whither. After having recovered somewhat from the shock produced by this rash act, my eyes were again bent on the hapless pilgrims. The curiosity that scrutinized their efforts, and thus far their defeats, was not altogether an idle, speculating curiosity; my own hopes were inwrought deeply with the result.

To be continued.

Original.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

PLINY.

EVERY pursuit has had its martyrs—men who have paid the highest forfeit in the power of man to gratify their zeal and devotion to a favorite idol. The illustrious personage, whose name is at the head of this article, is an example.

He happened to be at Misenum, when Mount Vesuvius was belching forth the fiery contents of his mysterious crater. Anxious to investigate this interesting phenomenon, the incautious philosopher ascended the mountain. The burning lava pouring forth, like a river of fire, overtook him in the midst of his contemplations, and thus did the learned, industrious and erudite Pliny meet his untimely end.

PEPIN LE BREF.

Pepin, the father of the Great Charlemagne, was of exceedingly small stature, his height being only four feet and a half. Some of his courtiers ridiculed their dwarfish king. Happening to learn their jestings, he invited them to attend a spectacle wherein a fierce lion and a gigantic bull were to fight. The lion leaped on his horned adversary. The king looking round among his followers, asked, "Is there any among you who has sufficient resolution to oblige the lion to let go his hold?"

The astonished courtiers were dumb at such a strange question. "Mine then shall be the task," said Pepin, in a voice of thunder; and leaping into the amphitheatre, he severed the head of the lion from his body at a blow—thus proving himself stout of soul and strong of arm though of contemptible stature.

MOHAMMED.

The last words of this great impostor were, "O God!—pardon my sins.—Yes,—I come—among my fellow-citizens on high."

LOUIS THE MILD.

This monarch had an ungrateful child. When on his death-bed, the ministers of religion suggested to the dying monarch the duty of forgiveness. The broken-spirited king shook his hoary locks, and pointing to them, replied, with deep emotion, "I pardon him; but you may tell him, that it is he who has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

With one hundred and fifty ships of war, twenty-seven thousand men and three thousand cannon the Spanish nation intended the invasion and conquest of England during the reign of the maiden queen Elizabeth. All Europe waited in breathless expectation to see the result: and what was it?

One hundred and eight ships, small in size, but commanded by the three heroes, Drake, Hawkins and Frobieush, met the fleet, so vauntingly styled *invincible*, at the mouth of the British channel; and after a brief conflict, succeeded by a pitiless and fearful storm, fifty shattered ships and six thousand men reached the coast of Spain!

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to re-fect on the joys that a - wait us, In

2. While le-gions an - gel - ic, with harps tuned celestial, Har-

yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glorified spirits with

moniously join in the Concert of praise, The saints, as they come from the

welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! En-

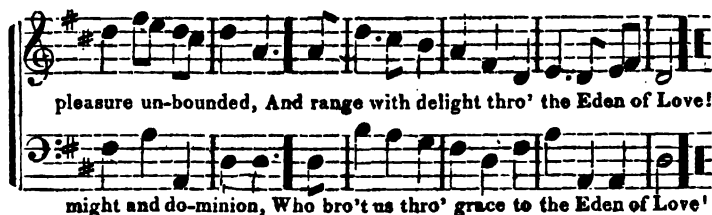
regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise. Then

circled in light, and with glory en-shrouded, Our hap-pi-ness

songs to the Lamb shall re - echo through heaven, Our souls will re-

per-fect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of

spond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all



8
Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
The blessing reserved in the Eden of Love!

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

1. Lo down, down in yon beautiful valley, Where love crowns the
2. This lone vale is a-far from contention, Where no soul may
2. Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither, Where joys bloom and
meek and the lowly, Where rude storms of envy and folly, May
dream of dissension; No dark wiles of evil invention, Can
never shall wither, Where faith binds all people together, In
roll on their billows in vain, The lone soul, in humble subjection,
find out this valley of peace; Lo there, there the Lord will deliver,
firm love to the sov'reign I Am: O there, there surrounded with glory,
May there find un-shaken protection, The soft gales of
And souls drink of that beau-ti-ful river, Which flows peace for
O Lord, we will tell the glad story, And shouting thy praise and
cheering reflection, The mind may soothe from sorrow and pain.
ever and ever, And love and joy shall ever increase.
bowing before thee, We'll sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!



Am. Tempest.



THE LADY'S PEARL.

JUNE, 1843.

Original.

MOSES WRITING IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY CHARLES W. DENISON.

THE hosts of Israel were journeying.
Far in the desert waste they travelled on ;
They pitched their tents, and reared their altars up,
Built the high architrave, and spread the folds
That fell around the ark and holy place.
Up the steep mountain sides, low in the vales,
The tabernacle bore its covering,
And gave to God its incense and its songs.

Above it stood the pillar in the sky,
A fleecy cloud, by day—by night, a fire—
A lustrous fire, that threw its misty light
On mountain summits and in velleyed shades,
And poured peculiar glory on the chosen spot
Where MOSES sat—the penman of his God !

O, wondrous scene ! There sat the hoary man,
Begirt with beams of light, in audience
With God himself ! He talked with God, and wrote
The very words God spoke in mercy there !
O, awful presence of the awful ONE !
'T was like a cloud ; and yet it came unseen :
'T was like a voice ; yet whence it spoke
Not even MOSES knew, nor dared to ask :
'T was like a light ; a brilliant, glorious light ;
And yet no light had ever like it shone :
Nor sun, nor moon, nor earth, nor fairest star.
'T was God in present audience with man ;
JEHOVAH talking with a sinful worm ;
An emanation from the eternal throne ;
An accent from the voice that fills all space ;
An earth-thrown lustre from the Majesty
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell !

There MOSES sat,
Within the halo of that awful light, and wrote
What God inspired, with reverential skill.
The present was as if it had not been ;
Surrounding scenes passed from his wrapt survey,
And all the past came rushing into view !

The wilderness to him was peopled full
 Of all created things that Time first saw.
 The ranks of tents, the crowds of worshippers,
 Flitted like shadows from his distant gaze,
 And in their place stood forth the living God!
 All chaos was before him High, and broad,
 And deep as broad, the unformed void appeared.
 Above, below, around, beyond, no ray
 Gleamed on the darkness that empalled him in!
 Night was not made, nor day; and Moses, clothed
 In unborn glooms, with Inspiration's eyes
 Beheld the birthplace of the Universe!
 He saw the Spirit of his God unfold
 His mighty pinions through the dark expanse!
 The laboring deep formed as He swept along,
 The solid mountains lifted up their heads,
 And shook their shaggy tresses from the flood!
 The valleys bent where the live sea rolled down,
 And gave its thickening surges to the plains,
 And they, repelling, piled the ledgy hills.
 Pealing in grandeur through the obedient mass,
 Bursting the sepulchres of buried worlds,
 The listening chaos heard the voice of God!
 O scene of wonder to the holy man!
 All things that are, in earth, and sky, and sea,
 From the leviathan that cleaves the deep,
 To the least atom in the tiny drop;
 From the huge mastadon that strides by roods,
 To the small insect crushed beneath his tread;
 From the great sun emblazoning the vault,
 To the lone star that twinkles in its ray;
 Moses beheld, and wondering, wrote for God.
 And O, when Adam started into life,
 When Eve beside him in the garden stood,
 How strange the vision seemed! And when they broke
 The human solitude, and led the note
 That swelled spontaneous from Nature's voice,
 How did his spirit catch the primal song,
 And join the chorus of the sons of God!
 Forgotten was the host in midnight prayer,
 The shout of halleluiahs in the camp,
 The march by day of early marshalled men,
 The gorgeous pennons fluttering in the gale;
 All that he saw, all that he heard, or knew,
 Was the creative fiat of his God,
 And the response that answering chaos gave!

Boston.

THE best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behavior modesty; and in her life virtue.

LOVE.—A word, a look, from the beloved one, has power to change the whole atmosphere of the heart; to rouse it by magic, from coldness and apathy, to warm and generous exertion.

Original.

WHAT IS MIGHTIEST?

AN ALLEGORY.

Concluded.

A FRAIL creature was toiling up the hill—a perfect contrast to him who had been there last. She was pale and sad, bowed either with a weight of years, or of sorrows. A cloud hovered over her. When my eye could penetrate the thick mist, methought I discovered in her melancholy features the marks of a premature old age. A tear trembled in her eye, and many a tear had fallen on her soiled frock. She cared not for this, so intent was she on gaining the object for which she lived; and that object was any other than the enjoyment of life.

"I have done penance these many years," said she in a doleful tone, "that I might dwell among the votaries of Wisdom, and I claim as my reward a habitation here. In the name of Pity, I conjure you, deny me not." And her forlorn visage told the cheerless tale of all her wo.

Frank smiled generously at her mistaken zeal. "Wisdom's gifts are free, like the spirit of their giver," said he. "Tears and melancholy, like all other offerings, are vain oblations at her gate. Nevertheless thou mayest yet enter by following my advice: 'Anoint thy head and wash thy face;' call back that friend of mortality thou hast driven from thy bosom, and there is hope in thy case."

I hope she followed his injunctions, but I know not, for I could not hear her reply; and so engaging was her successor that I forgot to look again.

He climbed the hill easily. I fain would describe him, but I cannot. He was one of those whose influence steals upon you unawares: you love him you know not why—as if by constraint, yet freely, willingly, gladly. His beauty was not of feature or of favor—it lay deep, *deep* among the hidden treasures of the soul, yet one could not look upon him and not feel that it was there—that it was beauty of a superior order, and that it was his own inherent treasure. Such was he who now stood before the gate, not afraid to meet the eye of him who kept it. His classic brow reflected back the splendors that beamed from the ancient windows of the hall. His soul feasted on the prospect before him. Long and silently did he gaze wrapped in thought, intensely alive to the new beauties that thronged thicker and thicker upon his vision.

The ecstasy within relit the lustre of his eye, and retined the waning glow of his cheek as his whole being hung upon the antiquated temple. "O that I might dwell in that favored retreat!" he exclaimed; and started, aroused from his reverie by the sound of his own voice.

"And so you may," answered the gate-keeper.

"Then let me in quickly, for I long to partake of 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' this spot inspires. Be kind enough to open the gate, sir; no price can deter me that you see fit to name."

"No price can be set. There is one condition upon which any being may enter and abide with us. The strongest as well as the weakest mind must bow to the dictates of Wisdom. Every act must be open to her inspection."

"Take any thing but my liberty," said the gifted youth; "but I must be my own oracle. Let me wear the costume of her devotees, and I will exert my powers to the utmost in the service of your queen, but tell me not that every deed must be sanctioned by her before it can be valid."

"The sacrifice you will make brings its own ample reward. I know from happy experience. Your heart as well as your foot is on the threshold of her territories; but what does that avail, so long as you refuse to take the very step that separates a loyal from a rebellious subject? Accede to the proposal, I pray you, and learn that true dignity consists in true self-discipline wisely and piously administered, and that true self-discipline acknowledges the superiority of Wisdom, and is subject to her jurisdiction. You shall never repent it!"

"Perhaps you do not repent having given yourself to the direction of another," quoth Talent, "but for myself I am resolved that unbridled freedom is a boon I will never sell, though the Castle of Wisdom were the offered price."

I could have wept to see him depart, for I knew that his original home was among the wise. I saw, moreover, that his whole heart seemed to linger there. I perceived, also, that much power was in his hand, and the world, should it win him for its own, might glory in such accession to its ranks, while it should rob Truth of a noble champion.

I was sorrowful. "And will no one enter the castle, thought I? O that they were wise!—for truly the discipline there administered is salutary, is needful. No fetters are laid upon a generous feeling. Wisdom imposes no restraint that can mar the harmony of nature; and it is for the happiness of her subjects, rather than for arbitrary purposes that her laws are made. Would that I were among her children."

While indulging in reflections like these, my attention was arrested by a form "almost divine." Forgetting self at once, I was captivated by her charms. There was a purity in her mein, a spirit-like expression in her eye, a queenly grace in her manners, a magic spell to the looker-on. There was dignity without what the world calls confidence—superiority without what the world calls taste. But there was a taste the world can never appreciate till its fury for vanity is put off, and its love for the truly beautiful put on. A mild, heavenly radiance beamed from her clear blue eye; her countenance seemed to have borrowed its lustre from the upper world. Her robes were white as the light, spotless as yon azure sky, rich as the wardrobe of Innocence could yield. A light unlike any I had ever beheld, illumined her pathway. She presented herself. In an instant the gate flew open as of its own accord.

"I would become a pupil of Wisdom, and learn of her always," she said; and there was a melody in those rich sweet tones.

"Welcome, sister! welcome, sister!" were the sounds that greeted her ear; and they embraced her affectionately. I discovered also that the queen came down from her throne, and a lovely smile playing upon her grave features, she gave her right hand to Innocence, saying, "Daughter, welcome—thrice welcome hither."

I had but a momentary glimpse at the unspeakable splendors of the palace, for the gate closed at once. "Ah," said I, "I can never enter there; my countenance is not irradiated by beams from the 'spirit-land;' my garments shine not like the robes of Innocence. Who shall teach me to be wise?" I turned away to weep.

"I will befriend thee," whispered a voice in my ear. "Look yonder!" I did so, and beheld at a little distance a Being suspended between heaven and earth, with a crown of indescribable glory upon his head, and a fountain of life at his feet. "This is he whom they have pierced," said my guardian. "Go wash thy robes in his blood, and he shall kindle in thy heart the flame of his own love. Go bow in humiliation at his cross, and the rays of his glory shall fall upon thy head. Then like Innocence shalt thou be a welcome guest."

"Let me be truly quickly wise," said I; "let me learn my duty at the foot of Calvary."

Meanwhile there was much commotion among those who first caught my attention. "Innocence, Innocence is mightiest of all things!" shouted they.

"But I am king of conquerors; I am victor of victors," added one I had not before seen. He spoke in a hoarse, hollow tone, and stared wildly about him. "All things are mine down to the end of time. None ever resisted my sway; none can stand before me." With a ghastly smile he shook his hourglass, and the sands hasted to run out. His skeleton hand swayed his two-edged sceptre like one conscious that dominions and principalities and powers are at his disposal. A cold shudder passed over me as he approached. I shrunk away, scarcely knowing why. He passed me by, but with a look that said audibly, "Mortal, thou too art mine; by-and-by I shall call for thee. Prepare to meet me." Blight and mildew followed in his track. The green foliage fell from the trees, dry and withered. The beauty of the flowers went out, and the tall spires of grass laid them down to die. I watched for his influence upon the inmates of the Castle. "All things mortal are mine, and I have come to possess myself of the Castle of Wisdom," said the spectre.

They trembled not. A slight change was visible in the features of Circumspection, as he replied, "This Temple is an imperishable legacy from the King of kings. It is not the creature of decay. Death may not leave his foot-print here. All that is mortal awaits the bidding of Him you serve. We greet you as one who will sever all ties that bind us earthward. Then shall these fetterless spirits find their home beyond the clouds. The palace of Wisdom can never be classed among the "things that were." From foundation to top-stone it is the work of the great Architect, and his fiat hath ordained it for Immortality.

Abridged for the Lady's Pearl.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

THE romantic ballads of England in the olden time are peculiarly rich in their displays of high-exalted courtesy and noble valor on the one hand, and of the low base-born passions on the other. "The Child of Elle," one of the beautiful productions of the accomplished Percy, is an example of the former. It opens in the true spirit of minstrel romance:

"On yonder hill a castle stands
With walls and towers bedight;
And yonder lives the child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When lo! he beheld poor Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale."

The Lord of Elle hastes to meet the "little foot-page." He hails him thus:

"Now Christ save thee, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see;
Oh, tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?

My lady she is all wo-begone,
And the tears fall from her eyne;
And ay she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine."

Upon this the page presented the Child of Elle with a silken scarf yet wet with her tears, and with a gold ring which she wished him to wear for her sake when she was dead and gone. For, continued the page,

"For ah! her gentle heart is broke.
And in grave soon must she be, [love,
Sith her father hath chose her a new, new
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north contraye,
And within three days she must him wedd,
Or he vows he will her slaye."

Nothing daunted, the bold Child of Elle bid the page return. "So hie thee back speedily," he said, "and tell her I will be at her window to-night, be it for weal or wo." Then

"The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stayed,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When kneeling down, he said :

O lady I've been with thine own true love,
And he greets thee well by me ;
This night will he be at thy bower window,
And die or set thee free."

The lady wept in silence until midnight, when the voice of the Child Elle, half whispering, bade her mount his palfrey, and he would soon convey her to a place of safety. The fair Emmeline, however, had her scruples, and she replied :

"My father is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high,
And what would he say if his ae daughter
Away with a knight should fly ?

Ah, well, I wot he never would rest,
Nor his meat do him no good,
Until he had slain the Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

The noble knight bade her not indulge these fears, but go with him to his lady mother.

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could do.

O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall."

The Child of Elle then took his hesitating and trembling mistress by the hand and carried her to his palfrey, kissing away the tears which "ran like the fountain free."

"He mounted himself on a steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And soundly they rode away.

And this beheard her own damsell,
In her bed whereas she lay ;
Quoth she my lord shall be told of this,
And I shall have praise and fee."

The mercenary damsel roused the baron by informing him of the flight of his daughter with the Lord of Elle.

"The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all ;
And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall.

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile
A mile forth of the town, [men,
When she was aware of her own father's
Come galloping over the down."

In the van of the pursuers came Sir John, the north country rival of the Child of Elle, exclaiming, as he overtook the fugitives, "Stop, thou false knight, nor carry that lady farther ; she is of gentle blood, and thou art the son of a base churl."

"Thou liest, and loudly ; my father was a knight, and my mother a lady, which is more than thou canst say," replied the Lord of Elle. Then drawing his sword, he sprang from his horse, and said to Emmeline :

"But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Passed many a baleful blow."

Although the carlish knight fought fiercely, yet a lucky blow from his opponent laid him low ; but just as the brave Child of Elle was ready to renew his fight the baron and all his men were close at hand. Emmeline was in despair ; not so her knight.

"Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band."

The baron was silent. He looked at the slain knight, at the forces of the Lord of Elle, at his trembling daughter. It was hard, however, to overcome hereditary hatred in a moment. Seeing the impression he had made, the Child of Elle continued:

"My mother she was an Earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire"—

The baron he frowned and turned away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand;
At length she sprang low to her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me;

Trust me but for that carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee."

The baron he stroked his dark brown cheek,
And turned his head aside
To wipe away the starting tear,
He proudly strove to hide.

"Here take her, Child of Elle," he said,
And gave her lily-white hand:
"Here take my dear and only child,
And with her half of my land."

The retainers on either side now put up their weapons, delighted to see a feud of long standing so thoroughly healed. The ballad closes by words of peace from the baron to his future son-in-law.

"Thy father once my honor wronged,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou that injury repair,
In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And now a father's blessing on thee,
My own fair Emmeline."

Original.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

BY REV. LUTHER LEE.

Concluded.

We shall next contemplate woman entering into the permanent relations of life; she is seen at the altar, yielding her hand, her heart, and plighting her vows to one whom she has selected to be her companion through life's pilgrimage, to be the protector of her person, the guardian of her honor, the partner of her joys and sorrows, and the object of her first earthly affections. And will any one deny that piety is highly necessary, and appears to the best advantage amid the assumption of such relations, the ratification of such vows, and glowing under such responsibilities? But as it appears no less important for *him* who offers those solemn vows of protection, comfort and love, than for *her* who accepts and promises to reciprocate them, I will not dwell upon this point.

Now, fairly embarked upon life's voyage, amid its calms and its storms, its sunny pleasures and cloudy sorrows, religion becomes more and more important to fit her for the enjoyment of the one, and to give her strength and fortitude to bear up against the other. Let us take a look into the secrets of domestic life, and we shall see the beauty of female piety in its most lovely aspect. Has the young miss of whom we first spake, and whom we last saw at the altar, now become the mistress of a family, loaded with maternal responsibilities? Where is piety more necessary, and where

does it shine to better advantage, than in her who wields a mother's influence, and sways the sceptre of the nursery?

Is the husband and father such as a husband and father should be? Who but the pious female is truly worthy of such a husband? And who else can render to such a one what is his due, by those tender regards, that gentle, winning spirit, and those unpolled and unaffected smiles which melt the air into the breath of paradise, and render home the happiest place this side of heaven?

Is it her misfortune to have her destiny linked with one whose conduct proves him unworthy of so high a prize, as well as regardless of the solemn vows he made on the day of their union? How transcendently excellent does that religion appear, which, under such circumstances, arms the sufferer with the grace of patience and meekness, enabling her to remain true to her vows and obligations, rendering attention for neglect, and the tenderest regards for harshness of disposition and cold-hearted indifference?

Does fortune smile, and load them with the rich bounties of an indulgent Providence, making her the mistress of a mansion, and of amply filled stores? Here Christian piety operates to the greatest advantage, converting these circumstances into a call to be useful—seizing upon the means possessed to relieve the poor, to make glad the widow's heart, to dry the orphan's tear, and to bless the world. Such means falling into the hands of the irreligious and selfish, are worse than lost.

But in adversity piety appears, if possible, to still greater advantage. Go to the cottage of want, upon which the storm of adversity has fallen with its greatest power, laying waste the common hopes and enjoyments of life, and overshadowing with its dark brow every worldly prospect that can give the least attraction to an earthly allotment; behold there, she whom God designed as a help, meet for man, baring her fair bosom to the storm, to shelter the partner of her joys and sorrows from its desolating fury, pouring into his dark and stricken heart, hopes and comforts with which she dares not to soothe her own sorrow-smitten spirit; witness her patience, her meekness, and, above all, her devotion and trust in God, and you will then see female piety both in its beauty and majesty. He who has such a helper, should never think himself unblest.

But I must close these protracted remarks by briefly calling the attention of my fair readers to the last exhibition of female piety, which sheds its hallowed light on this dark world. It is that last glance which brightens amid the shadows of death and lights up the dying hour. Death is said to be the king of terrors, and hence, the more appalling to the gentler sex—if we were to reason on this subject as concerning other matters—therefore that religion which gives victory and triumph over this last grim foe, must appear to the greatest advantage when exhibited in the triumphant death of woman. Here it is seen for the last time.

We have witnessed it with its gentle glow, shedding its soft and melting light on life's meandering path, until its pilgrimage draws to a close, and the gentle object of contemplation is seen approaching the dark valley where the gloomy shadows of death stretch themselves beyond the reach of human vision. Our anxiety is excited—our fears are alarmed. Will she—dare she enter that gloomy vale alone and defenceless? and will not that soft and mellow light which we have witnessed in her pathway, expire amid the cold damps of death, and leave her in utter gloom? But hark! that music!—there must be unseen attendants—convoy from the other shore—sister spirits invite her away. Now she begins to merge into the gloom—but see how that light kindles and burns with a more intense glow! All the rays that have been scattered through the entire path of a pious life appear now to be collecting in a burning focus on the dying hour. See that intense flame!—the very darkness burns!—the valley is light—she is gone!

H O M E .

THERE is one bright enchanting spot, where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God hath made a heaven below ;
And in that covenant-sheltered spot, there is a radiant gem,
More precious far than ocean pearls, or empire's diadem !
O keep that gem, ye plighted ones, nor from that spot depart—
That spot is HOME—delightful HOME—that gem the FAITHFUL HEART.

Wallenstein.

THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A SUPERFICIAL observer of the inequalities of life, might suppose that there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can subsist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference, if the mind could be rendered happy by the parade of external circumstances. But a contented mind is the only source of happiness, and consequently, "if one flutters in brocade," and moves amid the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire and occupies the sequestered valley, or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equal variety of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, he has given to another a meek and quiet spirit. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath prepared for them that love him? So I thought, when in the bosom of one of those western wilds (with which our infant country yet abounds) I was prompted by humanity as well as by duty to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor afflicted widow.

The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman. As I climbed the toilsome way, I asked myself, what unhappy beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their sorrows in this noiseless retreat. I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named "The Lily of the Mountain." As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage, sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous watch-dog, which cannot be described, and which can be realized only by experience. I had now reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the strength of Gothic architecture the half-thatched roof.

On a mat near the fire lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighboring settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was perusing a much-worn tract. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled indeed the beautiful, but fading lily. Confined from the sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow wasting fever

had tinged her cheeks with a most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that stage in its progress which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, awakening those mingled emotions which I shall not attempt to describe, and which excite the earnest prayer, that Death having rendered his victim so pensively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose. With indescribable feelings, I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eye spoke of happier days, and her raven tresses that lay dishevelled on her pillow, seemed to whisper, that had this flower, thus

"born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

been transplanted to the parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers. But I was anxious to learn the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions?

"I am not afflicted: and if I were, God is just."

But you are unhappy to lie in this wretched condition?

"I am not unhappy; it is better to be as I am now, than as I was once, for then I thought too much of the world."

If then you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world.

"I have that which the world cannot give."

Have you no hope of recovery?

"I have no wish to recover."

Have you no fear of death?

"I am not afraid to die. God is so good that I am safe with him."

Yes, God is good, but we are wicked.

"Oh, yes; (clasping her emaciated hands) I have been so wicked, that I do not suffer half so much as I deserve; but Christ is merciful."

Have you no fears that you may be deceived?

"No fears now—perfect love casteth out fear."

Are you not sometimes in darkness when you are in great pain?

"I do not think of pain; I am happy, and shall soon go home."

There was an affecting artlessness in all she said, which I cannot describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I found myself in the presence of one who had learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansions of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy—she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while Religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed her. This child of affliction, for such (without her permission) I must call her, had for two years indulged the Christian hope. No ambassador of Christ had been here to lead her within the enclosure of the church—no pious visitant had entered the humble dwelling, to impart the bliss of Christian fellowship. But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed. The widowed mother, too, could plead the promise made to the widow and the fatherless. Having commended to the Great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, and bade them adieu forever, as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy

scenes of life, I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed. The impression which is stamped so indelibly upon my mind I need not describe. There is still a freshness in the scene (for I am relating facts) which can be lost only with the power of recollection. The reader, when he is assured that the page he peruses contains no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that the true happiness is found in the humbler as well as in the more elevated walks of life. The gay and beautiful, whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they pity this afflicted sister of the wilderness, will feel the importance of seeking that religion which supported her in the hour of affliction, and which constituted the loveliness of her character. The pious fair, too, who in their sphere of benevolence resemble angels of mercy, will not in their "walks of usefulness" forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditations, to the "lodge in the wilderness," and I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint, (for she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest,) and read her rudely sculptured name, than to gaze upon "the storied urn and animated bust" of the proudest hero.

From the (London) Forget-Me-Not.

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

How shall I begin my tale? The Lady Margaretta, like most heroines, was very beautiful, and, like the rustic heroine in the old song, her "face was her fortune." For, though her noble father, the Count Morona, could trace his long line of ancestry up to the flood, he left his daughter little more income than might suffice to supply her with feathers, veils, fans, and such graceful articles of female decoration. She had, however, a cousin, who, having stained the noble blood of the Moronas by allying herself to a wealthy banker in Rome, had never been permitted to approach Margaretta during her father's life-time. This relative was a good-natured, kind-hearted personage, notwithstanding her plebeian marriage, and when poor Margaretta found herself at sixteen an almost portionless orphan, when her noble friends kept aloof, and her patrician connections recommended a convent as the best and safest place for her future residence, the banker's dame ended the matter by offering her the substantial advantages of a home and a protector.

True it was, that this good Samaritan had neither an elegant person, nor refined manners. Notwithstanding her illustrious birth, she had evidently far more enjoyment as the bustling important wife of the wealthy man of business, than she would have experienced in the graceful languor of a fine-lady existence. But she promised from the first, that if Margaretta would accept the shelter of her home, she would neither seek to control her movements, nor interfere with her pursuits; and she kept her word. Even when Signor Vallina, the richest old miser in Rome, proffered himself and his riches to the fair orphan's acceptance, her worthy hostess interfered no further with her decision than to hint that it was a pity to throw away so excellent a match, and, with sundry shrugs and sighs, to wonder what the world would come to at last!

Many people said that Margaretta was proud as well as poor, because she seldom

mixed in scenes of extravagant gaiety, was fond of the quiet of her own chamber, and, above all, had refused the Signor Vallina; but, verily, in the evil sense of the word, she was *not* proud. She was uniformly kind, and courteous, and gentle, to every living creature. In proportion to her slender means, her charities were large, for she was never too poor to give, even when her generosity called for the exercise of self-denial. Many a pretty toy, many a new trinket, did she forego, that the sum laid apart for its purchase might be converted into food and raiment for the poor. Not one of *these* would have accused her of haughtiness. Yet it was not that Margareta was unaware of her own beauty, or indifferent to its adornment. When she *did* appear in public, she was always desirous of appearing to advantage, and it was universally acknowledged, even by those who denied the supremacy of her personal charms, that her taste in dress was perfect. Therefore, the sacrifice of a becoming wreath or a handsome plume, was not altogether so small a matter to her as some persons may think. "If I were but rich!" was the thought of her heart, many a time, when balancing between the purchase of some graceful trifle and the relief of some suffering fellow-creature. I am happy to add that the struggle most generally terminated, as it should, in the triumph of benevolence over vanity; but, if ever it were otherwise, I can safely affirm the crime carried its punishment along with it. The Lady Margareta was too tender-hearted to feel pleasure, when wearing a gaud which appeared to her purchased by the additional suffering of a human being.

And had Margareta no lovers, then, except a rich ugly old miser? Was a creature so beautiful to be left to pine in loneliness, simply because she was poor and dependent? Even so. She was never seen but fifty admiring cavaliers followed her steps, hung on her words, and contended for her hand in the dance. But there were heiresses in Rome, and the Lady Margareta was not an heiress.

There are women in the world, who, without much thought for the future, would have made the most of their position, and offered before the shrine of their beauty to the uttermost. There are others, who, looking forward to the time when the spell of their power must be broken, would have sighed over the prospect of a cheerless and dowerless age, when they should have to retire alone from the scene of their profitless triumphs. Not so Margareta. The flattery was very sweet, and she did not deny to herself that she was pleased with it; but there was one deep clear eye that found no tongue to echo its eloquence, whose lightest glance was dearer to her than the most honeyed compliment that human lips ever framed. The prospect of lonely age would have been drear; but somehow her future never looked lonely. A dream of old age did, indeed, sometimes pass over the mirror of her thoughts, but it was of a happy and honorable age, with "children's children round her knees;" and in the humble home, where in her vision she ever seemed to dwell, if her own form looked less upright, and her own cheek less roseate, there; too, was the figure of Alberti, with the dark eye, somewhat tamed, the hair, now chestnut brown, turned to silvery white, yet the same bright smile, the same rich manly voice as ever.

Alberti was a young painter, as yet little known beyond a small circle of friends, but there were judges of art among these, who scrupled not to prophesy a brilliant career of fame and profit to the youth, and that at no distant period. That he loved Margareta with that intense and passionate worship which beauty like hers could scarcely fail to inspire in one so full of genius and feeling was perfectly true, and she was as perfectly aware of the fact, though the painter had never breathed it to any human being. For, poor and lowly born, and, as yet, almost unknown, how might the artist venture to speak of love to the only child of Count Morona, even though she were as poor as himself? "If I were but rich!"—again and again the thought of what happiness riches would *now* bring her came into Margareta's mind, for she

never perceived they would be an additional barrier between Alberti and herself—"then," she thought, "I might dare to give him some little encouragement; then the very feeling that he might fear refusal might teach me how to show him he had not so much to dread; but now! ah, high birth is surely but a bitter boon, when it is given without its fitting sister—wealth;" and so would Margareta often muse, and yet she was not unhappy, for every time she met Alberti she was more convinced than ever that he loved her, and Hope prophesied in her heart that the time would yet come when the cloud would pass away, and they might venture to speak of all that filled their souls.

Now, suppose it a lovely summer night. The scene is a garden, with gleaming fountains, and quaint parterres, and white statues glancing amid shrubberies of dark laurels and myrtles, and the persons are Margareta and Alberti.

They are walking slowly down one of the long grassy glades that lead from the more open part of the gardens to a thick grove of flowering trees and shrubs. He cannot see her face, but he can feel the faint quick beating of her heart beneath the arm he has ventured to pass round her waist. The hour she looked for has come at last; she has heard from his own lips that he loves her, but now she must hear also his excuses, his entreaties that she will pardon him, for having thus forgotten the difference, the great gulf that her noble descent has set between them. And then, taking alarm at the hopeless tone in which he speaks of the future, Margareta ventures to combat his scruples, and to prove that they are only equals. "If I have an honorable name," said the maiden, while her voice trembled with agitation, "what else have I to set for one moment against the Heaven-bestowed gift that will yet lift your own above those of princes! Am I not as poor, nay, even poorer than yourself? Oh, that for your sake I were but rich!"

"Ah, dearest!" said the painter, "how would you then overmatch me; or how might I dare to dream it possible that you could ever be my own? But now, when I am far away, struggling to win the fame and fortune, without which I would not again venture to speak of the love that fills my inmost heart—now may I not live on in the hope that you will remember me, and aid me with your wishes and your prayers?"

What Margareta said matters not; but the moon was high in the clear heavens before the lovers parted, and, as Alberti returned to his lonely dwelling, his heart beat high against a braid of rich dark hair, just severed from the abundant tresses of the fair Margareta.

The morrow saw the young painter's departure for another land; and months went by, nay, even years, yet his name was never spoken in the presence of the devoted woman, whose whole real existence was colored by her attachment to him. She never named his name, for she saw he was soon forgotten by all but herself, and she shrank from introducing the subject on which she could have conversed for ever. But, while she preserved her usual round of graceful employment and judicious charity, while she might still be occasionally seen amid scenes of festivity, while all her outward life seemed the same, a new dreamy world of hope and anticipations was created within her. The under-current of her thoughts was still Alberti. His image was with her by day and by night; and how much more real it seemed than the living beings around her! Surely the love that could so live and strengthen during that long unbroken absence must have had a deep and pure spring in Margareta's heart!

So passed two long years, and then an event took place which set all Rome on the *qui vive* at once, and materially altered the position of our heroine. The Signor Valina died just as she had refused him for the seventh time, and it was found that he had left her sole heiress to all his vast wealth. In short, Margareta rose one morning a poor dependent orphan, and lay down at night the wealthiest woman in Rome. In-

deed, though the deceased miser was known to have been immensely rich, nobody was aware of the extent of his possessions. There was an old mansion in a retired street, shabby enough on the outside, but crammed to repletion with all kinds of rare and curious things, and there was a fine villa a few miles from the city, which, though terribly out of repair, was capable of being converted into a splendid residence, at a comparatively small cost. To the Lady Margaretta this was the most valued of all her possessions, for she determined to retire for a while to its seclusion, and await the return of him on whom all her earthly hopes were centred.

But she waited not with the calm and patient spirit that had upheld her through the first two years of his absence. She knew that a long and weary time must elapse before Alberti might achieve the independence which might enable him to offer her even an humble home; but now, now, if he were only beside her!

No more weary waiting, no more doubt and fear; she had wealth for both, enough and to spare. And what was the wealth without him? Had she but known where he sojourned, could she but let him know the change in her fortunes—but their engagement had been too vague and too secret to admit of a correspondence between them; and, though Alberti was prospering in his art in other lands, the voice of his fame was not yet loud enough to be echoed back to his own. Yet with the high faith, that would not for a moment relax its strictness, Margaretta still looked forward to the return of her humble lover, and steadily resisted all the importunities of the suitors who now crowded around her. Disgusted with their sycophancy, she soon refused to see any one, save a few well-known friends, and caused a report to be circulated that she was already betrothed, and that her marriage would speedily take place. All the curiosity of her disappointed admirers, however, failed to discover the name of the favored lover, so each man looked suspiciously on his neighbor, and a very general epidemic of jealousy spread rapidly among the youth of Rome.

And was he less constant than Margaretta? Had time and absence weakened the first bright impression which her beauty had made on his young fancy? No; amid all the radiant creations of his pencil; there was not one so fair as the memory cherished in his heart. Yet that very memory mingled with all his works, and influenced them with its exquisite beauty. Did he paint a more enchanting face than usual, be sure that its eyes, or mouth, or brow, or whatever was its loveliest feature, bore some resemblance to Margaretta's. He grew celebrated for the sweetness of his female faces, for the mingled softness and intelligence which he managed to diffuse over them; and that graceful yet intellectual style of beauty was peculiarly Margaretta's. Sitters crowded the artist's humble studio, and, as he was simple and frugal in his habits, he was almost every day enabled to add something to the sum which he had resolved within himself should attain a certain amount, ere he again sought the favor of the beautiful orphan. In a time far shorter than he had dared to hope, that sum was realized, and, with a heart beating with strange hopes and fears, the artist set out for his native city. He had pictured to himself full many a time the return to Rome, the cloudless sky, the glorious buildings, the familiar scenes that should take him back at once to the days of his boyhood, and make the time of his absence appear like a weary dream. But he had not pictured to himself his orphan Margaretta as the richest heiress and most coveted prize in the papal dominions. His first feeling was of strong incredulity, his next of blank and bitter amazement. And scarcely had his mind comprehended the fact of her changed position, when the additional information that she was on the eve of marriage with a distinguished noble was poured into his recoiling ear. This, then, was the end of all his dreams, and hopes, and aspirations! He felt utterly crushed—cast down for ever! He could not blame her. Why had he not sought to establish some communication between them during his lengthened ab-

sence? Why had he so foolishly measured her constancy by his own? And how could he blame the inheritor of a princely fortune, if she forgot the vows given to a lowly painter, when she was scarcely less lowly herself, and sought her consort amid her equals in wealth and station? He resolved to see her once more, and with this intention set out for her residence, but his courage failed him when he drew near, and he contented himself with writing a few lines of farewell, which he intrusted to a domestic. In these he gave her back her promise, exempted her from all blame, and ended by bidding her an everlasting adieu, intimating that it was his intention to quit Rome immediately, and spend the remainder of his days in a foreign land.

All Paris rang with the fame of a newly arrived artist, who had in his studio a female portrait of the most exquisite beauty. He was an Italian, but there seemed to be some mystery about him; and, from his frequent inattention when addressed, and other circumstances, there was reason to believe his name was a feigned one. A less circumstance would have drawn the public gaze on any man in Paris, and, therefore, it was no wonder that the young and handsome artist became an object of general attention.

The portrait, too—the only picture in his apartment—it was so *charmante*, so *spirituelle*! All the ladies were enchanted at the idea of having their charms transferred to canvas by one who dressed his figures so becomingly! But they were doomed to be disappointed. The Signor Lorenzo did not intend painting female portraits for the future. The effort of his pencil they were so good as to admire was the last he meant to attempt. If they were obliging enough to recommend him to their fathers, brothers, and admirers, he would be most grateful for their patronage, but must decline the exceeding honor they wished to do him. And yet the signor had daily visits from his fair suppliants; it seemed as if it were a strife among themselves which should overcome the painter's obstinacy.

At length came two ladies, whose peculiarities of dress and gait told him they were not French women, and, moreover, that they were countrywomen of his own. Was it, then, the sight of the national garb of his own land that caused his head to turn dizzy, and his knees to tremble beneath him? Was it the familiar language, with its Roman accentuation, that compelled him to fall on his knees before one of the visitors, and beseech her for pity's sake to remove her veil? Oh no, there was more than this; the slight elegant figure, the rich tresses escaping from the muffings, the sweet low voice, could only belong to one—could be no other's than Margaretta's. The original of the solitary portrait was before him! Yes; she had seen at once the misconception under which he had quitted Rome, and had never rested till she had traced him through his wanderings, and penetrated his disguise, and now she came before him to explain all that needed explanation, and to assure him that her faith, tried long in adversity, had also borne without change the harder trial of prosperity.

Could such a romance have any ending but one? Surely not; and a few weeks saw its legitimate conclusion, for the painter was united to the fair orphan immediately on their return to Rome. The scene of the marriage was the lady's country-house, and, though its celebration was comparatively private, not only some tried and valued friends, including the guardians of her girlhood, were invited, but many of those who had experienced her gentle and sympathizing kindness, ay, even the lame, the halt, and the blind, were permitted to be present. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the prayers and blessings of those whom her charity had relieved went as warmly to the heart of the lovely bride as those of her nobler guests, not excepting those of the Lord Cardinal, who pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Original.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

My native land ; I love thy flowing streams,
Thy foaming cataracts, and thy mountains bold ;
Thy glorious sunsets, and thy sylvan scenes,
Thy summer breezes, and thy winter's cold.

My native land ; thy boundless seas I love,
I love the music of their ceaseless roar ;
My soul inspir'd, as on the banks I rove,
Delighted lingers on the rock-bound shore.

My native land ; I love thy forests wild,
Thy shaded groves, when starlight faintly gleams ;
I love to wander where the moonbeams mild,
Mirror their beauties in the flowing streams.

My native land ; I love thy classic bowers,
I love to climb fair science' lofty mount ;
In sober thought, to cull immortal flowers,
And drink enjoyment from each sacred fount.

I love thy temples, where the spirit free,
Worships the Deity, to man reveal'd ;
In crowded dome, or 'neath the forest tree,
I love that temple, public, or conceal'd.

My native land—thine is a favor'd lot,
'To high born souls and patriot spirits given ;
My native land ! Earth knows no holier spot,
No lovelier one beneath the light of Heaven.

Sag Harbor, L. I.

. A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter ! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit swells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to cover, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he resides more amongst temptation, which hardly permits the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own ; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace and vivacity of tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his

mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her songs does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an able lightener of her mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affections! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart! A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching footsteps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely, which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

Original.

THE ARK ABSENT.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

"And it came to pass, while the ark abode in Kirjath-jearim, that the time was long; for it was twenty years; and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord. And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord."—1 Samuel vii. 2, 6.

THY story this, my discontented soul;—

Once—O how briefly! dwelt the ark with thee;
Then might the swelling deeps of trouble roll,
Then might thy fondest hope take wings and flee.

Thou fear'dst, car'dst not,—more than all beside,
A constant faith, a panacea were thine;
And hope might vanish, thou the storm might'st ride,
Seathless, while with thee dwelt the Ark divine.

Didst thou not duly prize the heavenly guest,
And plead with mercy thee to strip as bare
As Job, if such sharp trial were so blest
As thee, poor drowsy spirit, to prepare

For keener relish of remaining joys;
Thou, wakened, purified, and rendered meet
By discipline to hear and love the voice
Which won thee down from pride to Jesus' feet?

Or wast thou selfish in that earnest cry?—
Thy good desiring rather than his glory,
Who will have honor though the creature die?
If so, no marvel at thy pining story.

Absent will be his smile, (that smile is Heaven!)
His love will eager pinion spread for flight,
And then will wander on, sin unforgiven,
In Meshah's depths, in Kedar's tents of night,

Till humbled, broken, at his feet reclining,
Thou learnest how to yield him up the whole;
And will, affection, wit to him resigning,
Dost know the sweetness of an humbled soul.

Then with the music of a thousand songs,
With snow-white kisse to fetch the treasure home,
And praise to God to whom it well belongs,
The Ark to thee returns, no more to roam.

THE GOSSIPING LADY.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Of all persons, the gossiping lady is the most intolerable and odious. It is not her ceaseless prattle—though that is bad enough to convert an equable, cheerful old Socrates into a snarling, cynical Diogenes—which is chiefly matter of complaint, but it is the deadly poison which festers in the wounds inflicted by her chattering, upon the feelings of her victims. The gossip is generally a slanderer, whether designedly or otherwise; among her many words, there are those which bite like an adder and sting like an asp. Could the objects of her tattle speak their feelings, they would say, as the frogs did to the boys who pelted them with stones, "What is sport to you is death to us." The following fact, "by fairy fiction dressed," will illustrate these sentiments.

Mrs. Montgomery was sitting alone in her parlor, one afternoon in summer, busily employed upon her needle-work; when, without ceremony, a lady opened the door and seated herself. Her manner was flurried, and it seemed, from the workings of her features, that matters of deep import rested on her mind. Throwing her sun-bonnet upon the sofa, she exclaimed, in a languishing manner,—

"O dear! how insufferably warm and dusty it is to-day! I thought I never should get here."

"I am glad to see you, however, Mrs. Fleetwood, and I hope a little rest will restore you from your fatigue," replied the lady, but in a tone so constrained, that it was pretty evident she spoke the language of cold politeness, rather than of warm-hearted friendship.

Of this constraint our gossip took no notice, but after fanning herself violently a few moments, proceeded to remark, "I came over this afternoon to give you intelligence of what I conceive to be an important matter to you, Mrs. Montgomery."

"Indeed! Pray, what is it?" said Mrs. M. with some warmth of expression, forgetting her dislike of the gossip in her desire to know her secret.

"Well, I don't know as I shall tell you, either; for you always raise so many objections to what I say, that I am most discouraged about telling you any thing at all."

"I promise you," said Mrs. Montgomery, smiling, "not to be over-incredulous this time."

Mrs. Fleetwood now put on a very grave countenance, and began her story. "You know Dr. Morgan, of course, Mrs. Montgomery. Well, just as I always said, so it has turned out about him. He is a mere quack. He was called in yesterday to see

'Squire Eaton's son, and, after torturing the poor fellow for two or three hours, with his good-for-nothing nostrums, he was obliged to say he could not help him, and advised them to send for Dr. Frenchman, who relieved young Eaton almost instantly, so that he is now doing well."

Dr. Morgan was a young physician, just commencing practice in the village where these ladies resided. He was an amiable, skilful man, but, for some reason, he had fallen under Mrs. Fleetwood's displeasure. Knowing the Montgomerys to be friends of the doctor, she hurried to them with this story, and succeeded but too well in making them believe it. Accordingly, when, a short time after, one of Mrs. M.'s children was sick, Dr. Morgan was not sent for. This gave additional currency to the report Mrs. F. was busy circulating, and he was almost stripped of the little practice he had gained.

The loss of his practice troubled him exceedingly, especially as he could not ascertain the cause. It harassed him by day and by night, destroyed his appetite, weighed down his spirits, and made him miserable. One must enter into his situation, fully to understand his agony of mind during these days of darkness in his professional career.

Fortunately, however, a friend at last told him of this base report. Now, it was no longer a mystery why his practice was failing. Feeling that inaction would be death, he set about tracing the story to its originator; and that originator proved to be the veritable Mrs. Fleetwood! He threatened her with a prosecution. This so alarmed her, that she appeared at his office with tears, beseeching him to pass by her offence, and giving, as her authority for the story, the saying of an imbecile menial, who remarked that "*she believed Dr. Morgan was not able to cure young Eaton.*"

From these slender materials, then, had she wrought the report which caused the deserving doctor so much suffering, and which came near destroying his prospects for life. Indeed, had he not heard the slander in season, it would have ruined his professional prospects.—How many such wounds the gossip inflicts by her noisy prattle, no earthly power can reveal. Facts enough are known, however, to lead every young lady to say, "I will never gossip!"—*Young Lady's Friend.*

BEAU BRUMMELL.

It will be matter of news to many persons to hear, that this once celebrated person, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the days of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and the "glass in which the youth (that is the fashionable youth of England) did, in those times, dress themselves," is now in confinement in a place set apart for those who labor under mental derangement, in Caen, in Normandy. This admired of all admirers is existing on the almost extorted benevolence of relations, and the contributions of old friends. The whole amount of his income is scarcely £100 a year. Poor George! How different must his luxuries be now to what they once were! £100 a year for one who began his life with a good fortune, high expectations, great connections, and princely patronage. The ruling passion reigns triumphant even within the walls of a mad-house. Beau Brummell still imagines himself a fine gentleman, and assumes all the airs and importance of his by-gone popularity and good fortune. Amongst other feats he rings the bell of his solitary apartment continually. The keeper, who with great humanity humors his insanity, asks what commands? "Order my carriage," says the light of other days, "I must go directly to Carlton House to see the Prince." Poor fellow! he little thinks his "fat friend" and "Carlton House" are now only things of history, and that he himself is on the verge of oblivion.

Original.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

Our engraving this month represents a lady in the act of sleep-walking. Her disordered *undress*, the burning lamp and her dull, blank look all proclaim her claim to the name of a somnambulist, a peculiarity which can be considered only as a misfortune to its subject.

With the philosophy of this phenomenon we have nothing to do in a journal like the *Pearl*; we confine ourselves to the fact. We have called it a misfortune; and what else is it to be subject to a habit we cannot control, which urges one from his repose and sends him from room to room, from street to street, and even to the roof of the building, as was once done by a fair Parisian somnambulist. We had a brother who, under this influence, once rose in the night, opened his window in a third-story chamber, and stepped into the street below. Though it will scarcely be believed, it is nevertheless true that he escaped from this tremendous leap with no higher damage than a sprained ankle! Why sleep-walkers perform their dangerous feats with such impunity, is a fair question for the wisdom of the philosopher to examine and decide.

One thing is, however, certain. This habit is easily cured. We have heard of several instances where a *threat* of severe whipping if found in this state has been sufficient to prevent all future wanderings; and if a strong impression of danger or fear can be made while the subject is awake, it will prevent his wanderings when asleep.

ON CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, or vanity, or to flattery, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before it.

When you see a man of frugal, industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of her wealth, that man will make a good husband; for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty and want.

When you see a young man who is using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit, character and influence, by his own merits, marry him; he is worth having, and will make a good husband.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his father and other relations, don't marry him, he will not make a good husband.

When you see a young man who is never engaged in any affrays or quarrels by day, or follies by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him wish to conceal his name; who does not keep low company, gamble, or break the Sabbath, or use profane language, but whose face is regularly seen at church, where he ought to be, he certainly will make a good husband.

When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, and who will attend to all her wants with filial love, affection and tenderness, he will certainly make a *very* good husband.

Lastly, always examine into the character, conduct and motives; and when you find these good in a young man, then you may be sure he will make a good husband.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

1. To leave my dear friends, and from kindred to part, And go from my home, like the tho't of absenting my-self for a

2. Sweet bow'r, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And woven their branches a roof o'er my head: How oft have I knelt on the ev'ngreen

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day From that blest re-treat I have chosen to pray, I have chosen to pray.

there, And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer, To my Savior in prayer.

How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, and balm, and sweet aglaine!
But they in their sweetness could never compare,
With joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

For Jesus my Savior oft deigned there to meet,
And bless with his pleasure my humble retreat,
And filled me with rapture and blessedness there;
Inditing with heaven's own language my prayer.

Dear bower, I must leave thee, and bid thee adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

